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THE OREGON BILL.

REMARKS ON THE SOUTH CAROLINA DOCTRINE IN REGARD TO TERRITORY.

It will be our endeavor in the following pages, to consider the question that is now injuriously dividing the national opinion, in a mood more philosophical, and if possible more conclusive, than that of sectional or partisan feeling; and, at the same time, to discuss some dangerous doctrines, that have passed unnoticed, or at least unconfuted, during its recent agitation in the Senate and in the House.

"In the Senate of the United States, July 18th, Mr. Clayton of Delaware, chairman of the select committee on the territories of Oregon, California, and New Mexico, reported a bill for the organization of territorial government in each of them."*

It is proposed in this bill, to allow the will of the citizens of Oregon, expressed in the temporary system of laws which they have adopted, to prevail against the introduction of slaves in their territory, and in regard to other regions, to refer the whole matter to the Supreme Court, to be decided in private controversy.

* National Intelligencer, July 19th, 1848. The committee consisted of four from the North and four from the South.

If the Court decides, in the first controversy that may arise and be referred to it, that slaves cannot be held in the territories, the Wilmot Proviso principle takes effect, and slavery is forbidden in the territories of the United States.

If it decides that they *can* be held, then the Calhoun principle takes effect, and slavery is fixed upon *all* territories not protected by the ordinance of 1787, the Missouri Compromise, or the concession to the citizens of Oregon.

Thus it appears that the Supreme Court will have to bear up against the whole South or the whole North. It must decide *in toto* for the whole territory in question.

The clauses in the Constitution upon which the Court will be obliged to ground its opinion, in regard to the existing law, and touching the power of Congress to make laws, should that be agitated, are the following:

"1. No person held to service or labor in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor; but shall be delivered up on claim of

the party to whom such service or labor is due."

The question may arise, whether the law applies to slaves held in the territories of the United States.

"2. Congress shall have power to dispose of, and make all needful *rules and regulations* respecting the territory, or other property, belonging to the United States, and nothing in this Constitution shall be so construed as to prejudice any claims of the United States, or of any particular State."

The question may arise, whether a law of Congress forbidding slaves to be held in the territories in question, does not prejudice the claims of some particular States. And if any State shall object to such law, on the strength of this clause, in defence of some one of its citizens, then,—whether the claim of a citizen to hold slaves is the claim also of his State; in a word, whether any State can appear in the business, either as plaintiff or defendant.

Whether the words "*rules and regulations*" confer the power of making laws against the introduction of any species of property, or declaring any kind of property contraband in territories of the United States.

By the 14th clause, section viii., of the Constitution, Congress has power "to make *rules* for the government and regulation of the land and naval forces."

It appears that a "rule" may be made for "government;" and if of army and navy, does it apply also to territory?

"3. Congress shall have power to exercise exclusive legislation, in *all cases whatsoever*, over such district (not exceeding ten miles square) as may, by cession of particular States and the acceptance of Congress, become the seat of government of the United States; and to exercise like authority over all places purchased by the consent of the Legislature of the State in which the same shall be, for the erection of forts, magazines, arsenals, dock-yards, and other needful buildings."

The question may arise whether the phrase, "in all cases whatsoever," confers the power of legislating on the subject of *slavery*, in such district, or ceded space, and whether, by construction *a fortiori*, the power extends to territory.

4. "The *migration, or importation*, of such persons as any of the States shall think proper to admit, shall not be prohibited by Congress prior to the year 1808; but a tax or duty may be imposed on such importation not exceeding ten dollars for each person."

As this clause confers the extraordinary power of prohibiting the introduction of slaves, after the year 1808, into States existing at the time of the adoption of the Constitution, the question arises, whether it does not confer the same power in regard to the new States, and, *a fortiori*, in regard to territory.

Respect for the august tribunal of the nation forbids our attempting, in the present posture of affairs, to elicit the true intent of the Constitution. We mean to enter only upon the general question of policy, and of the idea of the Constitution, in order to an examination of certain doctrines put forth by Mr. Calhoun in his speech upon the Oregon bill.

If we admit the opinion of Mr. Calhoun, that there is a *joint ownership* of the territories in the States, each State maintaining its right over them, the most natural course would seem to be a *division* of the territories, according to the common rules and methods for the division of property held by several owners. A property line dividing the portion claimed by the North from that claimed by the South, seems in *that case* to be the obvious, and only just, remedy for discontent; a remedy which the parties might demand; but we hold the notion of a joint ownership to be grounded upon a false view of the nature of the property.

The Committee did not, however, adopt this view, at least in express terms. They only urge, that slavery has its natural boundaries, and would not probably penetrate north of the latitude of 36° 40'. Mr. Calhoun urged the same argument against the proposition of those * * * who wished to fix a geographical line, beyond which slavery should not be lawful. As slavery continues to exist at this day in Kentucky, and formerly existed in Massachusetts and Connecticut, and will easily extend and maintain itself on rich prairie and bottom lands, in temperate climates, even when slaveholders themselves are averse to its extension, the arguments of the committee pass but as

suggestions, of value to those only who feel satisfied from a general view, that slavery will not overrun the whole of the new territories. Hence it is probable that the anxiety of the North will not be wholly abated by the adoption of the bill.

On the other hand, it was agreed by the majority of the committee, that some regions *require* slave labor: which seems to be an additional argument against referring the matter to the Supreme Court. For if the Court decides against the legality of slavery, those regions which *require* slave labor will be injured by the decision. Had a committee been appointed to investigate the nature and present condition of the new territories, with a view to set their economical arguments in a clearer light, the idea of a geographical line would not have so much excited the animosity of parties: for the committee could have marked out upon the map those countries upon which slavery would be injurious and unprofitable; and, after that, no man would object to an act of Congress "to prevent an injurious and unprofitable extension of slavery" beyond what Mr. Calhoun and the committee regard as its "natural limits."

The North, it is feared, will be disturbed by a decision of the Supreme Court, which excludes them from all influence over the territory to which they claim an equal right, and over which an equal right is conceded them by the South; nor does it seem to be good policy to throw the burden of so dreadful a question upon the court, to the injury, in any event, of its authority and popularity. We would once more call attention to the fact, that the decision, either way, will affect *all* the territories except Oregon, and will of course be a signal for the most furious opposition. Whatever, therefore, be the difficulties and dangers of the policy of a geographical line—an extension of the Compromise supported by Mr. Clay in 1820—the plan offered by the Committee does not seem to involve fewer, or less alarming, consequences.

The retaliation movement against the compromise policy, led by Mr. Calhoun and supported by all the power of his eloquence, should it prevail *through his arguments*, and not for other reasons more politic, will be a fatal triumph over the Whig Party.

The arguments employed by Mr. Calhoun are directed against the total fabric of the Constitution, nay, against the very idea of liberty itself. He treats the principles of the Declaration with a contemptuous ridicule; he strikes at the very heart of Democracy.

He condemns and derides the Declaration of our fathers, that "all men are created equal." Against the opinions expressed by the Senator, it seems proper to protest at the outset, though in the order of his argument they should be mentioned last.

The Republic was established by its founders, on the idea of MAN as he should be.

If, then, it falls, it falls by the elevation of its principles. "All men," says Jefferson, in the Declaration, "*are* created equal:" declaring that men, as they are gradually moulded by the creative hand, and arrive by nature and Providence at adult perfection, attain to the glorious equality of freedom.

We say of young oaks and elms that they are created to be the monarchs of the forest, just as we say that man is created for freedom. Of a million acorns only one comes to be an oak, and of a thousand oaks only one becomes one of the equal sons of the forest; and so of men.

This idea of human destiny, so far from being a dogma of philosophy, is the first idea of the common law; the law deals with all equally: even in the infant, it presupposes the adult, and protects the hope of a perfect man in the mere embryo.

Within and above every written constitution or body of laws, there stands a system of principles, more profound in their origin, and of greater force, than either. This system receives its *life*, its substantial force, from the idea of the destiny of man; be that a base, or a free, destiny.

The *form* of this system, on the other hand, varies with time and circumstance; it changes, or seems to change, while the substance remains unchangeable. The idea of a free and perfect human being, is the eidolon and the palladium, the image of Deity in man, which symbolizes and measures both law and liberty, in this land. Its place is in the inmost recess of the heart of a freeman. From thence it will not be removed by force; the arts

neither of policy nor of superstition can remove it:

"It fears not policy, that heretic,
That works on leases of short numbered hours,
But all alone stands hugely politic."—*Shak.*

Hence the stern countenance and the aspect of terror and of threat, which men wear when this sacred topic is invaded. It is a fearful topic: the idea of it overwhelms and terrifies. Only the severe and serious mind can approach it; it involves the history of man; it touches the liberty of thought; it repels all control; the differences it creates are inexplicable, irremediable; the fear of Death has no power over it: to comprehend it is to comprehend all law and government: it is to know right and wrong, to have been familiar with fear, and resistance, and suffering.

The full accomplished liberty of man is indeed a hope so dignified, that the gravest may entertain it with enthusiasm; all the great and solemn wisdom of legislators in the old republics, sprang from this idea; our ancestors entertained it; theology has seized upon it; literature lives by it; the laws of free States are its defence; wherever it exists in a sufficient number of minds, and with a sufficient distinctness, laws and privileges are created to nurture, strengthen, and maintain it, in all its degrees. In feudalism, in constitutional monarchy, and in the Republic, we have its grand embodiments. Being the mark, and crown, of humanity arrived at maturity, it is the first feature in the idea of man in the Republic; and we say of the freeman, that he and his fellows are created *free* and *equal*, the Republic knows no other men; if there be slaves and criminals in it, they do not belong to it; they are classed among its accidents and its imperfections.

The vast machinery of State, the Executive, the cabinet, Congress, the courts of law, the army and navy, the fiscal officers, the polls, all have but one purpose, to maintain and protect liberty.

To say, however, that liberty is a creation of the law, is to say too much, for no law or constitution can, of course, more than protect it in its privileges. But we know it is not proper to man in his lawless, infantile or ignorant state; nor have all men, or races of men, exhibited the ca-

capacity for its exercise: a few nations, only, have realized it, and always imperfectly.

Political liberty, imaging the mind of a bold, enterprising and intelligent nation, numerous, able in war, skillful in arts, possessing a history, a statute book, and a body of law and custom; such liberty is rather the fruit of the greatest virtue and suffering, possible only after a long probation and discipline, and is so far from being common or equal, great numbers, indeed, even in free States, are ignorant of its nature and value, while they live protected by it. As the state of liberty in the mind is one with the state of law, those only can enjoy it to the full, who have the principles of law within them; persons devoid of truth, of spirit and of virtue, can of course have no appreciation of it. Natural liberty, or rather natural virtue, being extremely rare in its perfection, those who possess it have always constituted a superior order, either as nations, tribes, classes, or individuals. Men of free, elevated character, may, however, be so numerous in a nation as to shape its institutions; and these institutions may so train and educate the many, as to constitute a nation of freemen.

But no free people who have preserved their institutions have granted political liberty to all promiscuously. For the exercise of its first function—the franchise—a part only are selected, fitted by age, circumstances and patriotic sympathy, for its right employment. It is an error to suppose that liberty is best protected by conferring unlimited privileges upon all. It is necessary that those, only, should exercise a function who can use it with discretion and freedom. The appointing power lodged in the people, cannot be properly exercised by persons devoid of natural or educated freedom.

Liberty does not consist in every man's having a hand in the government; franchise is a regular function of government, and we might as well make all men justices, or governors, as make all voters.

Nor will it strengthen liberty to make sacrifices to abstract principles. As it has been established by a gradual process, it can be conferred only by one as gradual: if the slave is to be made free, he must be emancipated in such a manner as that he shall not fall back into his original barbarism, deprived of the superior influence

of the white man, by whom he is raised from a horrid and cannibal freedom, to a useful and important servitude. He has been taught the arts of life, but he has not been taught to live in organized community. His future amelioration must necessarily be by a slow progress, and more by the gradual effect of circumstances than by any sudden or violent efforts, which would end only in his extinction.

Though, therefore, we regard the extinction of slavery, (not of the slave,) as one of the great and desirable ends of statesmanship in this age, as it has been in all past ages, we admit no violent methods, no unconstitutional interference, no ferocious denunciations; the work must be done by those whom nature and the laws appoint to do it, and they must be allowed their own time: liberty in this particular is so absolutely theirs, any attempt to infringe upon it is a declaration of war against our institutions.

* * * * *

On the morning of June 27th, when the bill for an establishment of a territorial government in Oregon came up, "Mr. Bright, of Indiana, gave notice that he would move the adoption of the Missouri Compromise, as an amendment to the bill, at a proper time in its progress." Mr. Calhoun then rose, and in a speech of moderate length, as is usual with him, but full of matter for reflection, set forth the position and opinion of the extreme Southern party as he represents it.

"There is a very striking difference between the position in which the slaveholding and non-slaveholding States stand in reference to the subject under consideration. The former desire no action of the Government. * * *

On the contrary, the non-slaveholding States, instead of being willing to leave it on this broad and equal foundation, demand the interposition of the Government, and the passage of an act to exclude the slaveholding States from emigrating with their property into the territory, in order to give their citizens, and those they may permit, the exclusive right of settling it, while it remains in that condition, preparatory to subjecting it to like restrictions and conditions when it becomes a State. The 12th section of this bill in reality adopts what is called the Wilmot proviso, not only for Oregon, but, as the bill now stands, for New Mexico and California. The amendment, on the contrary, moved by the Senator from Mississippi, near me, (Mr. Davis,) is intended to assert and maintain the

position of the slaveholding States. It leaves the territory free and open to all the citizens of the United States, and would overrule, if adopted, the act of the self-constituted Territory of Oregon, and the 12th section, as far as it relates to the subject under consideration. We have thus fairly presented the grounds taken by the non-slaveholding and the slaveholding States, or, as I shall call them for the sake of brevity, the Northern and Southern States, in their whole extent, for discussion."

This statement lays the subject of the controversy between the slaveholding and non-slaveholding States; whereas it lies properly not between the States, which are merely governments, and have only an interest of guardianship in the matter, but between slaveholders and non-slaveholders generally, in all parts of the Union. Mr. Calhoun and his friends have succeeded in giving it a sectional aspect, but a slight examination of the grounds of this controversy shows that it is a contest between the possessors of a certain kind of property, who are a small minority of the citizens, and non-possessors of the same, who are a vast majority. Were the favorite principle of Democracy to be called in aid of a decision, the question would be abruptly settled; but the South appeals to the constitutional principle, that the rights of each and of all shall be equally respected.

Non-slaveholders in all parts of the nation who wish to emigrate into the new territory, claim that this peculiar kind of property shall be declared contraband by Congress, and its importation forbidden. The citizens of Oregon, who, in the absence of a protecting power, very properly established a government for themselves, until such time as one should be granted them by the people of the United States, have declared their wish in this respect by laws against the introduction of slaves. Here, in the territories of Oregon, the free laborers, who feared they might be driven from their homes by the introduction of slaves, have protested against their introduction, and this protest every citizen, be he slaveholder or not, is bound in honor to respect. The free emigrants do not certainly wish to injure slaveholders, or, as Mr. Calhoun says, to exclude citizens with their property: with their property in any other shape, citizens would be welcome—nay, joyfully received into the new terri-

tory: it is merely against the *form* of the property, as being of a kind that will destroy the value of their free labor, that the emigrants protest. In such a view of the case, it is evident the necessity for the establishment of a free territory for the emigrants is an imperative duty, enjoined by humanity and honor upon Congress, and our confidence in the integrity and justice of Southern Senators will not permit us to believe that they are not fully sensible of the propriety of such a policy.

That a policy of non-interference in this matter would leave slaveholders and free emigrants upon "a broad and equal foundation," as the Senator claims it would, is obviously not correct. Were the new territories left free to all kinds of property, the slaveholder, with his band of negroes, has a great advantage over the free laborer. Slaveholders, therefore, having certain immunities and privileges, in which they are protected by the military and civil force of the United States, all that the non-slaveholders require, is to be defended against the injurious effects of these upon themselves.

The question at issue, and which is at this moment proceeding to a decision, is whether the peculiar privileges and immunities of the slaveholder shall be permitted to deter and prevent the emigration of free laborers from all parts of the Union into the new territories. If any person can discover injustice or monopoly in this claim of the laboring citizen to be protected by a declaration of contraband against a certain kind of property, we concede him a more penetrating moral vision than our own. Slaveholders must maintain their privileges, and make good their independent rights, but let this charge of a spirit of grasping and monopoly be repelled from the non-slaveholding citizen, and let his fair share, at least, of free territory be reserved to him by the power of the Nation.

And this brings us to another charge, directed against the secret intentions of those who urge the rights of the emigrant to a free territory:—

"The non-slaveholding States," says the Senator, * * * "demand the interposition of government, * * * preparatory to subjecting it to like restrictions when it becomes a State."

As far as well-informed citizens, who

understand the Constitution and their own rights, are concerned, no such design is entertained, nor will it be thought possible in future to grant constitutions to States, endowed with any other than a sovereign power.

The Senator then proceeds:—

"The first question which offers itself for consideration is: Have the Northern States the power which they claim, to exclude the Southern from emigrating freely, *with their property*, into territories belonging to the United States, and to monopolize them for their exclusive benefit?"

But the question, we repeat it, is not of "States;" States are not to emigrate. South Carolina is not, surely, about to move bodily into the new territory! It is between citizens only. But does the Senator answer the question as it really stands, namely, whether this Government has power to declare *any* species of property contraband in the new territory?

"Has the North the power which it claims under the twelfth section of this bill?" he continues. Is not this a question which involves a wrong supposition? It is not the power of the "North," but of Congress, which is now to be considered. We are to inquire whether Congress has power to declare contraband *any* species of property in the territories; but, as before, giving in to the usual loose and partisan form of statement, he continues: "Not certainly in the relation in which the Northern and Southern States stand to each other. They are the constituent parts, or members, of a common federal Union; and as such are equals in all respects, both in dignity and rights."

True; but this statement, like the others, leaves so many points uncertain, and loose, it falls almost without effect.

The States, it is said, are equal in authority, and weight. How is it then that the vote of New York, in the House, is so much more powerful than that of Delaware or Rhode Island? Indeed, except as sectional opinion points them out, the States do not appear at all in the House: only the people—the nation—appears there. Neither do the States appear in the Executive—not a shade of State sovereignty appears in the Executive. The House and the Executive standing for the nation, and the

Senate alone standing for the State Governments, together constitute the Supreme Authority. This declaration of the equality and independence of the State Governments, is quite unnecessary, therefore, and has no weight in the argument.

It is not necessary to remind any person at all read in political affairs, that a power derived, like that of the House of Representatives, by an apportioned representation from all the citizens of the Union, is greater in degree, and in kind, than one established by perhaps a thirtieth part of the same, met upon a sectional council for the discussion of provincial business. This power is greater in *degree*, because it represents a greater territory and vaster population; it is greater in *kind*, because its functions are imperial, and that it meddles not with domestic or local matters. It is *national*, being derived, by an equal representation, from the vote of each independent citizen. By his electoral vote the choice for all officers, of nation, state, municipality, county, town, district, village, hamlet, proceeds from the individual citizen; from him as the independent *nucleus*—the vital point of power—is derived this ray of choice, or of representation.

Upon this ground of individual freedom and power, as on a truly equal basis, making all men peers, stands the power of the House; and because it does so stand, it is purely and absolutely national.

The superior legislative authority of this National House, in its proper sphere, over that of any one House, of a particular State, is secured, not so much by the Constitution, as by the nature of things. The power which establishes it is the same with that which sustains the Constitution,* and of which a part, or section only, gives origin to the House of each Legislative State.

Let us consider next, though not in order, the National Executive, both as to its origin, and the powers especially given by that origin; for it is true of every Constitutional authority, that not constitution, but *derivation*, both establishes and limits it.

The Executive power of the Republic is derived, first, from the necessity recognized by each citizen, for a commissioned and

lawful Will, to put the laws in execution. This necessity recognized, is the *natural* basis of Presidential Authority.

His election, like that of a Representative, is popular, but with some modifications. For convenience, electors are first chosen, who accurately represent the people; the joint majorities of the citizens of each State, gives a majority of all the citizens of the Nation; and in case a majority is not had, then the choice is thrown upon the national representation in the House. But here the nature of the election is modified; the House voting not by members, but by States, and the election ceasing to be strictly popular. There is recognized, therefore, in the Executive Power, a State, as well as a National element; and this necessarily; for the President is not only a defender of the National, but of the State sovereignties, and must support the authority and the rights of States.

Thus far we have considered the nature and derivation of the Central Power, as it proceeds from the people in mass—from the Nation. It remains now to look at that of the States, or of the Senate.

It is a fundamental necessity for a government based on representation, that every great political power shall be represented in it.

A government, whatever be its name or power, being a body of men deputed to execute the laws, and to maintain order in society, is distinct from society. It is a power distinct from that of the people. It affects them, is feared and respected by them; it is affected by them, is swayed by and sways them: no state can be said to exist, in which a distinct body as government, either elective or hereditary, is not recognized and maintained.

At the founding of the Constitution, the two great powers recognized in this republic, namely, that of the equal Citizen, and that of the equal State, were distinctly recognized.

The founders supposed, that if the powers of the citizen alone were recognized, and should predominate, the nation would fall together into a centralized Democracy, and end in despotism. The State Governments, on the other hand, would have then become disturbing and disorganizing powers, warring against, and embarrassing,

*The Constitution expresses only that which is permanently and continually necessary for the liberty of the Nation.

a government in which they were not represented, and which would become their natural enemy. Had there been a powerful aristocracy,—had there been many free commercial cities,—had there been a great national church, holding political power;—it would have been necessary to the peace of the nation, that these powers be represented in Congress. But, as it happened, there was no aristocracy, there was no powerful church, there were no independent cities,—there were only two recognized powers, *first*, the body of the nation, peers—speaking one language, and forming that equal band of freemen who fought the battle of the revolution,—and, *second*, the governing bodies of the States. These latter demanded representation, and received it in the SENATE.

In a government composed in this manner of all the elements of national power, an authority less than imperial cannot be supposed to exist, nor would it require a labored argument to show, that the authority thus constituted is as great as the nation can require, in any exigent of peace or war.

Containing, in the House, the authority derived from the consent of all the citizens; in the Senate, that which is derived from the governing bodies of the States; and in the Executive, an union of both;—and all limited, and strictly subordinated, by a Constitution, anterior and superior to it, this government stands superior in rank and in kind, to that of any one of the States.

After such a view, the old idea of the federation, that Congress is the creature and tool of the State Governments, falls quite to the ground.

Though it be unquestionably true, then, as the Senator declares, "that the States are constituent parts of the common federal government of the Union, and as such are equals in all respects both in dignity and rights," "this relation in which they stand to each other furnishes a strong presumption," not only that they have no combined or separate authority over the territory which extends to the prohibition of slave property; but farther, that the States, separately or in combination, *have no power whatever over the territories*; since this power lodges properly in Congress and the Executive; and only by their

votes in the Senate have the States any influence in the matter. Senators, in the performance of their duty, defend the rights of their several State governments, but it may well be asked, what good they hope to effect by using a language that implies for the representation of States, in the Senate, a power which belongs to them only in conjunction with the House and the Executive?

And here, in the midst of other matter for question, we stumble upon a new doctrine offered by Mr. Calhoun,—that slave property, "the only species of property recognized," says he, "by the Constitution, (!)—was also "the only one that entered into its formation as a political power," (!)—"and this is the only one that is put under the express guarantee of the Constitution," he adds. And this is offered as a member of an argument limiting the power of Congress over slavery in the territory!

To this the reply is simple,—first, that the word 'slave' is not used in the Constitution at all, and that it is not literally true that the Constitution recognizes slave property. The Constitution assumed no power over slavery in the States, and would neither recognize, nor not recognize, it. But when it came to apportion representation by *population*, it was obliged to reckon in all descriptions of persons, without naming them. Democracy professes to believe that a property representation is a false and unjust representation. It is, therefore, necessary for Democracy to explain this slave representation by another theory; and to say that not property, but the life and safety of the slave and his master, taken together as one family, or system, was looked to in the apportionment.

After touching upon the foregoing, Mr. Calhoun then repeats the question. "But if it cannot be found in either—if it exists at all, the power must be looked for in the compact which binds these States together in a federal Union. Does that instrument contain any provision which gives the North the power to exclude the South from a free admission into the territories of the United States with its peculiar property, and to monopolize them for its own exclusive use?" To which we reply as before, that the Constitution does not know of

any such power as the North, or the South, or the East, or the West. These are very loose terms, and mean much or little according to the mood we are in. It is, therefore, necessary to substitute for the above question, the following:—

Has the Government of the United States the power to declare the importation of slave property contraband in its own territory?

Mr. Calhoun several times repeats the question, "where is this absolute power of the North to exclude the South to be found?" To which we reply again, nowhere, and repeat, as before, that North and South are not recognized powers in the government or in the nation. Again, he argues on the passage concerning "rules and regulations:—"

"Now, I undertake to affirm, and maintain beyond the possibility of doubt, that, so far from conferring absolute power to govern the territories, it confers no governmental power whatever; no, not a particle. It refers exclusively to territory regarded simply as public lands. Every word relates to it in that character, and is wholly inapplicable to it, considered in any other character but as property. Take the expression 'dispose of,' with which it begins. It is easily understood what it means when applied to lands, and is the proper and natural expression regarding the territory in that character when the object is to confer the right to sell or make other disposition of it. But who ever heard the expression applied to government, and what possible meaning can it have when so applied? Take the next expression, 'to make all needful rules and regulations.' These regarded separately might indeed be applicable to government in a loose sense; but they are never so applied in the constitution. In every case where they are used in it they refer to property, to things, or some process, such as the rules of the court, or of the House of Congress, for the government of their proceedings, but never to government, which implies persons* to be governed. But, if there should be any doubt in this case, the words immediately following, which restrict them to making 'rules and regulations respecting the territory and other property of the United States,' must effectually expel it. They restrict their meaning beyond the possibility of doubt to territory regarded as property."

The lands which pass under the general title of "Territories belonging to the United States," belonged originally, by virtue

of royal charters, to the independent colonies, or to the powers of Europe. They became the property of the nation, after the Revolution, by acts of cession on the part of Connecticut, Maryland, Virginia, New York, and other States, and by purchase from France and Spain. The charters of the lands of several of the States extended indefinitely westward, and the lines of these lands crossed each other, so that it had become impossible to make a fair adjustment of the separate claims. Those States that possessed no territory, having made common cause in a war which secured their sister sovereignties in quiet possession, thought it unjust that they themselves should have no share. The controversies on this subject were finally set at rest by acts of cession on the part of several States, by which their private and separate claims to property and jurisdiction were vested in the nation. New York was the first to set the example of moderation, and other States followed it at intervals. Out of the territory thus acquired by the people of the United States, were formed the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and others, and the territory west of these. North Carolina ceded the territory that is now the State of Tennessee. The cession of her own territory by Georgia, in 1802, concluded this difficult series of transactions, by which, more than by any other acts of the States, the nationality of all was settled and confirmed forever.

While the territories remain uninhabited, or are in process of occupation by emigrants, the people of the United States, as a nation, possess a *three-fold* interest and right in them.

1. First, as the imperial control over all national affairs has been acquired by the act of union or nationalization, which confers upon the general government the powers enumerated and implied by the Constitution.

2. As particular States or foreign sovereigns have ceded their chartered or legitimate sovereignty over their several territories. By these acts of cession, all the powers of a king or a sovereign state over its territory were necessarily transferred to the people or nation of the United States.

3. As owners of the soil, so far

* See page 112 (2).

as it has not become the property of individuals, the people, by their Congress, exercise certain rights, limited only by the common rules of ownership, and of purchase and sale.

It appears by this examination, that the authority of the government of this nation is perfect, over the territory which they have acquired, within the guarantees of the Constitution; for it includes the *three-fold* power of imperial control, of state sovereignty, and of ownership.

These three powers of imperial control, of state sovereignty, and of ownership, as they were vested in the nation by a process of law, and are made good by the principles that lie at the foundation of all governments, may, by the same principles, be transferred to other powers; the principles of law and the rule of *salutis populi* presiding over such transactions in as strict, though in a nobler sense, than over those of individuals.

Thus, if the Congress see fit by treaty to cede the imperial control over any portion of their unoccupied territory to another republic, they can do so; for as they acquired, so they may dispose of the right.

Or if government think best to sell the territory which they have in trust for the nation, they can do so without diminution of their imperial and state rights.

And when a certain portion of the national territory is settled by emigrants, able to constitute a government, they can recognize in such persons, and acknowledge by charter or by grant of a constitution, certain rights of franchise and jurisdiction constituting a territorial government, with or without representation in Congress, and limited in such a manner as may seem best; but never with such conditions or limitations affixed, as shall violate rights guaranteed by the Constitution.

Finally, if it be shown to Congress that those in whom they did recognize certain rights by granting them franchise and jurisdiction, have so organized their society as to be fully able to protect the inherent liberty of individuals among themselves, to maintain public and private credit, and to administer justice with the requisite authority, Congress may then cede to them in full, that sovereignty which was formerly ceded to the nation, and so constitute them, in every sense of the word, a STATE.

But the peace of society, and the liberty and prosperity of citizens, which governments are intended to maintain, is not established by the sole power of isolated and independent States. Single States, whether free or despotic, standing alone, exist only in a condition of perpetual war, or perpetual alarm.

For the same reason, therefore, that it is necessary for individuals to combine and form States, it is necessary for States to combine and form EMPIRES. The perfection of any empire, or imperial government, is when the separate free States or kingdoms maintain their liberties, without detriment to the Constitution under which they live, be that a free or a despotic Constitution. The lives of the great lawgivers have been spent in efforts to devise the most perfect systems of union, for groups of independent states or kingdoms.

So far, the form of empires and of state unions is one and the same, be the systems of their government monarchical or free. But in their internal organizations we find them affected by various and opposite principles.

In monarchical empires, as in that of the East under Justinian, founded originally upon force, all power was supposed to flow from the monarch, and his will, under the form of a decree, became and constituted the law.

The reason of this derivation is not hard to find; for in the formation of despotic states we observe that the law of *conquest* lies at the root of the Constitution; rights and franchises are but allowed, and can be resumed, at the pleasure of the imperial will.

In free empires, on the contrary, or as they are usually styled, United Provinces, States, or Leagues, the rights of each State are supposed to be inherent and inviolable. In our own system, beginning with the individual, we concede to all citizens a necessary and inherent liberty; just as in other Leagues and Unions, or constituted Empires, an inherent and inviolable sovereignty and liberty has been conceded to the separate States or members of the league.

The imperial system of the Union was established on a singular, and hitherto unknown principle; namely, the inherent liberty of the individual, and his inviola-

bility by any power not flowing out of the direct necessity for preserving and maintaining rights and liberties in all.—Every law, under this system, restraining the liberty of any person, is supposed to be necessary to the safety of all. Thus, if it be shown that the unconstitutional freedom of any person endangers the lives, properties, and liberties of citizens, the spirit of our system requires that such person be not allowed his liberty. And if a territory petition to become a free sovereignty, and it be shown, that the petitioners are not powerful or numerous enough, or sufficiently trained and organized, to maintain credit and justice, a Constitution cannot justly be granted them; for the power of the Union was established for the maintenance of order and liberty, and it cannot resign or cede its power into incompetent hands.

For, while the Declaration and the Constitution are founded on the general idea of an inherent right to liberty in *every* individual, and of an inherent right to sovereignty in *every* freely organized body of citizens, living under a regular form of law; necessity, and the nature of things—necessity for maintaining liberty and justice in the whole, and the imperfect nature of man, which often disables him from using and enjoying his equal and inherent rights as *man*—require that great caution and reserve be used, in *recognizing* these ideal rights; and that in no case they be admitted in practice, until their reality and capability appears in fact; for by acknowledging rights merely ideal, we do but force nature, and destroy that necessary order and gradation by which society is maintained.

No territory, therefore, can be made a sovereignty until it be proved capable, and notwithstanding all demonstration of inherent rights, no liberties can be conceded; for, indeed, the inherent rights of *all* are to be considered, and the greater necessity extinguishes the less, according to a maxim—*Salus, et libertas, Populi suprema lex.*

Whether, therefore, the Constitution specify or not that the nation shall have power over its own territory, is a question of subordinate interest. Such power is inherent in the nature of all government, and, in this particular instance, there is no limit imposed upon it by the Constitution.

In conclusion, we are obliged distinctly to disallow what Mr. Calhoun contends, that the system and spirit of this Government limits its power over its territory in the instance before us.

Mr. Calhoun asserts that the North are in error in supposing that slave territory will be closed to the white labor of the South; that "there is no part of the world where agricultural, mechanical, and other descriptions of labor, are more respected than in the South, with the exception of two descriptions of employment—that of menial and body servants." To this we reply, that it does not affect the question. The facts are that freemen will not work on farms, or any employment, in company with slaves. And that is the reason why it is necessary that territories adapted to free labor be guarded. If slavery will not naturally extend itself above 36° 40', then the South will be no loser by that exclusion; but as it has extended itself much farther, and might, for aught that is known to the contrary, take strong root in regions farther north to the ruin of territories unfitted by nature (like Kentucky) for its existence, it was a measure of safeguard to propose a line of division. As this question can never be "*settled*," but by the greatest forbearance on both sides,—and, as Mr. Calhoun argues, that if it be not settled once for all, ruin must ensue; let us then, in some equitable way, make a good ending of the business, and leave each side to work out its own destiny undisturbed by jealousy of the other.

Mr. Calhoun's next argument in order is derived from the clause granting "exclusive legislation" to Congress over the dockyards, arsenals, &c., and "other property belonging to the United States;" which clause he says does not confer what he calls "governmental powers"—a new phrase, and here used in a peculiar sense, in fact, starting a new distinction of powers. "Congress," says the Constitution, "shall exercise exclusive legislation, in *all cases whatsoever*, over the District, &c., and over all places purchased, &c." But says the Senator, Congress may not exercise "governmental powers" over places so purchased or ceded. Now of the powers of government there are three kinds, legislative, executive, judicial; they are neces-

sarily exercised together: for the legislative is the first and necessitates the others; but of any class of powers called governmental we find no record or description.

In regard to the District of Columbia, some doubt still rests in the minds of conscientious legislators whether Congress has full power over it. "But the case is very different in reference to territories," says Mr. C., "lying as they do beyond the limits and jurisdiction of all the States. The United States possess not simply the right of ownership over them, but that of exclusive dominion and sovereignty." A fearful admission! but then on a sudden the Senator recovers his former ground, and starts a new distinction. "It may be proper to remark," says he, "in this connection, that the power of exclusive legislation conferred in these cases must not be confounded with the power of absolute legislation. Absolute power of legislation is always, indeed, exclusive, but it does not follow that exclusive legislation is always absolute. Congress has exclusive power of legislation as far as this government is concerned, and the State legislatures as far as their respective governments are concerned, but we all know that both are subject to many and important restrictions and conditions, which the nature of absolute power excludes." Which places the governments of the States and of the Union upon the same footing, as far as "absolute" power is concerned; the idea of absolute power being thus very justly excluded from that of republican government in any shape; but this does not touch the question whether the nation may not abolish slavery from its territory. On the contrary, if the States have this power in their dominions, though they be not "absolute," much more should the general government, which, though not absolute in any case, being, like the State governments, under the Constitution, is yet vested with the twofold power of State sovereignty and of imperial control over its territory; and in such a view of the matter, Mr. Calhoun's third distinction, like his first and second, falls useless to the ground. He has not yet proved that the Constitution, either directly or by close construction, forbids the general government to exercise those powers which it has acquired over its territory, both by

the nature of things, and the nature of all *honestly* acquired power; and in this argument we set aside as useless and exploded, the ancient doctrine of "right acquired by conquest;" though if we chose to resort to that doctrine, it would reduce the question to a point that the narrowest understanding might grasp at once.

We now come to the very heart of this subject, to the very policy against which the Senator from South Carolina has opposed this broken chain of suggestion, which he is pleased to regard as a demonstration. By an ordinance of the Confederation in 1787, slavery was excluded from the territory ceded by Virginia. The ordinance, said Mr. Madison, had no constitutional authority; it serves, therefore, only as a landmark to show the opinion of the Congress at that time. It established a precedent for policy only, and not for legal decisions. We regard it only as the first step in the line of a particular policy. By that first step, slavery was excluded from the temperate climates of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin, and the territory north-west. That exclusion was the result of the first step of a certain line of policy. It was a compromise, says Mr. Calhoun, *conditioning for the delivery of fugitive slaves*, as a set-off against the freedom of the territory; and yet he somewhat unguardedly quotes Mr. Madison to prove it valueless; by which procedure he does the slaveholder material injury in removing one of the ancient landmarks of his rights. The history of the transaction does not much help or hinder the arguments on either side. We therefore pass it over. He adds, for all that, that the South acquiesced in the ordinance and observed it strictly; which is a strong proof of its expediency; and now, at this late day, a South Carolina Senator condemns it.

Now follows the Missouri Compromise. The entrance of Missouri as a State was severely contested through the years 1819-20, when HENRY CLAY ended the war by moving the compromise. It was observed of this statesman, by John Quincy Adams, that in negotiation, and in all difficult affairs where opposite interests and rights were involved, he discovered a peculiar and almost infallible tact: his remedy was always the best that offered. By this compromise he reconciled the two interests

of slaveholders and non-slaveholders. He was himself a slaveholder, and he knew that slavery, at least in temperate climates and northern latitudes, could only prove a curse and keep landlords poor, as it does on the south banks of the Ohio. This compromise was carried, says Mr. Calhoun, by the almost united vote of the North against the South. By it a line was drawn, separating the northern and southern territories. "The South," he adds, "has never given her sanction to it." The act was done by the non-slaveholders as an act of mere self-protection; and could southern gentlemen understand how necessary it is to the emigrant to be removed from the neighborhood of a rich and aristocratic planter, to enable him to carry on unshamed his honest but humble industry, and finally, by humility, to rise into independence, wealth, and refinement, the generosity of their nature at least, if not the justice of it, would be moved with a sacred regard; and however jealous they might be of their own rights and privileges, in which no man will dare disturb them while the UNION stands, they would not with so ambitious a grasp, clutch at *all* the territory. No, indeed; not at all the territory!

We respect the ordinance, therefore, and the Compromise, and can say that our greatest desire is, that the present difficulty be as wisely met as were those which prompted those measures.

So much for the measures of compromise, which Mr. Calhoun laments that they were ever passed. Mr. Jefferson's letter, which he quotes, contains no argument. It only expresses a very just fear. Why he chose to quote it, it is difficult to guess. It does not condemn the compromise, and while it admits it to be an uncertain, dangerous, and temporary expedient, a mere palliative, it offers no other. It says in regard to slavery, "there is not a man on earth who would sacrifice more than I would to relieve us from this heavy reproach, in any *practicable* way. The cession of this property, (for so it is misnamed!) is a bagatelle which would not cost me a second thought, if, in this way, a general emancipation and expatriation could be effected; and gradually, and with due sacrifices, I think it might be. But as it is, we have the wolf by the ears, and can

neither hold him nor let him go. Justice is in the one scale, and self-preservation in the other." Then follows the remark that the diffusion of slaves over a greater territory will better their condition and hasten their emancipation. He justifies Mr. Holmes in voting for the compromise rather than for the total exclusion of slavery from the territory, and recommends that every means be taken to allay the jealousy of the South, of the interference of Congress in their domestic affairs. He warns his country against stirring up angry passions upon this terrible question, and predicts ruin from its agitation.*

*Mr. Holmes, of Maine, said Mr. Calhoun, long a member of this body, who voted for the measure, addressed a letter to Mr. Jefferson, inclosing a copy of his speech on the occasion. It drew out an answer from him which ought to be treasured up in the heart of every man who loves the country and its institutions. It is brief. I will send it to the secretary to be read. The time of the Senate cannot be better occupied than in listening to it.

To John Holmes. MONTICELLO, APRIL 12, 1820.

I thank you, dear sir, for the copy you have been so kind as to send me of the letter to your constituents on the Missouri question. It is a perfect justification to them. I had for a long time ceased to read newspapers, or pay any attention to public affairs, confident they were in good hands, and content to be a passenger in our bark to the shore from which I am not distant. But this momentous question, like a fire-bell in the night, awakened and filled me with terror. I considered it at once as the knell of the Union. It is hushed, indeed, for the moment. But this is a reprieve only, not a final sentence. A geographical line, coinciding with a marked principle, moral and political, once conceived and held up to the angry passions of men, will never be obliterated: and every new irritation will mark it deeper and deeper. I can say, with conscious truth, that there is not a man on earth who would sacrifice more than I would to relieve us from this heavy reproach, in any *practicable* way. The cession of that kind of property, (for so it is misnamed) is a bagatelle which would not cost me a second thought, if in that way a general emancipation and expatriation could be effected: and gradually, and with due sacrifices, I think it might be. But we have the wolf by the ears, and we can neither hold him nor safely let him go. Justice is in one scale, and self-preservation in the other. Of one thing I am certain, that as the passage of slaves from one State to another would not make a slave of a single human being who would not be so without it, so their diffusion over a greater surface would make them individually happier, and proportionally facilitate the accomplishment of their emancipation, by dividing the burden on a greater number of coadjutors. An abstinence, too, from this act of power, would remove the jealousy excited by the undertaking of Congress to regulate the condition of the different descriptions of men composing a State. This certainly is the exclusive right of every State, which nothing in the constitution has taken from them, and given to the General Government.—Could Congress, for example, say that the non-free men of Connecticut shall be freemen, or that they shall not emigrate into any other State?

After disposing of the compromises, Mr. Calhoun repeats at large his former arguments and distinctions in regard to the power of Congress over the territories. He assumes that he has completely established the point, that Congress cannot forbid any citizen from taking any kind of property he may please into the territory, when, in fact, he has merely asserted that the power of Congress is limited, and has not proved the particular limitation. On this point it is, perhaps, unnecessary to argue further. If the point be proved for the territory that Congress has not this power, much more is it proved for States; and States have then no longer that power which they claim of excluding and freeing slaves, within their own limits. If Congress and the several states have not this power, it follows that all laws, ordinances, and compromises, whatsoever, against slavery, in all the States and in all the territories, are null and void. To what follows, all that we need offer, therefore, is simply a denial.

"I have now concluded the discussion, so far as it relates to the power, and have, I trust, established beyond controversy, that the territories are free and open to all of the citizens of the United States, and that there is no power, under any aspect the subject can be viewed in, by which the citizens of the South can be ex-

I regret that I am now to die in the belief that the useless sacrifice of themselves by the generation of 1776, to acquire self-government and happiness to their country, is to be thrown away by the unwise and unworthy passions of their sons, and that my only consolation is to be that I live not to weep over it. If they would but dispassionately weigh the blessings they will throw away against an abstract principle, more likely to be effected by union than by secession, they would pause before they would perpetrate this act of suicide on themselves, and of treason against the hopes of the world. To yourself, as the faithful advocate of the Union, I tender the offering of my high esteem and respect.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

cluded from emigrating with their property into any of them."

But now, allowing that all may not be convinced that Congress has not the powers contended for, Mr. Calhoun appeals to equity and expediency. Is it equitable, and, for fear of consequences, is it politic for non-slaveholders to attempt to exclude slaveholders from a territory purchased by the money, and defended by the arms of all citizens alike? To this we answer, as before, that if there be a real joint ownership in the thirty States, any one, or any number of them, may demand a division of the property. But we have shown that the States, as such, have no distinct right or title to the territories: it belongs to the Nation as a whole. If then a division line is to be established, it must be from motives of Public Economy, and not in accordance with, or by arguments deduced from, the doctrines of extreme factions of the North or South. We do not wish to hurry on the inevitable crisis by any arguments of ours. We wish only that the minds of all men may be tempered for the issue.

The bill containing clauses which protect the citizens of Oregon against slavery, and throw the whole responsibility for the other territories upon the Supreme Court, has once passed the Senate, and its passage is predicted through the House. If the Court decide that slavery is *not* lawful in the territories, how will the South feel? And if the contrary, then how will the North feel? Was not this measure, after all, only a shifting of the responsibility upon shoulders less able to bear it? And if the Supreme Court is to be used for the decision of political questions, will not future Presidents extend such an influence, and so fill the bench as to leave its opinions on such questions no longer doubtful?

W.

THE LIFE AND GENIUS OF DANTE ALIGHIERI;

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE DIVINA COMMEDIA.

IN Germany, which may be called the free-port and world-market of the literature of all ages and nations, Dante has been made, since the commencement of this century, a subject of serious study, and, if that be not too strong an expression, of enthusiastic veneration. *Schelling*, the philosopher, and the two *Schlegels*, first recalled attention to him. Thereupon followed a mass of translations and expositions of the *Divina Commedia*, the most successful among which were those of *Kannegiesser*, *Streckfuss*, *Philalethes*, (Prince John, brother to the reigning King of Saxony, and heir to the throne,) *Kopisch*, and *Graul*. Almost every aspect of this wonderful poem, poetical, historical, philosophical, and theological, has had light thrown upon it with more or less success, in larger works and in treatises, but always in such a way that much was left to engage the attention and study of future scholars.

In the small compass allowed to us by the limits of this article, we must content ourselves with endeavoring to present, in outline, A GENERAL IDEA OF THE DIVINE COMEDY, AND WITH IT THE KEY TO ITS PROPER UNDERSTANDING IN DETAIL.

We will offer, first, a few remarks on the *life* and *age* of the poet, as some knowledge of these is necessary to an understanding of his work.

Dante, or properly speaking, *Durante*, i. e. the enduring, was descended from the ancient, noble, and venerable family of *Alighieri* in Florence, where he was born in May, 1265, during the pontificate of Clement IV., a few years before the downfall of the illustrious imperial family of the *Hohenstauffen*. He prosecuted his studies in the Latin classics, especially *Virgil*, the Aristotelian philosophy, and the scholastic theology of his age, first in his native city, and afterwards in Bologna, Padua, and Paris, with such energy and

spirit as to make this foreign material his own inmost property, and to work out of these single elements of culture an independent organic world-view.

In his wanderings through the halls of science and art, he was accompanied by the genius of a pure ideal love, that exercised a moulding influence on his whole character and literary activity. It was when in his ninth year, that he saw for the first time, on a festive May-day, under a laurel tree, *Beatrice*, a Florentine maid of the middle rank of life, of wonderful beauty and attraction. The impression made upon him opened to his imagination for the first time the rich fountain of poetry, and determined the whole character of his life. The chaste and deeply earnest character of his works, as well as the express testimony of his contemporaries,* compels us to believe that this mysterious relation was throughout of the purest and noblest kind. Dante himself has described it in his *Vita Nuova*, in a tender, deep, and moving manner.

Beatrice was not destined to be the companion of his life. They continued separate from each other, though united in spirit by the bonds of a Platonic love. But seldom was he so fortunate as to enjoy her smiling salutations, and as early as the year 1290 she was, to his deepest sorrow, torn from his view by an early death. Still, though lost to him as far as her earthly form was concerned, her enrapturing image rose again in his poetic imagination, transfigured, as the symbol of Divine Wisdom and Love, or as Theology, and accompanied him in his *Divina Commedia* through the holy

* As, for example, that of Melchiorre Stefano Coppi, who says of Dante, *Moralmente visse*; and that of Sebastiano Eragubius, who calls him *inter humana ingenia naturæ dotibus corruscantem et omnium morum habitibus rutilantem*. The later testimony of Boccaccio in his *Vita di Dante*, to the contrary, is of no account.

precincts of Paradise, until the sight of the Triune God burst upon his view. Hence Uhland has beautifully sung :

“Ja! mit Fug wird dieser Snger
Als der Gttliche verehret,
Dante, welchem ird’sche Liebe
Sich zu himmlischer verklret!”*

After this beautiful period of learning and loving, our poet entered upon political life in the service of his native city. His public career, and yet more the years of his banishment, were full of troubles and storms. The trivial every-day world would on this account call him unfortunate ; for it has not even the most distant conception of the secret and purely spiritual enjoyments of a deep-thinking genius, wearing out his life upon the highest and noblest themes, who is raised equally far above fortune and misfortune in the common sense of the terms.

The Florentine republic was in that period torn by the severest party dissensions between the Cerohi, or White, (Bianchi,) and the Donati, or Black, (Neri.) By far the larger portion of the city belonged to the Guelph party ; but the Ghibelline families united with the Bianchi, and these two parties now mirrored forth again the contests of the Ghibellines and Guelphs, a contest that continued itself throughout that whole period. By means of his talents Dante forced himself, in his twenty-fifth year, up to one of the highest honors in the magistracy of Florence, to the office of Prior, and was sent on several embassies to the courts of Naples and Rome. But the hatred of his enemies soon accomplished his fall. He joined himself to the party of the Ghibellines, and interceded for them with Pope Boniface VIII., but without success. The opposite party prevailed. Led by blind passion, and assisted by the Pope just named, they robbed the poet, among many others, in the year 1302, of his property, and banished him from Tuscany for two years ; and subsequently, for contumaciousness, he was sentenced to be burnt alive, in case he should ever return. With sorrowful heart he bid farewell to his un-

grateful, but still warmly-loved native city, never more to see it, and to his family which he was also compelled to leave behind him. With this commenced the third and last period of his life.

From this time Dante wandered about through Middle and Upper Italy, poor, restless, and ever longing for home ; everywhere meeting friends and admirers, but enemies also and detractors ; nowhere finding rest, but in the profound contemplation of Eternity, and its philosophic and poetic representations in the Divina Commedia. This was commenced, if not as early as the year 1300, at least soon after his banishment,* and amid all his sorrows was gradually completed. For

“Poesie ist tiefes Schmerzen,
Und est kommt das chte Lied
Einzig aus dem Menschenherzen,
Das ein schweres Leid durchglht.”†

Dante says himself, (in the *Convito*,) “Truly I have been a vessel without sail and without rudder, driven about upon different ports and shores by the dry wind that springs out of dolorous poverty ; and hence have I appeared vile in the eyes of many, who, perhaps, by some better report, had conceived of me a different impression, and in whose sight not only has my person become thus debased, but an unworthy opinion created of everything which I did or which I had to do.” He seems to have spent most of the years of his banishment in Rome, Bologna, Padua, and Verona. He sojourned for a time in Paris also, where he buried himself in the deepest theological studies, and held a brilliant disputation. The report of the expedition of Henry VII. to Italy in 1310, recalled him to his fatherland. He hoped from him the overthrow of the Guelphs, and exhorted him, in a letter of 1311, to employ energetic measures. But Henry could accomplish nothing against Florence, and died in 1313. With his death the hopes of the banished Florentines, and the Ghibellines in general, were totally crushed.

* See, on this point, the investigation of Blanc, in his thorough and instructive article on Dante, in Ersch and Gruber’s General Encyclopædia of the Sciences and Arts, (a truly colossal work in compass and contents,) Sect. I., Part 23, p. 67, ff.

† “Poetry is deep sorrow ; and the true song comes alone out of the human heart, through which glows an intense grief.”

* “Yea! with reason is this singer honored as the Divine Dante!
Whose earthly love transformed itself into heavenly.”

Dante now retired to Ravenna, whither he caused also his children to be brought. His daughter Beatrice retired to a convent. According to a notice, which is not, however, sufficiently authenticated, he himself became a monk of the Franciscan order. In this city, and in the neighboring monasteries, he completed his great poem, and died on the day of the Holy Cross, the 14th September, 1321. The honor which his fellow-citizens denied to him while living, was now shown to him by strangers, when dead. His patron, Guido Novello da Polenta, the Lord of Ravenna, caused his corpse to be carried to the chief church by the most respected citizens of the city, and to be interred in a marble coffin in the church of the Minorites. Only lately (1830) has Florence compensated the injustice done to the greatest of her sons, by erecting to his memory in the church of Santa Croce, the pantheon of Italian geniuses, a costly monument, between those of Michael Angelo and Alfieri, with the inscription: *Onorate l'altissimo poeta*, (Honor the most exalted of poets.)

Dante was of middle stature, somewhat bent in later years, yet full of dignity in his general appearance. His countenance, which has been preserved for the future world, by his friend the celebrated painter Giotto, is very characteristic: a noble poetical brow, a bold aquiline nose, a proudly prominent lower lip; conveying the expression of nobleness and earnestness, and of a contemplative and commanding disposition. One reads Eternity enstamped upon these features, and does not wonder that the women of Verona pointed at him, with the words: *Eccovi l'uom oh' è stato all'inferno!* (Behold the man that has been in Hell!) He was of a melancholy temperament. He lived buried in profound thought, and brooded over the past. Hence he appeared tiresome to spiritless and common-place minds. Prince Cangrande of Verona once asked him, why he could not entertain his court so well as a certain buffoon, who happened to be present. Dante replied, with sarcastic pride: *Perche ciascuno ama il suo simile*, (because every one loves his like.) His works, more especially his *Divina Commedia*, exhibit a rare union of the philosopher and the poet. Hence Raphael, with genial grasp, has

placed him in his *Disputa* on the Holy Sacrament, between Thomas Aquinas and Duns Scotus, and in his *Parnassus*, between Virgil and Homer.

The age of Dante presents to us the transition of the middle ages from the time of their highest glory over into the period which led the way to the reformation. That wonderful structure, the Romano-German Catholicism, had become complete in the thirteenth century. The papacy reached its consummation in the person of Innocent III., and then waved its bishop's crosier over all the lands and nations of Europe. Opposite to this stood the Germano-Roman empire as the greatest secular power, which was most vigorously upheld by the *Hohenstauffen*, and which, after repeated attempts at emancipation, was again compelled to lay down its crown at the feet of the Pope. The scholastic, by which we mean the church theology of the age, as resting upon the Aristotelian philosophy and Catholic tradition, had found in Thomas Aquinas its most genial and profound representative; and had sought to show that its doctrines were the absolute truth, even to the smallest particulars. At the side of this, in the way of supplement, stood the system of the Mystics; in which, with the neglect of dialectic thought and disputation, it was attempted to enter into communion with the original fountain of life, by a bold act of direct consciousness and love-inspired feeling; according to the maxim of *Bernard of Clairvaux*: *Tantum Deus cognoscitur, quantum diligitur*. Monks had also reached its highest point, in the formation of those colossal monastic orders, the Franciscans, Dominicans, &c., which surrounded the moral life of the nations as with a net, and introduced the practical ideas of Catholicism into the poorest huts. In the same century were erected the most celebrated of those Gothic domes, which by a wonderful and profound symbolism represented the reconciliation of heaven and earth, and formed an image of the hierarchy itself.

Finally, the greatest crusades were now accomplished, in which whole hosts of soldiers, peasants, princes, and prelates of the Occident, had, at the command of the successor of Peter, left their homes, families, trades, property, and possessions,

devoting themselves to the greatest sacrifices and difficulties, not for the sake of worldly advantage, but to be enabled to weep, at the grave of their Redeemer, tears of repentance and gratitude, and to rescue it from the profane hands of the enemies of Christianity.

Think as one may of this age, no impartial historian will venture to deny, that it bears the character of gigantic power and boldness, a devotion to the objective interests of the church almost without parallel in history, ruling as it did all the relations of life at the time. And such a wealth of romantic poetry lay in all these events, that one would have been astonished, had Providence not taken care to provide a master-hand to embody them in a worthy manner, in indelible lineaments for all ages. "The owl of Minerva," says a deep thinker, with reference to the relation of philosophy to life, which she represents, "commences her flight with the first blush of dawn." The lyre of Apollo, we may add, sounds mellowest and clearest in the cool evening. So the singer of mediæval Catholicism made his appearance, not in the moment of its highest bloom and power, but when the dissolution of the gigantic edifice was visibly approaching, and was filling the friend of the Past with deep sadness, but at the same time calling him to gaze, full of hope, into a better Future. As the setting sun casts his loveliest and softest glance yet once more upon the tops of the mountains, or into the mirror of the ocean, to make his departure more heavily felt, and to waken more lively desire for his return, so the philosophy, theology, and religion of the middle ages, were reflected yet once more before their departure, in a poem fully worthy of its high subject.

We have thus designated the historical stand-point from which we must proceed, if we would reach a proper understanding of the Divine Comedy. It is the swansong of the thirteenth century, and with it, of mediæval Catholicism in the fullness of its world-power.* All the great ideas

of that time, whose vibration was still felt in the fourteenth century, collected themselves in this wonderful work, to receive their poetical consecration, and to represent a picture of human life under the character of Eternity. A thorough knowledge of that age, especially of the scholastic theology and philosophy, is hence indispensably necessary for the full understanding of Dante. One may call him the poetical Thomas Aquinas, who was, so to speak, the Christian Aristotle, and the proper church theologian of the thirteenth century.

We have thought proper to premise thus much before entering upon a consideration of the poem itself. We will now, in the first place, contemplate its *external form*, then seek to gain a clear conception of its *contents and object*, and lastly, examine its *relation to Catholicism and Protestantism*.

I. Dante himself, in accordance with the somewhat strange phraseology of the time, termed his poem a comedy,* partly on account of its contents, commencing as it does in a sad strain, with the contemplation of Hell, and ending joyfully with Paradise; partly also on account of its form, because it is written in the common language of the country, (*locutio vulgaris*.) Its additional name, "The Divine," has been added by an admiring posterity, also with reference both to its form and contents. It is difficult to decide to what class of poetry it properly belongs. *Rosenkranz*† regards it as an allegorical poem. Generally, however, it is considered as belonging to epic poetry. *Solger* calls it a didactic epos.‡ The materials are certainly not drawn from the subjective feelings as in lyric poetry, but are objective and historical. But on the other hand, this epic matter is not merely a single act or a series of events, but the whole world-history, so to speak; and then again, it is

* In his dedicatory letter to Cangrande della Scala, and again in the poem itself, *Inf.* xvi. 128, per le note di questa *commedia*; xxi. 2, la mia *commedia*.

† *Manual of General History of Poetry*, Halle, 1832, Part II. p. 221.

‡ "This epos may be called a didactic one, inasmuch as it starts from a scientific, dogmatic stand-point. The most important, however, is the revelation of the idea through the universe, whereby the poem on the whole becomes allegorical, while at the same time it has quite a mystical character, inasmuch as the symbol coincides altogether with the allegory." (*Lectures on Æsthetics*, Leipsig, 1829, p. 293.)

* Hence Carlyle's otherwise striking judgment must be corrected accordingly: "Dante is the spokesman of the Middle Ages; the thought they lived by, stands here in everlasting music. These sublime ideas of his, terrible and beautiful, are the fruit of the Christian meditation of all good men who had gone before."

not merely poetically related and described, as, for example, in the *Iliad* of Homer or the *Jerusalem Liberata* of Tasso, or the *Orlando Furioso* of Ariosto, but serves everywhere as a foundation only for philosophical and theological ideas, which are veiled under the form of profound allegory, and at the same time are difficult to be understood. It is perhaps best then to term it an allegorical, philosophical epos of world and church history.

The whole poem consists of three parts—Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise, (*Inferno, Purgatorio, and Paradiso.*) Each of these parts consists again of nine subdivisions and thirty-three songs or cantos. Hell, however, is prefaced by a canto as a general introduction to the whole, so that the poem consists altogether of one hundred cantos and 14,230 verses. The system of versification chosen by Dante for the expression of his thoughts was the *Terza Rima*, which combines the character of earnestness and solemnity with that of gracefulness and musical fullness, and is admirably adapted to the contents of the poem. Each *terza rima* is composed of thirty-three syllables. Everywhere then we meet with the number three. It is the symbolic number of Divinity. The whole Paradise is full of the praise of the Triune. The superscription of Hell, consisting of three verses, (Canto iii. 1-9,) reminds us already of him with fearful earnestness, and the whole poem closes in the 33d Canto of Paradise, with seeing him face to face. Even with Aristotle everything consists of beginning, middle, and end. According to Thomas Aquinas and Dante, this fundamental idea of Christianity pervades the whole constitution of the world. The name of the Holy Trinity is written upon creation and stamped upon eternity. Our poet even represents Satan with three faces, as the terrible antitype of the Triune God. The fact that the whole consists of one hundred songs has reference to the perfection of the work, which the poet would wish to have considered complete in itself, as a true picture or copy of the harmonious universe. The number ten is the symbol of perfection—*numero perfetto*, as Dante himself designates it in his *Vita Nuova*—and its square, one hundred, (*numero perfettissimo*), designates absolute perfection or completion. To show how strictly he made it his object

to reach an even measure, or to make use of a certain economy in the form, we may mention the circumstance that each of the three parts closes with the word “*stelle*,” or stars; for these are, according to him, the blessed abodes of peace, whither his view is ever directed, and to which he would also gladly draw with him his readers. It is with still deeper meaning that he always makes the name of Christ to rhyme only with itself, using it of course for this purpose three times* in every case. The reason of this cannot be that the Italian language affords no rhymes to the word Christ. Such are numerous, as *acquisto*, *misto*, *visto*, &c. It is his intention rather to indicate the matchlessness and singleness of this name, which is exalted above all names, and beside which there is no name given whereby men can saved. It is remarkable also that Christ does not come forward at all in Hell under this name, (for the damned cannot endure it,) but is only distantly indicated.† The language of the poem is everywhere made to correspond with the character of the thoughts: in Hell it is awfully earnest; in Purgatory affectingly pensive; in Paradise transportingly charming; always full of images, and graphic, powerful, and melodious, simple and noble, chaste and worthy of the subject, solemn and elevated. Dante was the creator of Italian poetry, as Boccaccio of Italian prose.

II. This interesting form now is but the body of still more interesting *contents*—the silver shell of a golden fruit.

The poet chose the highest and most comprehensive theme for his poem, even eternity itself with its three domains. He exhibits to us the world as it exists there, with its doings and sufferings; the bad damned by Divine Justice, the good made happy by Divine Love. In the full consciousness of his poetical power, he ventures to assign his cotemporaries, and the mighty dead of past centuries, according to their moral worth, a place in one of the three divisions in which, according to the Catholic faith, men must take up their abode hereafter, and thus undertakes to

* For ex. *Paradiso* xiv. 101, 103, 108; xix. 104, 106, 108; xxxii. 83, 85, 87.

† *Inferno* iv. 53, 54, un possente con segno di vittoria incoronato; xxxiv. 113, fu l' uom che nacque e visse senza pecca.

survey the course of the great judgment of the world. In doing this he does not permit himself to be influenced by any subjective feelings or personal considerations, but by his conception of Divine Justice alone. Thus, with incorruptible severity, in the fifth Canto of the *Inferno*, he assigns a place in Hell to the beautiful Francesca of Rimini, who had been guilty of adultery with her brother-in-law, Paolo Malatesta, although he was under great obligations to her friends, and especially her nephew, in whose house he breathed his last. Resolute belief had not yet come to be confounded with the idea of uncharitable bigotry.

In the case of an ordinary mind, the mere thought of such an undertaking would have been considered ridiculous impudence. In a spirit like that of Dante, it is the evidence of a great and noble boldness of genius. The successful execution of the idea proves that Dante had an internal call to such a work, that he acted under a commission from the spirit of history and the Church. In this great picture we meet with the most distinguished personages that flourished before and during the time of Dante, famous either for their vices or their virtues, and who were thus a blessing or a curse to humanity. He leads us in succession by poets and learned men, heroes and conquerors, princes and kings, monks and priests, prelates and popes, as by so many statues of brass; illumines them by the glance of his fancy and the doctrine of the Church; exhibits to us the irreversible result of their life upon earth as the just doom of God; and fills us with horror in view of the sins and punishments of the inhabitants of Hell, with tender sympathy for the penitent in Purgatory, and with an earnest and holy longing for the bliss of the pure and blessed in Paradise. We may say indeed that a grander theme never entered into the imagination of a poet. But it well suited the character of his age, which, in all its strivings, aimed at the infinite. As little able as our age would be to create the conception of a dome like that of Cologne, or a cathedral like that of Strasburg, so little could it give birth to a "*Divina Commedia*."

Let us follow the daring poet on the journey which, in spirit and in a vision, he made through the other world. We will

tarry longest in Hell, because this part of the poem has generally been considered the best.

He commenced his journey in the year 1300, at the dawn of a new century, in the middle of his life,* that is, in his thirty-fifth year; for in Psalm xc. 10, the extent of human life is said to be threescore years and ten. The day was Good Friday, the day of the death of our Lord.† Two days he spent in Hell, precisely as long as Christ remained in spirit in the lower world, according to Thomas Aquinas, who for this purpose combined the two passages, Luke xxiii. 43 and 1 Pet. iii. 19. He needs one day to pass from Hell to Purgatory. On Easter morning he again rises to the light, in four days of toiling ascends the mountain of Purgatory, and flies through Paradise in one day. The duration of the whole journey then is eight days, which Dante, by a significant fiction, has distributed into the week of our Lord's passion and resurrection.

The poet transports us first into a gloomy forest, which is to represent the human heart as lying in sin and error, and at the same time the condition of the world in the age of Dante. With the dawn of day he reaches its end, and seeks now to ascend a mountain illumined by the sun, the symbol of divine revelation, but in vain, for he is confronted and driven back by three animals, a deceitful leopard, a haughty lion, and a ravenous wolf.‡ These are intended to represent three sins, which, besides being actualized in every human heart, were also prominently displayed in the chief powers of that age; namely, Cunning, which had its seat then especially in Florence, Violence, which was then threatening the Church from the direction of France, from Philip IV., and Avarice, which had its seat in Rome, in the worldly-minded and domineering popes, such as Boniface VIII. According to this, the allegory has not only a moral but also a historical sense.§ Just as the poet is about

* Inf. i. 1.

† Inf. xxi. 112. The subject of the determination of the dates of the poem has been fully investigated by Kannegiesser, in his German translation of the *Divina Commedia*, Vol. I. p. lviü.

‡ Doubtless he had in mind here the passage in Jeremiah v. 6: "Wherefore a lion out of the forest shall slay them, and a wolf of the evening shall spoil them, a leopard shall watch over their cities."

§ Dante himself distinguishes between the literal

turning back again into the gloomy forest, the singer of the *Aeneid*, sent by Beatrice, suddenly appears to him, predicts, under the form of a grayhound, a reformer in the Church, and invites him to make a journey through Eternity in his company. He himself would attend him through Hell and Purgatory, in order to view in the first the terrible consequences of sin, and in the second the voluntary sufferings of those who desired to escape the wrath of God and to be saved. Through Paradise he should be conducted by a worthier spirit, Beatrice herself.

Dante determines to undertake the journey, under the guidance of his honored master Virgil. Passing through a portal, over which the meaning of Hell and the doom of its inhabitants is inscribed in fearfully sublime characters, they reach the domain of Hell itself. This, according to Dante, is situated in the centre of the earth. In this respect he followed the view of Augustine, Thomas Aquinas, and the prevailing conceptions of his Church, which probably arose from taking in its literal sense the article of the Apostolic Creed, *descendit ad inferos*. Besides, he could not well devise any other locality for Hell, since he held the Ptolemaic view of the world, that the earth formed the centre of the universe, and that all the bodies by which it was surrounded belonged to one of the different heavenly regions. In like manner he gives Purgatory and Paradise also a definite locality, as we shall see hereafter. This is plainly in much better accordance with the nature of poetry, which should always give us concrete views, than the method chosen by Milton, who removes his spiritual scenes into an undefined and abstract infinitude, in which the fancy speedily tires, like a bird on the ocean, that, wearied by his flight, finds no

resting place for his feet. Hence, with all the undeniable sublimity, the tiresomeness also of the poetry of Milton and Klopstock, whom few even of their most enthusiastic admirers succeed in reading through; while Dante keeps the fancy constantly enchained in a lively interest by the fixed and clearly defined outline of his figures.

The shape of Hell is that of a vast funnel, constantly narrowing, its apex standing exactly in the central point of the earth. The inside of this funnel, or inverted cone, consists of different circular terraces, which, with the increasing depth, also grow narrower and narrower. These terraces are occupied by sinners, according to the grade of their wickedness; the lowest place of all, the apex of the funnel, being assigned to the Devil. This form of Hell corresponds with the nature and progress of sin, which consists in ever narrowing and contracting selfishness. As the number of slight and ordinary sinners is larger than that of great transgressors, the upper circles are broader and more densely crowded. It is also very expressive, that over these regions of Hell there reigns a constant darkness,* growing denser with the depth. Still, a faint gleam of light overspreads the gloomy terraces; and the lower portions are illumined by the unquenchable fire,† but only to increase the horror of the damned, by rendering their misery mutually visible. Thomas Aquinas also permits the inhabitants of Hell to see their misery sub quadam umbrositate.‡

In consequence of the deep meaning of the number three, reaching as it does even to the lower world, Dante divides Hell into three regions, each one comprising three of the before-mentioned circular terraces, so that it consists on the whole of nine circles; to which must be added also a preliminary circle, the vestibule of Hell. The different regions are separated

and spiritual sense of his poem, and divides this latter again into an *allegorical* one, (in a narrower sense of the term,) which has reference to Faith, a *moral* one, which has reference to Love or Christian Action, and an *anagogical* one, which has reference to Hope.

Littera gesta refert, quid credas, allegoria
Moralis, quid agas, quid speres, anagogia.
(See his letter to Cangrande.)

The fact that the poem is intended to convey so many different meanings makes it difficult to be understood, and injures its simplicity and naturalness, but is in accordance with the spirit of that age, and especially its theology.

* See Matt. viii. 12.

† Comp. Mark ix. 44, Matt. iii. 12.

‡ Milton too sings:

A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,
As one great furnace, flam'd; yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible,
Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all, but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed.

PAR. Lost, Book I. v. 61. et seq.

from one another by the windings of a large stream, which flows in circles through Hell. Of these circular windings there are four. The first, separating the fore-court from Hell properly so called, is the joyless Acheron, the second the marshy Styx, the third the burning Phlegethon, and the fourth the cold Cocytus. The stream ends at last in an icy lake, in the centre of which sits the Devil. This is probably intended to represent the stream of Belial, mentioned in 2 Sam. xxii. 5, as encompassing the dead in Hell. It rises, according to Dante, in the island of Crete, from the confluence of all the tears which the human race has ever wept in consequence of sin, and will yet weep during the different ages of its existence, which increase in wickedness, and find their representatives in these four streams.

In the division of the sins our poet follows Aristotle, who divides the bad into three classes, namely, incontinence, (*ἀκρασία*), wickedness, (*κακία*), and violence or beastly wildness, (*θνησιότης*).* But, in accordance with his Christian stand-point, Dante differs from Aristotle in that he places wickedness, or as he terms it, cunning, (*froda*), lowest in the scale. The first kind of sin, that of incontinence, is human; the second, violence, is bestial; the third, cunning, is demoniacal. Each of these genera comprises again a number of distinct species. Under incontinence, for example, he ranks licentiousness, avarice, prodigality, wrath, &c.; under violence he includes murder, blasphemy, &c.; under cunning especially the different forms of treachery.

The punishments of the damned are, according to Dante, not only spiritual but bodily also. The spiritual punishments consist chiefly in an impotent hatred towards God, in envying the happy condition of the blessed, in dissensions among themselves, and in a continual lust for sin without the power or prospect of satisfying it. This everlasting torment also expresses itself externally, and Dante loves most to tarry in describing these bodily punishments. In doing this, he follows in general the principle laid down in Wisdom xi. 17, "Wherewithal a man sinneth, by

the same also shall he be punished." A similar thought was supposed to be implied in the assertion of our Lord: "With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again." Mark iv. 24; Luke vi. 38. Sin itself, in the other world, is the punishment of sin. Sinners flee from the punishment but desire the sin; the desire is present, but its satisfaction unattainable; the desire itself has become a tormenting sting. This general idea of the close connection between sin and the form of its punishment is, however, carried out, not in a pedantic and literal, but in a very free and manifold way. The lazy, for example, roll themselves about in mire; the licentious are driven to and fro by a storm-wind; the irascible smite each other in the muddy Styx; the Archbishop Ruggieri, who upon earth had denied food to Count Ugolino, is doomed to have his head chewed constantly by him in Hell.

Our limited time will not permit us to tarry separately in the different circles of Hell. Dante has here brought together a variegated mass of pictures from all ages and ranks. Poets, learned men, philosophers, heroes, princes, emperors, monks, priests, cardinals, and popes—in short, all that truth and history, poetry and mythology, have been able to afford of distinguished sins and vices, he causes to pass before us, living, speaking, and suffering; until overcome with fear and horror, we feel compelled to bow ourselves in deep reverence before the judgment-seat of that just God, to whom every sin is an abomination. There is opened here to the careful reader a wide field of the most interesting historical, psychological, metaphysical, theological, and edifying observations. We shall be able only, by the way of example, to contemplate the beginning and the end of Hell, the lightest and the heaviest sins, before passing over to Purgatory.

In front of Hell properly so called, in its vestibule or outer court, Dante very characteristically places the indifferent, those lukewarm, honorless souls who have no desire for the good and no courage for the bad, who live rather like the irrational and slavish vegetable and animal world, and on this account are rejected alike of Heaven and Hell. As companions, he assigns them those angels who in the great original apostasy remained neutral.

* Ethics, vii. 1.

"Cacciàrli il oiel, per non esser men belli,
Nè lo profondo inferno li riceve
Che alonna gloria i rei avrebber di elli."*

The biblical foundation of this representation rests upon Rev. iii. 15, 16: "I would thou wert cold or hot. So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth." The names of these contemptible beings have been lost; they are never spoken of. Hence Virgil exclaims to Dante,

"Non ragionam di lor, ma guarda e passa!"†

He recognizes but one shade, that of one of his cotemporaries, who from fear permitted himself to be led astray into the "great refusal," (il gran rifiuto.) Commentators have generally understood this to refer to Pope Celestine V., who knew nothing of the government of the Church, and took no interest in it, and who was hence easily persuaded by his cunning successor, Boniface VIII., to abdicate the papal power only a few months after his election in the year 1294, and to retire again to his quiet monkish life. If this interpretation be correct, Dante comes here in direct collision with his Church, which has enrolled Celestine among its saints.

The poet, in company with Virgil, passes rapidly by these miserable beings tormented by flies and wasps, their truest representatives. He is then, in sleep, safely transported across Acheron by a divine miracle; and a boundless cry of woe, sounding up from the deep abyss, announces to him that now he is indeed in Hell. The first circle, which he describes in the fourth song, is Limbus, the abode, according to the doctrines of the Romish Church, of unbaptized children and of heathen, and hence of Virgil also. Here the fathers too of the old covenant originally abode, but were released and raised to blessedness by Christ, when he descended in triumph into Hell, i. e. into this limbus patrum, between his death and his resurrection. Among these, Dante draws attention to those (v. 55 ff.) who represent the different stages of develop-

ment in the hope of the Messianic salvation, namely, Adam, Abel, Enoch, Moses, Abraham, Jacob, (together with Rachel and his children,) and lastly David. These became the first partakers of the everlasting salvation, but only after the completion of the atonement.

In the first circle we do not yet meet with sin properly so called and fully developed, for this can only be perfectly unfolded in opposition to the positive and written law of God, and against the preached and known grace of Christianity. These are yet in the natural state of man as affected by original sin, but at the same time endowed also with a certain natural virtuousness, and are such as have not yet come into any contact with the Church. Their condition hence is only that of negative punishment, the being deprived of seeing God, (pœna damni,) the absence of blessedness, and an indefinite longing for it. The poet first meets with a forest-like crowd of unbaptized children and undistinguished heathen. But he soon perceives in the distance those of the heathen world who were "rich in honor," the heroes of natural virtue. A glimmer of light beams around them, but it is only the reflection of their own glory, this highest aim of the heathen according to the maxim of Cicero: "Optimus quisque maximè gloria ducitur." So also in the other world honor is still the element in which they live, and hence they are constantly complimenting one another, enjoying themselves in the remembrance of their glorious deeds. Hence their countenances also bear the stamp of a lofty self-feeling, and a stoical indifference, which is neither joy nor sorrow. He first sees the shades of the four poets, Homer, Horace, Ovid, and Lucan. So soon as these perceive Virgil again, they bow themselves reverently before this their colleague and exclaim:

"Onorate l' altissimo poeta!"

After a short conversation they also receive Dante into their midst as the sixth of the tuneful band. Next in order they reach the heroes and sages of antiquity, who remain forever upon an open and verdant oasis, the reflection of Elysium:

"With slow and solemn eyes,
And great authority in their countenance,
Who speak but seldom with soft, pleasant voices."

* "Heaven thrusts out the hateful companions as a stain; the deep Hell rejects them, else might the hearts of the wicked swell with pride." *Inf.* iii. 39-42.

† "We will not speak of them; look only, and pass."

Here he sees the Trojan heroes, Hector, Æneas, and then their descendant Cæsar, with other heroes and heroines of eternal Rome; and among them also, though apart by himself, the magnanimous Mohammedan, Saladin; lastly also the philosophers, who stand highest. The leader of the band is Aristotle, the pinnacle of all extra-Christian wisdom, according to the conception of the middle ages. Dante does not mention him by name, because the whole world is supposed to know him. He merely designates him as "the master of those who know," to whom all pay the tribute of admiration and reverence. Nearest to him stand Socrates and Plato, and then in proper gradation the other world-sages of Greece and Rome. The series ends with Averrois, the Arabian expounder of Aristotle.

From this region of noble heathen, Dante with his companion now descends to ever deeper and heavier sins and severer punishments, until he reaches the middle point of the earth, the seat of the absolute bad. In the lowest circle sit the traitors. He divides these into such as betrayed their blood-relations, those who were traitors to their father-land, to confidants, and to benefactors. The first of these divisions is hence called *Caina*, from Cain, the murderer of his brother; the second *Antenora*, from Antenor, the betrayer of his Trojan father-land; the third *Ptolemæa*, (*Tolmea*), either from Ptolemy the Egyptian king, who betrayed Pompey when fleeing to him for protection, or more probably from Ptolemy who betrayed Simon and his son at a feast, (1 Macc. xvi. 15-17;) and lastly *Judecca*, from Judas Iscariot. Here are found Cassius and Brutus, the murderers of Cæsar, the betrayers of their human benefactor. Dante regards them as both offenders against divine arrangements, and transgressors against the Roman empire, in which he recognizes a divine order and the type of the Roman papacy. Still more culpable than these is Judas, the betrayer of his heavenly benefactor, the offender against the visible *likeness* of the invisible Divinity. Lastly, sunk to the lowest depth, is Satan, the emperor of Hell, the traitor towards *God himself*. He is represented as a hideous monster, half immersed in a frozen lake, the image of his own life-element, absolute selfishness, with three faces, one red,

one pale, and one yellow, referring* as some suppose to three sins which concentrate themselves in him, but according to others, to the three grand divisions of the world as then known, over which his dominion extends; with six weeping eyes, every mouth crushing a sinner, but most grievously the traitor Judas; and with three pairs of plumeless, bat-like wings, which, constantly flapping, bear the pestilential breath of seduction into all regions of the world.

In the presence of such a horrible monster even Virgil becomes fearful and afraid, and bearing his protégé, slides down the shaggy, icy sides of the monster, who still in the end must be of service to the good; whence passing through a cavern, they ascend to the opposite side of the earth, and come forth to see the stars again.

In attempting to present an idea of the Purgatory and Paradise of Dante, we must be brief.

Purgatory Dante conceives to be a steep, spherical mountain on the western hemisphere, which according to the original plan of Providence, was to have been the abode of the human race. Its summit is crowned with the Terrestrial Paradise, out of which Adam was thrust on account of his transgression, forming thus the direct antipodes of Zion, the mountain of salvation, on the inhabited hemisphere, and being at the same time the threshold of Heaven. Both mountains rise, in a direct line, above the middle point of Hell. Christ, the second Adam, has again recovered, by his death upon Golgotha, the Paradise lost by the sin of the first. But the way thither leads now through Hell, i. e. through the deep knowledge of sin, and through Purgatory, i. e. the purifying pains of penitence.

At the foot of the mountain of purification is a lake, guarded by Cato of Utica, the stoic friend of liberty. Dante and Virgil must first wash from their countenances the filth of Hell. Then an angel, the direct reverse of the fearful Charon, who conducts the dead across Acheron, brings them in a light bark to the opposite shore. Purgatory has also, like Hell, a vestibule where all those are required to tarry, who have postponed repentance while upon

* Comp. Milton, P. L. B. iv. 114:

"—Each passion dimmed his face,
Thrice chang'd with pale ire, envy, and despair."

earth to the last moment. An angel escorts the wanderers over three thresholds, which represent the three stages of penitence, (*confessio*, *contritio*, and *satisfactio*), through the gate of repentance, and, in order that he may think of the seven mortal sins, cuts the letter P (*peccata*) seven times upon his forehead with his sword. The mountain itself has seven broad terraces cut into its sides, and on these dwell the penitent. The different penances correspond with the punishments of Hell, in inverted order. In Hell Dante descended from the lesser to the greater transgressions; in Purgatory he leads us from the greater sins and penances upwards to those of less enormity. The sins for which penance is done here, are the same which are punished there; but with this difference, that we have to do here with contrite, but there with obdurate souls. As in Hell, sin and punishment, so in Purgatory, sin and penance, stand in a causal relation toward one another; but the relation here is one of opposition, sin being destroyed, since the will is brought to break and yield, in direct contrariety to what it was before. The proud, who fill the first and lowest terrace, are compelled to totter under huge stones, in order that they may learn humility. The indolent, in the fourth terrace, are compelled to be constantly and actively walking. In the fifth, the avaricious and prodigal, their hands tied together, lie with their faces in the dust, weeping and wailing. In the sixth, gluttons are compelled to suffer hunger and thirst, in view of a tree richly laden with fruits, and of a fresh flowing fountain, like Tantalus, until they have learned moderation. In the seventh, the licentious wander about in flames, that their sensual passion may be purged from them by fire.

At the entrance into every circle, the angel who conducts them obliterates one of the P's upon the forehead of the poet. In the same measure also his ascent becomes easier at every terrace. In place of the fearful darkness, he is here lighted on his way by the three stars of the theological virtues, Faith, Love and Hope. In place of the heart-rending lamentations of the damned, he hears here the ever sweeter sounding tones of the hymns of salvation, as sung by the souls which are longingly gazing towards Paradise, and step by

step approach nearer to its confines. Whenever a soul has completed its purification, a trembling of the whole mountain announces its entrance into Heaven.* Having reached the Terrestrial Paradise, on the summit of the mountain, Dante sees in a great vision, the Church triumphant, under the image of a triumphal car drawn by a griffon, representing Christ. *Beatrice* now descends from Heaven, and appears to him in the car, and takes the place of Virgil, who is not permitted to tread the courts of Heaven, as his conductor. She represents to him, in strong language, his errors, and exhorts him to bathe in the brook Lethe, that he may forget all evil and all past afflictions. A second vision displays to him the corruption of the Church. In this *Beatrice* prophecies to him its restoration, and causes him to drink conversion from the brook Eunoë, whereby he becomes capable of rising upward to Heaven.

Lightly now, as upon the wings of light, Dante flies upward through the different portions of the Celestial Paradise, and marks his progress only by the higher glory of his exalted companion.† In accordance with the Ptolemaic system, he places Paradise in the heavenly bodies known at that time, and views them as transparent spheres, rolling around the earth with different degrees of velocity, so that those which are nearest move slowest, while the most distant revolve with the greatest rapidity. He reminds us, however, that the Planet-Heaven indicates only the different stages of felicity, and that the proper seat of blessedness is the Empyrean.‡ Between the different abodes and their inhabitants, and the grade of their felicity, there is again an intimate correspondence. Paradise consists of three chief regions, the Star-Heaven, the Crystal Heaven, and the Empyrean. With the seven subdivisions of the first, it comprehends ten places of abode for the blessed, whereby is indicated the fullness and perfection of Paradise. The Star-Heaven consists of the seven planets, and the fixed stars. According to the view and arrangement of that age, the seven stars were the following:—First the moon; this is first reached

* Purgat. xvi. 58 ff.

† Parad. xxi. 7 ff.

‡ Parad. iv. 37.

by Dante, after passing through the region of air and fire, and he here sees the souls of those who did not quite fulfil their spiritual vows. Second, Mercury, where dwell the souls of those who, although virtuous, yet strove in their bodily life after earthly fame. Third, Venus, which contains those spirits that in their pious strivings were not sufficiently free from earthly love. Fourth, the Sun, which holds a middle position among the stars, sending forth its rays equally in all directions, and which is the clearest mirror of God for the inhabitants of the earth. Here reside the most worthy theologians and doctors of the Church, (comp. Dan. xii. 3, Matt. viii. 43.) Thomas Aquinas, Bonaventura, Francis of Assissi, instruct the poet in the mysteries of salvation, and the depth of the Divinity. Fifth, Mars, the abode of the blessed heroes who have fought for the true faith. These shine as stars, and are arranged in the form of a bright cross, from the midst of which beams forth the form of Christ. Sixth, Jupiter, the star of justice, (a Jove justitia,) where are found the souls of just and righteous princes. These are arranged so as to express, in the first place, the words, *Diligite justitiam, qui judicatis mundum*; afterwards in the form of an eagle, as the symbol of the German empire, in which Dante saw the concentration of secular power according to divine institution. Seventh, Saturn, where reside the pious hermits and contemplative souls, which like flames are constantly ascending and descending a ladder. Dante reaches now the fixed-star-heaven. Here, in a vision, he sees the triumph of Christ and the Virgin Mary, and is instructed in the nature of Faith by the apostle Peter, in the nature of Hope by James, and in the nature of Love by John. This last Dante explains to be that which gives Heaven its peace—the Alpha and the Omega of the Holy Scriptures. It arises from a knowledge of God, who is Love itself. It is with transport that he becomes aware of being in possession of the true apostolic faith, over which Heaven exults, and the blessed spirits shout for joy. In the ninth sphere, the Crystal Heaven, or primum mobile, he sees the eternal hierarchy of angels who rule the nine heavenly spheres, and move in nine concentric circles around a bright, light-giving central

point—the Divinity. Now Dante nears the pinnacle of glory and blessedness, the Empyrean, which, in itself immovable, is yet the original cause of all movement. For God is without longing for anything that is without him, but yet gives forth all life from himself. The poet here sees all those blessed spirits, which, like innumerable leaves, form an endless sweet-scented rose. Beatrice now leaves him, to resume her place among the blessed. The godly Shystic, the holy Bernard of Clairvaux, now stands by his side, and, on his request, permits him one fearful gaze upon the God-head. He beholds three circles of equal circumference, but of different colors; one of these exhibits a human countenance. The pen refuses its office; his spirit is, as it were, electrified by a sudden shock; and he is inexpressibly happy in the contemplation of the Love of the Trinity, which illumines the sun and the stars, gives heaven and earth their motions, fills Time and Eternity, and draws from the choir of the blessed and angels an endless song of praise.

Thus have we attempted to give a brief sketch of this poem, in its organic unity. It is a mirror of the universe; a "mystic unfathomable song," as *Tieck* calls it. It is "encyclopædic" in its very nature, as *Villemain* well remarks in his *tableau de la Littérature du Moyen Age*, because it carries in its bosom "a complete history of the science and poetry of its time." If we cast a glance once more at the mutual relation of the separate parts, we shall be struck with the profound truth of the hint first given by Schelling, that the first is sculptural, the second picturesque, and the third musical, in accordance with the subjects therein treated.* Hell is an immense group of sharply defined statues, of dusky, shadowy forms, fearful monuments of Divine justice, illuminated by the torch of poetry. Purgatory is a gallery of variegated pictures, opening, in an endless perspective, into Heaven. Paradise is a harmonious unison of the music of the spheres, with the song of praise of the blessed rational creation: here all swims in light; here all is feeling, sound, Hallelujah. The poem opens with the cry of despair; it flows forward through the sadness of longing; it closes with the jubilee of bliss.

* In the *Critical Journal of Philosophy*, issued by him in conjunction with Hegel, Vol. II.

III. What, we may now ask, in the third place, is the proper *object* of the *Divina Commedia*? We do not mean to speak of its object or use, in the common sense of the term. Poetry, like Philosophy and Religion, is no mere means to serve some object lying out of itself. It is its own end, bearing its absolute worth in itself, and hence to be sought after for its own sake. Nor does it aim at any special practical use, but is sufficient in itself, and moves in the ether of liberty. But precisely on account of this high position, it is more than merely useful and serviceable in the common sense. In using the term *object*, then, we mean something immanent, that cannot be separated at all from the poem itself, and is identical with its proper sense. Dante himself makes it to consist in this: to lead the living out of the condition of misery into the condition of happiness.* He himself had, out of his errors, which he represents under the form of a dark forest, at the commencement of the poem, led by a higher hand, and through the contemplation of eternity and the whole world, sub specie æternitatis, found rest for the out-goings of his longing soul, in the peace-giving garden of Christ,† the object of his desire.‡ So far the *Divine Comedy* is a history of his errors and his deliverance. On this account he represents himself as in Hell, a participant and deeply interested spectator; in Purgatory as a penitent, to whom the first steps were immensely difficult, and from whose heart the seven mortal sins, like the seven P's upon his forehead, pass away only gradually and through actual penance. Then first does he become worthy of obtaining, as a foretaste, a glimpse of that blessedness, of which he also is once to become a participant.§ But to this subjective meaning of the poem, we must add also its objective. For in Dante's heart and life is mirrored forth the whole world, and in this view, the *Divine Comedy* is

also a description of human life in general, in its course from the world towards God, from time towards eternity, from sin towards holiness, from misery towards bliss.* It is, we may say, a poetical "Pilgrim's Progress from this world to that which is to come." The way of salvation leads, for all, through the knowledge of sin, (*Inferno*), through the pains of penitence, (*Purgatorio*), and through the contemplation of the mercy and glory of God and the salvation of his saints, (*Paradiso*.)

On this way towards saving knowledge, man is not left to himself, but, on the contrary, he has for his guide history, or tradition in its widest and best sense, which God himself uses as his instrument. This leads us to remark on the meaning of the companions of Dante in his journey to the other world. These are three: *Virgil*, *Beatrice*, and *Bernard of Clairvaux*. *Virgil* is the representative of human wisdom and natural virtue. The scholastic theology did not look upon heathenism as altogether without truth, but as irradiated in some measure, remotely at least, by the beams of the Logos; and the system of Roman Catholicism, as a whole, it is well known, has taken up into its own life much of heathenism itself even, under a Christian form. In general, too, classical literature still forms the foundation of all higher scientific culture. Dante has interwoven into the first part of his poem manifold elements of Grecian and Roman mythology, which is sufficient to show, that he did not regard it as purely error. Aristotle was generally regarded during the middle ages, as the highest representative of merely human wisdom. Hence his philosophy forms the foundation of the whole scholastic theology. It was usual to compare him with the morning-dawn, ushering in the sun of Christianity. Hence he was called the heathen John the Baptist,† the precursor Christi in naturalibus; and there was no end to the praises of his acuteness

* In his letter to Cangrande: *Finis totius et partis* (namely, *Paradiso* especially) est, *removere viventes in hac vita de statu miseriæ et perducere ad statum felicitatis*, (*Epist. Dantis*, Ed. Witte, p. 85.) The false views of the tendency of the poem have been carefully refuted by Blanc, in his article, already cited, in Ersch and Gruber's *Encyclopædia*, I. vol. 23, p. 64 ff.

† *Parad.* xxiii. 8; xxvi. 64.

‡ *Purgat.* xxiv. 76-78.

§ *Purgat.* xxii. 100; *Parad.* v. 105; xxx. 135.

* In the letter of Dante, already quoted, he says: *Est subjectum totius operis litteraliter tantum accepti status animarum post mortem simpliciter sumptus. Nam de illo et circa illum totius operis versatur processus. Si vero opus accipiat allegoricè, subjectum est homo, prout merendo et demerendo per arbitrii libertatem justitiæ præmiandi et puniendi obnoxius est.*

† *Comp. Inf.* i. 65, where *gran deserto*, referring to *Virgil*, may perhaps allude to the "vox clamantis in deserto; parate viam Domini."

and profundity. But Dante chose Virgil in preference to Aristotle as the representative of human wisdom, for the following reasons probably. In the first place Virgil was a poetical personage, and hence a much more suitable conductor and expounder in a poem than the abstract philosopher Aristotle. And then also, Dante stood to Virgil in the near relation of a grateful scholar.* By his means had he developed his poetical talent, and could hence call him "sweet father."† Further, Virgil, in the sixth book of the *Æneid*, gives a description of the spiritual world as far as Elysium, (which Dante regards as, to a certain extent, a shadowy picture of the Terrestrial Paradise,) and comes even to a certain kind of Purgatory.‡ Hence it was also customary to look upon this book as prophetic of Christianity. And lastly, Virgil was highly celebrated during the middle ages, as the singer of proud, heathen Rome, in which Dante saw a type of the world-dominion of the Christian Papacy.

Virgil, then, is the representative here of worldly wisdom. He comes not of his own accord to Dante, but as sent by Beatrice, who has been incited thereto by Saint Lucia, at the desire of the Virgin Mary, the symbol of sympathetic, preventing, and intercessory grace.§ This is intended to show that even heathen wisdom stands under the guidance of a higher influence, and is compelled to become subservient to revelation. He accompanies the singer of the Divine Comedy through Hell and Purgatory, for natural reason and philosophy may bring men to a certain knowledge of themselves in the state of sin, punishment, and penitence. But it is plain, at the same time, that Virgil is most at home in Hell. Here he takes sure steps. "Ben so il cammin," says he: ("I know the way well.")|| Only in that region where Hell has changed its form, by reason of the earthquake at Christ's death, is he forced to inquire the way.¶ In Purgatory, on the other hand, he finds himself more in the sphere of mere presentiment;

he makes uncertain and timid steps, and calls himself a stranger who is unacquainted with the way.* Hence he himself needs the guidance of angels from terrace to terrace. On the mountain of Purgatory Virgil is hence the representative, not of the common Paganism, but of that which in prophetic anticipation goes beyond itself.

Having reached the summit of the mount of purification, Virgil is compelled to return, and the office of conductor is now fulfilled by a higher spirit. For Philosophy can come only to the threshold of revelation; God himself and the proper blessedness of the soul, the natural man is unable to comprehend. *Beatrice*, who accompanies our poet through Paradise, is evidently the representative of Theology, (which rests upon Divine revelation,) or of Christian Wisdom.† Since the centre of this, and the chief object of its knowledge, is the love of God, subjectively and objectively, (that of God towards men, and men towards God,) Beatrice is well suited to be its representative; for in her, Dante as a boy had already seen the ideal of a pure ethereal love, and through her first had his sense for poetry and a higher world unfolded itself.‡ *Saint Bernard*, lastly, is the representative of mystic contemplation, which is required necessarily by the scholastic theology as its proper complement. In opposition to the scholastic Abelard, who drew everything down into the sphere of the dialectic understanding, his motto was: "God is known, so far as he is loved." The contemplation of the pious heart, according to him, stands even higher than Faith itself. Hence it is he that leads Dante to gaze upon the Trinity, after preparing himself for it by previous prayer.§

IV. In conclusion, it remains still to cast a glance on the *relation of Dante to Protestantism*. This sublime poet has naturally not been wanting in interpreters,

* Purg. ii. 61-63.

E Virgilio rispose: voi credete
Forse, che siamo esperti di esto loco;
Ma uoi sem peregrin, come voi siete.

† Purgat. xviii. 46-48; xxxiii. 10. Comp. xxxi. 130, where the three so called theological virtues, Faith, Love, and Hope, dance singing around Beatrice.

‡ Inf. ii. 105; Purg. xxx. 121-123.

§ Parad. xxx. 147-151.

* Inf. i. 85-87.

† Inf. viii. 109; Purgat. xxvii. 52.

‡ B. vi. 735-747.

§ Inf. ii. 52 ff. 95 ff.

|| Inf. ix. 30.

¶ Inf. xii. 91-94; xxxiii. 127-132.

who use him as a weapon against Protestantism, as though belonging exclusively to the Roman Church. The ablest interpreter of this kind is the Frenchman, Dr. Ozanam, a jurist, whose work has also been translated into the German.* He even goes so far as to put Luther on a par with the Monk *Dolcino*, whom Dante places in the eighth circle of Hell, among the disturbers of the peace.† Some on the other hand, with a profound and thorough knowledge of Dante, have attempted to lay claim to his work in favor of the reformation, especially so *Goschelt*‡ and *Graul*.§ Nay, some have even gone so far as to attribute to Dante a prophecy of Luther, since Veltro, the grayhound, under the figure of which Virgil predicts to our poet a reformer that was soon to arise in the Church, has the signification anagrammatically of L V T E R O; and the Florentine Landino, in his commentary on the Divine Comedy, which appeared in 1481, calculates that the birth of this reformer, according to the passage in *Purgat.* xxx. 31, would take place on the 25th Nov., 1484, which coincided almost with the date of Luther's birth, (10th Nov., 1483.) This, to be sure, is a mere conceit, although a remarkable coincidence. Under the swift grayhound, Dante understands *Can-grande della Scala*, (can means hound,) who afterwards became the chief of the Ghibelline party in Italy; and he at that time indulged in the pleasing hope, that he, in connection with the German Emperor, might put an end to the pernicious secular dominion of Rome.

There is no doubt but that Dante, in his fundamental religious views, belongs, rad-

ically, to the Catholic Church of the middle ages, of which he may be regarded as the poetical representative. His theology, especially the eschatology, apart from the formal additions of a poetic fancy, agrees with the scholastic, whose object was, as is well known, to justify the tradition of the Roman Catholic Church, in its whole compass. In accordance with this, he sees in the papacy also a divine institution. He regards the Roman Bishop as the successor of St. Peter, the chief shepherd of the Church.* But on the other hand, he is no friend of the absolute power of the Pope. He does not regard him as standing above a General Council of Bishops, and as being infallible separately taken. For in the eleventh song of the *Inferno* (v. 7-9) we meet with a heretical Pope, Anatasius, of the fifth century, who, as the story goes, had denied the divine nature of Christ.† Besides, Dante will allow to the Popes only the spiritual supremacy of the Church, assigning the temporal to the German Emperor. His historico-philosophical view was this. In antiquity, there were two chosen nations, a spiritual and a secular one. The Jewish nation was chosen to prepare the way for the introduction of the Church of Christ, and its spiritual head; the Roman nation, whose authority in secular matters even Christ acknowledged, was chosen to prepare the way for the introduction of the Christian state, and its imperial head. Both branches of history united in Christianity, and its middle point, Rome, but under two sceptres: to the Pope belongs the spiritual supremacy of the church and its Bishops; to the German Roman Emperor, the secular supremacy of the Christian States and their princes.‡ Hence he

* *Dante et la Philosophie Catholique au Treizième Siècle.* Par A. T. Ozanam. Paris, 1839. With him agrees on this point also, *Artand de Montor*, in his *Histoire de Dante Al.* Paris, 1841.

† *Infer.* xxviii. 53.

‡ *Bruchstücke aus Dante Aligh.'s Glaubenslehre.* Three articles in Hengstenberg's *Evangel. Kirchenzeitung*, 1841.

§ The *Divina Commedia* of Dante Alighieri, translated into the German, with historical elucidations, &c., by Charles Graul, Leipzig, 1843, P. I. p. lv. ff. Comp. his article on Dante, in the *General Repertory for Theological Literature and Church Statistic*, by Lie. H. Reuter, Berlin, 1845, Feb. number, p. 115 ff., and especially 129 and 130. *Wright*, in his English translation, in three vols., of the *D. Comm.* in rhyme, London, 1839-1840, has accompanied it with parallels and elucidations from Protestant writers; but the work we have not seen.

* *Parad.* v. 76; *Purg.* xvi. 98; *Inf.* xix., 100, 103. However strongly Dante inveighs against Boniface VIII., (*Inf.* xix. 52 ff.,) he still regards his imprisonment in Anagni, by Philip the Beautiful, as a sin against Christ.

† This passage was made use of as early as the time of Bellarmin in a Protestant work, which had for its object to win Italy for the evangelical faith through the authority of its greatest poet. It bears the title, *Avviso piacevole data alla bella Italia da un nobile giovane Francese.* Comp. Bellarmin's *Controv. lib. IV. de Rom. Pontif.* c. 10.

‡ Comp. *Purg.* xvi., 97-114; 127-129; *Parad.* vi. 82-90, 91, 92; and Dante's Latin work *De Monarchia*, which was most probably composed between the years 1310 and 1313, during the time Henry VII. was endeavoring to restore again the Imperial authority in Italy.

inveighs strongly against the worldly views and avarice of the then Popes. He wishes them to restore to the Emperor what of right belongs to him,* and to return again to the poverty of the early Bishops.† He meets a mass of Popes and Cardinals in Hell among the avaricious.‡ He is particularly bitter against Nicholas III., (died 1280,) Boniface VIII., (died 1303,) and Clement V., (died 1307,) whom he places together in the eighth circle of Hell, because they had been guilty of simony, that is, of selling ecclesiastical offices for money, (Acts viii. ;) thus bringing down the heavenly to the level with the earthly. On account of this perversion, the simonists are compelled to stand with their heads in holes of the earth, and their legs on high; from their naked soles stream forth flames, like tongues of fire; intended, doubtless, to represent the gift of the Holy Spirit, given to them at their ordination, but which became their curse.§ Dante reminds Nicholas, that Christ received no money from Peter, when he committed to him the power of the keys, and charged him with the feeding of his lambs. "Follow me," (John xvi. 19,) was the only condition. Nor did Peter receive money from Matthias, when he was chosen in the place of Judas.|| "You, shepherd!" he proceeds, "John had in his eye when he beheld the woman sitting upon many waters, committing fornication with the kings of the earth, (Rev. xvii. 1-2.) You differ from the idolator only in this, that he worships one, but you a hundred idols."¶ "Ah, Constantine," he exclaims,

* Purg. xxx. 37-39.

† Parad. xxvii. 40-45.

‡ Inf. vii. 46-48. A contrast to this is formed by Pope Hadrian V., who became converted after his ascension to the papal chair, but was still required to perform penance on account of his former avarice, Purg. xix. 91-145.

§ Inf. xix. 22 ff. Nicholas, according to Villani, was the first Pope who was guilty of open simony in favor of his relatives, (nepotismus.) Dante, with reference to his family name Orsini, (from orso, bear,) causes him to say, v. 69-73:

E veramente fui figliuol della orsa,
Cupido al, per avanzar li orsatti
Che su lo avere, e qui me misi in borsa.

Both Boniface and Clement were still living in the year 1300, which the poet makes the date of his vision, but their places in Hell were already assigned them, and Nicholas in expecting them, in fact mistakes Dante at first for Boniface.

|| Inf. xix. 90-97.

¶ Inf. xix. 106-114.

"To how much ill gave birth,
Not thy conversion, but that plenteous dower,
Which the first wealthy Father gained from
thee."*

Dante, in general, testifies very strongly against the secularization of the hierarchy, and inveighs also against the once so richly blessed Dominican and Franciscan orders, sometimes in zealous, angry tones, then again in mournfully plaintive language, and again with tender intercessory words,† and insists with all earnestness upon a thorough reformation in head and members, with reference, not so much indeed to the doctrines as the discipline and practice of the Church. Beatrice also shows him, in a striking manner, the rejuvenescence of the vineyard of the Lord;‡ and what is remarkable, his eyes are constantly directed, full of hope, to Germany, from whence the reformation in fact came, although later than he thought, and not from the German Emperor as he expected, but from a poor and lowly monk.

Dante has thus, as is the case with so many great men, a double face; one of which looks into the past, the other towards the future. He stands, as we have already remarked, on the turning-point between two periods. Although the most enthusiastic singer of the middle ages, his is yet, at the same time, one of the first voices on Roman Catholic ground, which demanded a thorough reformation of the Church, like that called for by the great reformatory Councils of the fifteenth century. When Rome obstinately shut her ears against these voices of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, becoming ever stronger and more pressing, the opposition gradually took a more anti-Roman and anti-Papistical character; the issue of which, at last, was the rise of an independent church, into which the best powers of the middle ages streamed over. Protestantism is the fulfilment of the prophecies which spoke forth from the very midst of the ruling church of the middle ages.

We are not willing, then, as Protestants, to renounce Dante, and to yield up the enjoyment of his immortal poem altogether

* Inf. xix. 115-117.

† Parad. xii. 86-96; Purg. xxxii. 124-129; xxiii. 34-37.

‡ Comp. especially the prophetic passage, Purg. xviii. 34-60.

to the Roman Church. We look upon the middle ages as the fertile soil of the reformation, upon Catholicism as an indispensable prerequisite and preparation of Protestantism. Dante's age, the particular form of his thinking, feeling, poetry, and life, has passed away, and can never again be revived. But we gaze back upon it, with an interest similar to that with which we look upon our youth, which, although past forever, belongs still to the marrow of life, to the sum of our existence, and in so far has an everlasting meaning.* We find in the Divine Comedy, under these antiquated forms, many grains of gold,

* It is the principal fault of *Leigh Hunt's* book on Dante, which has just now come into our hand, (stories from the Italian poets, P. I.) that he requires Dante not only to tolerate all sorts of nonsense, but also to send all men, however wicked their lives may have been, to heaven, like a sentimental Universalist of modern stamp. This is quite as ridiculous as if a Chinese should abuse England, because no tea grows there.

which are not subject to the change of times, and which we can gaze at with ever increasing delight. It is something great and beautiful to be in the possession of a lively sympathy with humanity, in all its stages of development, and especially with the Church of God of all ages and generations. Happy is he who has elevated himself to that stand-point of universal observation, where the different periods of history appear as the connected links of one glorious chain, and where all great men that have had a truly divine mission to humanity, unite in the most manifold tones of one harmonious hymn of praise to the One God. To such a one, history is a book of life, full of consolation, instruction, reproof, and enjoyment, from its commencement to its close. In the centre stands Christ and His Church, the star and central point, from whence light streams forth over all parts of the periphery. P. S.

STANZAS.

IMITATED FROM SAPPHO.

He seemed to know a bliss divine,
Whose casual eyes might meet with thine,
When, seated opposite, the while,
He heard thee speak, and saw thee smile.

A bliss denied to hapless me!
For, Lesbia, when I looked on thee,
Confusion held my faltering tongue;
My ears with shrilling murmurs rung.

Thrilled in my shuddering limbs the flame;
A sudden darkness o'er me came;
Robbed thus, of every sense by thee,
I swooned, dissolved in ecstasy.

COLTON'S PUBLIC ECONOMY.*

FROM the formation of the first system of society, the subjects which fall within the province of political philosophy have employed the most powerful intellects of all nations. But though illustrated by the liveliest genius and the profoundest reflection, they have not until a very recent period assumed even the forms of science. We cannot tell what formulæ of economical truth passed from existence in the lost books of Aristotle: the father of the peripatetic philosophy undoubtedly brought to public economics the severe method which enabled him to construct so much of the everlasting science of which the history goes back to his times; but whatever direction he gave to the subject, by the investigation of its ultimate principles and their phenomena, his successors, and the writers upon it since the revival of learning, have generally been guided by empirical laws, which in an especial degree have obtained in regard to the economy of commerce. Scarcely any of the literature or reflection upon the subject has gone behind the bold but entirely unsupported hypotheses of free trade theorists, which have been as unsubstantial as the fanciful systems of the universe that were swept from existence by the demonstrations of Newton. Not only have economical systems generally been woven of unproven hypotheses, but they have rarely evinced any such clear apprehension and constructive ability as are essential in the formation and statement of principles; and down to the impenetrable chaos of Mr. Mill's last cumbrous octavos,† there is scarcely a volume on political economy which rewards the wearied attention with any more than a vague under-

standing of the shadowy design that existed in the author's brain.

In the eminently original and scientific work before us, we see economy subjected to the fundamental and ultimate methods of investigation of which the results have a mathematical certainty. We have new facts, new reasonings, new deductions; and if the paramount ideas are not entirely original, they are discovered by original processes, and their previous existence is but an illustration of the truth that the instinctive perspicacity of the common mind often surpasses the logical faculty in cognizing laws before they are discovered from elements and relations.

The author has long held a distinguished place among our philosophical and political writers. In the fierce controversies of 1844, he restored, in a series of masterly tracts upon affairs, the name of Junius to its old celebrity and power; in the Rights of Labor, at a subsequent period, he asserted, illustrated, and with unanswerable logic vindicated, the American doctrine of the privileges and dignity of Industry—decreed to be not only the condition of existence, but the source and sign of the highest development of men and states. If we look into any of the numerous works‡ of Mr. Colton, we shall find that their most distinguishing characteristic is in the - dences, that he collects, observes and analyzes his facts for himself; that he forms from phenomena disclosed by his own observation the hypotheses with which he constructs his systems. It is to such men as Colton, Carey and Greeley, or Clay, Webster and Evans, with understandings alike practical, discriminative, and logical, that we are to look for the

* Public Economy for the United States. By CALVIN COLTON. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 536. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co., 1848.

Rights of Labor. By C. COLTON. Pamphlet, 8vo, pp. 96. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co., 1848.

† Political Economy. By Mr. Mill. 2 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh, 1848.

‡ Most of Mr. Colton's works have appeared originally in London, where he for some time resided. In London he published his Tour of the American Lakes, his Letters of an American Gentleman, &c. But his Four Years in Great Britain, Religious State of the Country, Life of Henry Clay, &c., &c., have all been widely read in the United States.

rescue of public economy from the hands of empirics, whose highest achievements are to bewilder and dazzle the weak and the indolent with phantasmal demonstrations.

Mr. Colton has not rejected the title of "*political economy*" because he proposed to enter a different field, or because the subject and argument have no relation to political society, but chiefly because the term political has been so much abused in this country by the rude agitation of what are commonly called politics, that he does not think the word now used with us comports with the dignity of the theme; and the second part of his title is adopted from a conviction that the economical principles of states are to be deduced from their separate experience and adapted to their individual condition. The task which he proposed to himself is, the exhibition of the *merits of the Protective and Free Trade Systems as they apply to the United States*. He expresses at the outset his opinion that the settlement of the question he debates is one of the most desirable, and will be one of the most important results which remain to be achieved in the progress of the country; and we can assure him that the accomplishment of it will be rewarded by the best approval of these times, and an enduring name.

The second chapter of Mr. Colton's work is devoted to a statement of the New Points which it embraces. By new points he does not mean that all thus described are entirely original, though many of them are so; but that on account of the importance of the positions he has assigned them, as compared with the positions they occupy in other works of the kind, they are entitled to be presented as new. Many of them involve fundamental and all-pervading principles, that have not hitherto appeared in speculations upon the subject, but which are destined hereafter to have an important influence in its discussion. Some of the most prominent of these points are:

I. His definition of Public Economy, that it is the application of knowledge derived from experience to a given position, to given interests, and to given institutions, of an independent state or nation, for the increase of public or private wealth.

II. That Public Economy has never yet been reduced to a science, and that the propositions of which it has been for the most part composed, down to this time, are empirical laws.

III. That the propositions relating to the minor questions in debate have been subjected to the most rigid test of the recognized canons of experimental induction.

IV. That labor is capital, and the parent of all other capital.

V. That protective duties in the United States are not taxes, and that a protective system rescues the country from an enormous system of foreign taxation.

VI. That different states of society require a corresponding adaptation of the systems of public economy to each.

VII. That popular and general education is a fundamental element of public economy.

VIII. There are new points on the subject of money and a monetary system, which are regarded by the author as vital and fundamental in public economy, and exhibited under new and impressive aspects.

IX. That freedom is a thing of commercial value.

X. That protection as opposed to free trade is identified with freedom, and with the principle of the American revolution.

XI. That the history of freedom for centuries, for all time, shows it to be identical with protection.

XII. That the American revolution is the opening of a new era in the history of freedom, demonstrating that the protective principle lies at the bottom of the struggles after freedom.

XIII. The history of the rise and progress of the free trade hypothesis is made a point of importance, and of much interest and instruction.

XIV. The interests of the American people are represented as necessarily wedded to the protective principle, and the masses who have been for a time seduced by the deceptive promises of free trade, are supposed to be after protection under false colors.

XV. The different cost of money and labor in the United States, as compared with their cost in the countries with which we trade, is made the foundation of the necessity of a protective system; and this necessity is averred to be the result of the

organization of society on freedom principles.

XVI. That the destiny of freedom is but imperfectly achieved, and is contingent on a protective system.

XVII. That an American commercial system, adapted to this end, is required.

XVII. That the principle of free trade is identical with that of anarchy.

XIX. That those parts of the world which are most free, require protection against those which are less so, because the sole object of protection is to maintain and fortify freedom.

XX. The great amount of agricultural products and labor which go forth in the form of manufactures, is made a distinct point of, to show how necessary manufactures are to an agricultural country, and how it is impoverished by allowing itself to be dependent on other countries for its manufactured products.

XXI. That public economy differs from private, not in principle, but in the comprehensiveness of its interests; and that there cannot be two kinds of economy, any more than two kinds of honesty.

We have not stated these new points either in the order or in the form in which they appear in the work itself; nor have we given all of them; but these are sufficient to show, that the author has extended his views much beyond the common range, not to say that he has gone more profoundly than most writers into the rationale of political philosophy. We proceed to citations from the author himself on some of the points above specified, and perhaps on others. It is in the discussion of these propositions that Mr. Colton evinces his highest powers; and while the reader will understand that little justice can be done either to the propositions or to the arguments by which they are maintained, in so brief an article as this—or indeed within less space than the close-thinking and terse-writing author himself devotes to them—he will be instructed by the hasty abstract which we shall make of so much of the work as relates to them most directly and forcibly.

In regard to the first point, it will be conceded that in all investigations of this sort, definitions comprehend or suggest the scope and laws of argument, and are indispensable to its perspicuous and satisfactory conduct. In offering this definition—

a fruit of the reflection of years—Mr. Colton makes the following observations:

"We have tried our best to tolerate the introduction of the term, science, into this definition, as the substantive part of it, in accordance with general usage, such as *the science of national wealth*, &c.; and we do not repudiate the idea that science is implied in it, or that it is a proper subject of science. But we are forced to deny, that, as yet, the subject has ever been reduced to a science, and that down to this time, it has any other form of a system than a collection of what the logicians call *empirical laws*. If it shall be admitted that we have contributed, in any degree, so to sift these empirical laws, and so to adjust them in a scientific form, as to subject them to recognized canons of experimental induction, as we propose to attempt to do, still our definition stands in a form not inconsistent with the definition of a science; and though we fail in our proposed task, the purpose of our definition is not impaired. Its terms indicate sufficiently the class of sciences among which it must take rank, if it is deemed worthy to be called a science. It is a science composed of *contingent* propositions—contingent on the peculiar position, the peculiar interests, and the peculiar institutions of the country to which its rules are applied at any given time, and contingent on the changes, in these particulars, to which that country may be subject in the succession of events. It will be seen, therefore, that our definition is a new point, and that it rescues the whole subject, entirely, from the position which has been claimed for it by the Free-Trade economists, as a science of uniform propositions—uniform for all countries and for all times. Every person must see, that one of the essential attributes of Free Trade is the uniformity of its propositions for all nations, and that any departure in a system of public economy from such uniformity, is not Free Trade, but a violation of its principles. The poles of a planet, therefore, cannot be wider apart, nor the heavens farther from the earth, than the main position of these two antagonistical systems. The propositions of the one are the same for all nations, in all time, while those of the other are contingent on the position, interests, and institutions of the country to which they are applied for the time being.

"It will be observed, that we have not only departed from usage, in our definition of public economy, by denominating it the application of knowledge derived from experience, instead of calling it a science; but that we require a *given* position, *given* interests, and *given* institutions, of a state or nation, in order to know how to make the application. The very terms of our definition, therefore, take the whole subject from the determinate and immutable laws of Free Trade, and place it on what may be

called a contingent basis, itself subject to a variety of contingencies. In Free Trade, we have only to understand its propositions, and then we know what they prove, or pretend to prove. But in our theory of public economy, we consult facts, experience, under a given state of things, in order to form the right propositions. In Free Trade, the propositions lead; in our system, they follow. In the former, the propositions determine results, or affect to do so; in the latter, facts, by their practical operation, determine the propositions, because they determine results. In the former case, the theory, or, rather, the hypothesis, is first, and the results are hypothetical; in the latter, the theory is last, and is made to depend on the facts. Our theory, therefore, is not one of propositions, formed irrespective of facts, but a theory growing out of facts. * * *

"It will also be seen, that, from our definition, as a starting point, the field of public economy opened by it is entirely new. It is not the world, it is not all nations, it is not any two nations; but it is one nation in particular. The law of the definition necessarily brings the subject within these limits. This imparts an entirely new character to the argument. With general propositions, we have nothing to do; it is a particular case. It is a system of public economy for the United States alone, which we are required to frame. It has been shown above, that it is not possible to construct one for all nations, nor even for two. All pretensions of this kind are utterly baseless, and can do nothing but evil so far as they are influential."

Under the second point above specified, our author says:—

"Both the novelty and importance of the position here taken, demand some exposition. If it be well authorized, true in fact, for the purpose we have in view, it cannot be too well understood. When Free Trade economists have arrogated the high and dignified title of a science for their theme, one naturally asks, what sort of a science is it? In what is its artificial structure apparent? Where are the principles and rules by which we arrive at infallible conclusions? A science, well and truly formed, can predict results with certainty; it is the very nature of science to do this, and any pretension of this kind that fails in its predictions, is thereby proved false. Have the laws of public economy ever yet been so adjusted as to produce this result? Manifestly not. If they had, all the world would have known it, and there would be no controversy. The truth is, the whole subject still remains a wide field of empirical laws, not entirely useless, but yet unadjusted as to scientific order and relations, having not the slightest claim to the dignity of a science. If any should think we have failed

in our classification of the laws of public economy, in their historical condition down to this time, as being *empirical*, let them tell us under what category of dogmas they should be ranked; or let them say, if they choose, that they do not all belong to this class. We are not tenacious on that point. We only say, they have never yet been reduced to a science. That is evident, because there is no certainty of science in them. There is no uncertainty in figures, in mathematics, in geometry, in astronomy, or in the physical sciences generally, so far as their respective domains have been explored; nor is there uncertainty in any science, the elements of which have been ascertained and adjusted in scientific order and relations. There can be none. It is the very nature of science to realize its predictions. We do not affirm confidently, that all the dogmas which ever have been uttered on public economy, will fall within the logician's definition of empirical laws: but we think they will generally be found there; nor can we conceive how a more respectable rank could fairly be assigned to them. It is not simply for the convenience of classification, that we have put them there; but because we could not find a more legitimate place.

"Now, let us consider what the characteristic of an empirical law is, as presented in the above citation, [from John Stuart Mill:] 'The property of being unfit to be relied on *beyond* the limits of time, place, and circumstance, in which the observations have been made.' It may not always be so good as this; but it cannot be better. It must be seen, therefore, that it entirely cuts off the generalizations of Free Trade, and falls directly in the line of our definition. No law of public economy can be safely trusted except for 'the time, place, and circumstance, in which the observations have been made;' that is, the observations which have established the law. The principle necessarily restricts every system of public economy to one nation—to that nation where the observations that have dictated its laws, have been made. Within these limits empirical laws may be serviceable, and by proper attention may be reduced to a science. For a wider range it is not possible that a science should be made of them on this subject. In the language of Mr. Mill, it is not simply 'absurd, but abstractedly impossible.'"

From under the third head, where the recognized canons of experimental induction are cited, and according to which the author professes to have constructed his general argument, we make the following extracts:—

"We for a long time thought that public economy never could be made a science in the

strict sense of the term. But that position can hardly be maintained, if it be allowed that everything is a subject of science, and capable of being brought into its place as such; and if, moreover, it be considered, that it is a part of science to adapt itself to the nature of the subject. A science of contingent propositions, for aught that can be seen, is as supposable as one of uniform and immutable propositions. The propositions of public economy, as we hold, must necessarily change with a change of data; and it cannot be denied, that such changes are constantly transpiring in every commonwealth. It will be found that this principle of a liability to a change of data, presents itself on the threshold, and that it lies at the foundation of the science of public economy. It is impossible to cast it aside, or turn the back upon it, with any hope of a successful investigation, or useful result. A public measure required at one time, may, by events, or even by its own operation in the complete fulfilment of its purpose, require to be modified, or suspended, or superseded, at a subsequent period; and the same measure may be of the greatest importance to one nation, which would be injurious to another, possibly to all others. Nothing can be more contingent than the propositions of public economy.

"It must be admitted, that nothing is more desirable, in public economy, than that the certainties of science should be brought to bear upon it; and nothing is more evident than that, hitherto, they have never been so directed. The reasons are obvious, as shown in our citations, here and there, from Mr. Mill. It was impossible that a science on this subject should be constructed out of the common experience of nations for common use, or out of the experience of one nation for the use of another. It is only in the line of the experience of one nation that the rigid principles of such a science can be applied, and for that nation only. All beyond this field is a region of empirical laws, as before shown; and of that precise category of empirical laws, which are utterly incapable of being reduced to a science."

In the chapter devoted to labor, one of the longest and strongest of the work, besides presenting his subject in many novel aspects, Mr. Colton avers that heretofore labor has occupied a false position in systems of public economy, and that a vast amount of doctrinal and practical error has been the result; in short, that, as labor is so important and all-pervading an element in public economy, any system which does not give to labor its true position, must necessarily be vitiated to its core and foundation. "Labor," says Mr. Colton—

"Labor is capital, primary and fundamental. The position which is usually awarded, in systems of public economy, to what is called capital, as if labor were not capital, and capital of the most important kind, has tended to degrade labor, and to strip it of its essential attributes as the producer of all adventitious wealth, or of that state of things which distinguishes civilized society from barbarism. It has also tended to cloud one of the most important branches of public economy in obscurity, and led to much embarrassment in the consideration of others. The natural order of things is thus reversed; that which ought to be first, is put last; the cause stands in place of the effect; the agent is taken for the instrument; the producer for the thing produced.

"Although it will be convenient in this work, in order to avoid frequent repetition and unnecessary circumlocution, to employ the customary phrase, capital and labor, in the usual sense, it is due to a just consideration of the comparative claims of these two things, to assert the prior and paramount rights of labor, as to the position to which it is entitled in a system of public economy. Labor is capital of its own kind, not as a subject to be acted upon for the increase of its own value, but as an agent that imparts value to every other kind of capital which it creates, or which, after having created, it employs as an instrument, or takes in hand for improvement. It is doubtless true, that the faculties or powers of labor are subjects of culture and use, for the increase of their skill and effectiveness; and in this sense are subjects of action for the increase of their value. In this particular, the faculties or powers of labor occupy the position of any other kind of capital, as subjects of improvement by labor itself. It will be observed, however, that it is not labor, but the faculty of labor, the value of which is thus increased.

"European economists, for the most part, if not universally, regard labor as a mere power, like horse-power, or any other brute force; and what Ricardo and the Adam Smith school mean by 'the proportion of the whole produce of the earth allotted' to labor, is simply that which is necessary for its subsistence, as for that of a horse, an ox, or any other brute. The three chief elements of public economy, as taught by Smith, Ricardo, and others of the same school, are 'rent, profit and wages.' It must be seen that a system of public economy, constructed on such principles, is entirely unsuited to American society; and though its doctrines in the abstract may often be correct, its whole must be totally inapplicable to a state of things radically, fundamentally, and essentially different from that for which such a system is designed. It was morally impossible, from the social position of these economists, that they should be able to adapt a system of public economy to American society, not having thought

it incumbent on themselves to make any other provision for labor, than to save it from starvation, and to get the greatest profit out of it, as the owner does out of his ox or his horse; and believing, as they do, that system the best which will secure this end most effectually. There can be no redeeming quality with Americans, for a system of public economy, one of the fundamental principles of which is of this kind, pervading it throughout, imparting its character to it, and constituting a part of its very essence. The three words, 'rent, profit, and wages,' in the sense in which they are employed by Smith and his school, as representing the three comprehensive parts of their system, are sufficiently declaratory of its character, and look back to a feudal state of society. The things here intended are not to be found in this country, and are not tolerated by its institutions. * * * * *

"Labor-capital is the parent of all other capital. Other capital is chiefly, if not altogether, the creature of civilization, though the same thing, in substance, may be found in a savage state. But as a subject of public economy, it is regarded as one of the things receiving its definite form and measure from the hand of civil polity. It will be found, indeed, that the entire structure of civilization owes its existence to labor, and of course those parts of it which derive their tangible value from its forms, and which are regulated by them. Civilization itself is secondary and ministerial, in relation to all the capital which labor creates, and comes in to define and protect it. It was in part the value of these products of labor which made civilization necessary, that it might receive a definite form, and be made secure. No man can apply his hand or point his finger to a thing regarded as capital, which is not the product of labor. All intrinsic values are but fictions of the imagination, always impalpable, vanishing as they are approached. The diamond and the pebble are of equal value in the eye of the barbarian, and would be equivalents in every other eye, but for the existence of that capital, the product of labor, which is able to purchase the diamond at a high price. We do not, however, mean to say, that it is improper, or without significance, to use the terms, intrinsic value. They are employed in this work in the usual sense, and are pertinent when so used, because they represent a practical idea. It will be found, however, that this value is entirely the product of labor; and this conclusion may be justified by the doctrines of all the economists worthy of respect. * * * * *

"Labor, in its true position, defines human rights, without a word, and men will scarcely fail to recognize them, while it remains there. But, when thrust out of place, into a false position, and chained to slavery; when it is made to occupy this position in all the systems of public economy most in vogue in the world,

it is no wonder that men who are entitled, and who ought, to be free, should be slaves. In its proper position, it proclaims a great truth, the consequences of which are stupendous, when carried out to all its legitimate results, in a system of public economy, morally and socially considered, as well as commercially—and more especially in the former aspects.

"The rocking of the cradle of American independence, jostled into one those distinctive elements on which the Free-Trade economists have founded their system. It broke down the barriers of classes, which form the peculiar features of that system, and the doctrine was then proclaimed, that 'all men are born free and equal.' As before, more especially from that time, this nation became a community of working men, in whose eyes labor is an honor; and he who does not work, is the exception to the general rule. Labor, therefore, in the United States, occupies an elevated, influential, honorable position. It is not the man that lives by work, but the man that lives without work, that is looked upon with disrespect. A gentleman of fortune and of leisure, who does nothing, has far less consideration than he, who, though equally able to live without work, devotes himself to some useful pursuit. * * * * *

"Labor, work, is the spirit, the genius of the American people. It was so from the beginning by necessity; it became a fixed habit of the community; and has ever been a part of the *morale* of the country. It is a grand political element; it was born of a great political exigency; it was nourished in a political cradle; it graduated into manhood with political honors; it made with its own hands, and has ever worked, the machinery of the political commonwealth; it lies at the foundation of the social edifice, pervades the entire structure, and its escutcheon stands out in bold relief from the pediment. And is this the thing, the element, the power, that is to content itself with the position and the doom of the third class enumerated, defined, and described by European economists, whose measure of degradation and of comfort could not be expressed by Adam Smith and others, as seen in the citations from them, without a picture drawn from slavery. * * * * *

"It should be observed that labor is never *independent*, when it has no *alternative*; that is, when it is not strong enough in its own position to accept or reject the wages offered to it in any given case, if unsatisfactory, and when, in such a case, it cannot turn away, and live and prosper. When it can do this, it not only has a voice in its wages, but the parties in contract, the employer and the employed, stand on a footing of equality. This principle is equally applicable to the producer of commodities of any description, as the proprietor of a farm, workshop, or any other producing establishment, over which he presides, and where, per-

haps, he labors with his own hands, as to him who works for hire. The time has never yet been in the history of the United States as an independent nation, when labor was not in this sense an *independent agent*—when it could not reject an unsatisfactory offer, and yet live. It is not pretended that labor has been able to dictate its own terms. That would be equally improper and unjust, as for the employer to do it. But it has always had an *alternative*. As a last resort the American laborer can at any time go to the backwoods. His independence is never necessarily sacrificed. * * *

"In the light of this contrast, the condition of European and other foreign labor is one of absolute bondage. In the first place, it is for the most part deprived of all political influence. This is the primary cause of its misfortunes. In the next place, and also for the most part, it has no voice in its wages. There is no *alternative* left to it. It must work for what is offered, and work hard, or perish in want; and the wages doled out are measured by so nice an estimate for bare subsistence, as to be often insufficient for that. In all those countries, labor is the *agent of power*. Power dictates its wages, controls it, enslaves it; and it needs but a little reflection, in connection with what has already been said, to see that this difference is immense, and immensely important."

But we must resist the temptation to further extracts from this interesting chapter, to pass to the fifth point as we have specified them, which in fact contains two of the most important to be found in the work, occupying two chapters replete with facts, statistics, and argument. We refer to the positions, that protective duties are not taxes, and that they are besides a rescue from an enormous system of foreign taxation. It must be admitted that this point established in the first case, would be enough to settle the controversy between free trade and protection. We cannot begin to do justice to these chapters by citations. They must be taken in their very wide, yet condensed embodiment of facts, to be appreciated. They are overwhelmingly convincing, and leave little to be said. It has been so generally conceded, and it is so easy and natural to believe, that protective duties are taxes, that an argument to prove the contrary will occasion surprise. It will be yet more surprising, when the subject comes to be understood, that the free trade argument on this point had ever received the slightest credence.

But not content with this achievement

—not a small one certainly—Mr. Colton has marched boldly into a field yet more entirely new, with an array of figures and facts, to demonstrate a system of foreign taxation, under free trade, which is not only immense, but amazing. It is to be hoped that these two chapters, so new and strong as they are, will not only be appreciated, but that they will produce their proper effect. With these remarks we leave them, as the argument, in either case, cannot be broken up without injustice.

The chapter which is devoted to the sixth point enumerated by us, and which is the tenth of the work, entitled, "The different states of society in Europe and America, require different systems of public economy," will naturally be appreciated by this title. Like other distinct lines of argument in this work, it is replete with fact, and characterized by skill and energy. The fallacies, not to say the atrocities of the doctrine of the Adam Smith school, as it relates to this point, are here laid bare to observation, and the Malthusian theory is scattered as with a thunderbolt. We cite the following passages on this point:—

"Mr. Malthus's theory of population, which is generally respected in Europe, particularly in Great Britain, explains all this. He thinks men multiply faster than there is room, work, and food for them; that the masses will fight against each other for employment to support life; that landlords, and all capitalists, may rely on this natural strife, among laborers, in bidding for the lowest wages that will support existence; and as a consequence, resulting from this theory, it may be assumed that the natural increase of the human family is not a blessing, but a curse, to the majority of the race; and that the masses are doomed by Providence to degradation, to a state of serfdom or slavery, to want and wretchedness, without hope or possibility of relief.

"Rather than be guilty of this libel on Providence—it is indeed a very grave and impious one—it would have been much more consistent with Christian piety, and with the Christian doctrine of morals, it may be said more philosophical, to assume a defect in society. It is shocking to ascribe such a want of wisdom and goodness to the Creator! Mr. Malthus supplies in theory what was wanted to sustain the practice of the European world, to wit, the hopeless degradation and misery of the masses; and the European economists of the Free-Trade school, assume the fact as a postulate, putting it in the place of one of the foun-

dation-stones of their edifice. They are not ashamed to do this openly—to make it visible, prominent, staring out in the face of man and of heaven. This theory, recognized and reduced to practice in society, is an insuperable bar, a yoke that cannot be broken, an iron despotism over the masses of mankind. * * *

"It may, therefore, be assumed as a fact, involving a fundamental element in the system of the Free-Trade economists, and pervading every part of it, that the masses of mankind are to be regarded as mere working machines for the benefit of the few, with no other cost than to be kept in the best working order. Such an element of public economy, lying at the foundation of a system, being as one to three of the capital parts, stops nowhere in its influence and control over the various subdivisions and ramifications of that system. The only thing that remains the same, is, the position, the necessity, the hopeless doom of this working machine."

One more extract from this chapter:—

"No such state of society as that for which Adam Smith, Ricardo and Say wrote, is found in the United States, and it would not be tolerated here for a moment. It is, indeed, that very state of things that was forsworn in the American Revolution, and against which the new government, institutions, and laws, set up at that epoch, and afterward matured and permanently established, were expressly framed to guard, and guard forever, with jealous care, that they should never obtain footing again on American soil. This new and reformed state of society, commonly and not inaptly called republicanism, rejects with indignation and scorn the idea of those relations which constitute the basis of the system of Smith, Ricardo, Say, McCulloch, and others of that school. It was natural enough, it may be said it was necessary, at least apparently unavoidable, that they should take such premises as they were furnished with, on which to erect their edifice. It is evident what those premises were, because they are distinctly laid down; and it is also evident that a system built upon such premises, must correspond with them. But the American system is directly the opposite of this. There is no resemblance in the premises, and none in the structure raised upon them, if it be properly built."

In the chapters on "Education as an element of public economy in the United States," the seventh head as enumerated by us, is opened another rich field of argument, where our author is not less at home than elsewhere. We present the following extracts:—

"It need not be said, that the intelligence

and virtue of the people depend upon education. It remains to show, in what respects, and how far, education becomes an element of public economy in the United States. We are not prescribing rules for European or other foreign nations. The withholding or lack of popular education among them—for it is the education of the people generally of which we speak—may be as necessary to their theory of society, as the enjoyment of it is to ours. It has already and frequently been stated, and should be constantly borne in mind, that Adam Smith and his school have adapted their system of public economy to the state of society with which they were surrounded, and not to that which exists among us. It is impossible, under their system, that general education should prevail—as much so as that it should prevail among slaves. There is no provision for it. It is the bare subsistence only of those who do the labor of society which they have provided for. In the first place, they have not a democratic state of society; next, they do not propose to have it; thirdly, they make no calculation for it; and lastly, as the working classes, under their system, have little or nothing to do with government, their education is not deemed important. On the contrary it is systematically suppressed, because it is reckoned dangerous. It must be seen, therefore, that the condition of society in the United States, in these particulars, is diametrically opposite.

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"The original settlers of this country from Europe—especially those from Great Britain—were men of intelligence and strong virtue. Many of them were persons of as high culture, and of as much envalry of character, as any that were left behind them. It may be said, that they were men of the strongest character of the times that produced them; and those who followed in their train were men of the same stamp. The motives of emigration then were of a high and social character, and not such as now pour upon this continent the floods of European paupers and culprits. It was mind of the highest order which could not endure the chains of European despotism, and which came here for freedom. The object of their coming, and the qualifications which fitted them for the enterprise, are directly in point of the argument in which we are now engaged. It was their high culture and eminent virtues which enabled them to lay the foundation of that stupendous system of political society and of public economy, which has subsequently and gradually grown up on their endeavors and their plan. Freedom was their end, and the means which they ordained to secure it, were schools and religion, education and the virtues of Christianity. The history of the colonies, from the earliest settlements, down to the Revolution and establishment of American independence, is replete with proof of this assertion.

There arose, therefore, from the first, a state of society not before known in Europe or elsewhere—a republican or democratic society, in which there were no uneducated classes, and no laboring classes which did not comprehend the whole community. All went to school, and all worked when old enough; and on no point were the people more thoroughly educated than on the principles of free government. The oppressions of the old world drove out its own sons from its own bosom, and under its own charters, to set up a school, which must necessarily, in a course of time, subvert its authority, and become independent, because the emigrants brought away all that was good, and left behind all that was bad. The elements of this new state of society were all healthy, and full of infant purity. While the old world, from a vitiated and decrepit constitution, tended to decay, the new, purged of parental diseases, sprung up with giant strides, to giant vigor. Instead of the old leaven of European economists, that intellectual and moral culture belongs only to the higher classes, and that the working classes require nothing but bare subsistence like cattle, schools were provided for all—all were educated—trained to knowledge and virtue as a preparation for the working time of life. It was a republican or democratic state of society from the first, and continued to be such, till the struggle arose between the colonies and the mother-country, which resulted in American independence.

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"The system of common schools, early set up in this country, coeval indeed with American civilization, handed down from generation to generation, provided for as the first care of the state, watched over with paternal solicitude, nurtured, endowed, edified, and never suffered to decline, but always put forward with vigor and efficiency, is the cradle of those chances of which we speak. On this broad foundation, common to all, has been erected a system of select and higher schools, up to the college and university, which are also within the reach of all, by reason of a system of public economy, which it is our special purpose in this chapter to notice; not, indeed, so much within the reach of all, as the common schools, but yet not excluding any, nor presenting insuperable obstacles to any. The poorest and meanest born of the land, prompted by innate ambition, and developing hopeful talent, can, and do often, pass through all the stages of education, from the common school till they have graduated with honor at the highest seminaries, and entered upon the graver responsibilities of life, to contend in open and fair field, with the best born, for the highest prizes of the social state, whether of wealth or of influence. And it is an attribute of American society and institutions, to favor and help forward merit that emerges from obscurity, and strives to rise.

The common school is the basis of all; the genius of the government is the parent of all; and the joint operation of the two crowns all."

Passing for the present our eighth enumeration of new points, relative to money, we hasten to dispose of several following that, which, though eminently interesting and instructive for the novelty and practical character of the views presented, we have space only to notice with a few brief remarks. The chapter under the head of a definition of freedom, as "consisting in the enjoyment of commercial rights, and in the independent control of commercial values fairly acquired," exhibits what we will venture to say will be regarded as an entirely new element of public economy, if it is to be received into the list; and our author makes it at least one of the foundation stones of an American system. It is an argument of profound interest, and must be read entire to be appreciated.

Of a near affinity to this, and growing out of it, are several points which we have specified in our enumeration, which, we doubt not, will receive attention and awaken sympathy, as exhibiting views in a striking light, and which, though not before reduced to form, are common to most minds, such as, protection the cause of the the American revolution; protection the ground of all the struggles for freedom, in past ages, down to this time; the new use of freedom in American independence, as founded in a protective system; the rise and progress of the free trade hypothesis; American instincts as they bear on this question; the fact and reason of the different cost of money and labor, here and elsewhere; the destiny of freedom but imperfectly achieved, being only in the beginning of its career, and its dependence on a protective system; free trade a license for depredation on the rights of others, or its identity with the principle of anarchy; &c., &c. All these are great topics, and are elaborately treated in this work; but in our condensed notice it is impossible to do justice to them by an attempted analytical review.

We return to the subject of money, only, however, for the purpose of noticing the new points, one of which is the announcement and specification of the foundation of the value of money; another, the distinction

between money as a subject and as the instrument of trade; a third, money as the "tools of trade;" and a fourth, the functions of money. The author allows that other economists have approximated these points, and cites them enough to show that they had glimpses, but not clear views of them; and that for want of clear views, great mistakes and some fatal errors have been committed—errors still current with all their mischievous influences. The following are a few brief citations, made very much at random, here and there, from the chapters on money—there are four of them—which may serve, in some measure, to show their character and drift:

"In process of time, of which the memory of man and history give no advice, certain metals, commonly called gold and silver, having been discovered and found to possess excellent and unrivalled qualities for certain uses, and for ornament, became 'precious.' This may be supposed to be the origin of the name, '*precious metals*.' For certain purposes of use and ornament, other things have been held much more valuable even than gold and silver, and for which ten, twenty, a hundred, and even a thousand to one, in weight, of the '*precious metals*' have been and are given, as an equivalent. Nevertheless, partly on account of their scarcity, and especially on account of their adaptation to so many useful and ornamental purposes, no other substances, original, or however formed, have ever acquired the position of being held so universally '*precious*,' as gold and silver.

"And it is to be observed, that this view does not bring us to their position and use as money. Gold and silver are not valuable, simply because they are money. This was not the original ground of their being held in such high esteem; but they have been adopted, and have obtained universal consent, to be used as money, or a common medium of exchange, because of their value for other uses, and because they are always in demand for such a vast variety of appropriations, other than money. Money is but one of their uses, later in the order of things; and it is only a fraction of their value that is created by their use as money, in the same manner as anything else is increased in value, in proportion as its uses are multiplied. The real foundation of the value of gold and silver may be said to be, was in fact, prior to their having been viewed in the light of money, and appropriated to that use; and the cause of their being thus appropriated, was doubtless the discovery, by experience and observation, of their unrivalled qualities for other uses and in other applications. Time and immemorial usage, therefore, have assigned

to them the functions of money, apparently for ever, without the remotest probability of change. Nevertheless, this was not an accident, was not arbitrary; but there were substantial, fundamental reasons, of the nature of value, lying somewhere back, beyond. Gold and silver could not even now retain their value as money, but for the foundation on which they fall back and rest, as being greatly valuable for an almost infinite variety of other purposes, which are always ready to take up and absorb them, whenever they can be spared from trade, and which, as a part of trade, is constantly being done; and as a part of trade also, they are as constantly going back into the forms or into the uses of money, though not in so great amount. The natural current from the bowels of the earth, is to the other uses of gold and silver; and only so much of them is arrested, on the passage, for money, as the necessities of trade require. It is only in distress, that people will surrender their plate, trinkets, or any other '*precious*' things, composed of gold or silver, for money.

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"Assuming that nothing is money but gold and silver, or that which will command them at the will of the holder, it may be remarked, that the universal credit of these substances, when used as money, must have a foundation. That foundation is usually called intrinsic value. But a little reflection will show that the value thus asserted, lies farther back than the use of these metals as money, not denying that this use is a fraction of their value. But how came they to be used as money? Davanzati, an Italian economist of high repute, says: '*Gold and silver, being found to be of no use in supporting human life, have been adopted, &c., that is, appropriated to the use of money.*' This, we should think too puerile to be noticed, except for the gravity with which it has been cited by others. M. Turgot answers this question: '*By the nature and force of things.*' But this answer, as must be seen, has no more point in it than the surface and materials of creation, inasmuch as it has all this range. Others answer: '*By reason of their qualities.*' This is not denied, so far as those qualities determine their intrinsic value, which brings us back to where we started from. But it is said, they mean the adaptation of their qualities to this specific use; which has some reason in it, but more against it. The very authorities who give this reason, because forsooth they must give some reason, such as M'Culloch, overturn it by starting objections and proving the great inconvenience and expense of these qualities in such an appropriation of these substances.

"The truth is, gold and silver were proved to be valuable, highly so, and always in demand, before they were used as money. They were found to be remarkable for their beauty and

utility, and to excel all other substances for the number of uses in which they were held in high esteem, no matter whether for utility or fancy, as both these ends impart value or command price; and the longer and better that they have been known, tried, and compared, so much more stern and abiding has been the proof of their excellence, and so much greater the number of uses to which they have been appropriated and for which they have been in request. These are facts which run back through all history, and are without contradiction; and the growth of history on this point, as to both materials and time, only tends to verify them. Gradually in the course of time and by the exigencies of society, they came to be appropriated by general consent to the uses of money, till at last that consent became universal in the civilized world. This appropriation, therefore, was ulterior and consequent to the ascertainment of the many useful and admirable qualities of these metals for other purposes, without which there is no probability that they would have been employed as money.

* * * "The inconveniences of gold and silver, as a currency, are increased by time, as civilization advances, as commerce is extended and increased, and as, by this means, the necessity of effecting commercial exchanges with the greatest possible expedition, and in great amounts, is augmented. For this and other reasons, many eminent economists and statesmen have exhausted their wits to find a substitute. Even Ricardo appears seriously to have believed that the British government might found a currency on its credit! He advocated it, if we are rightly informed, in the very face of the depreciation of the Bank of England paper, during its suspension of cash payments from 1797 to 1823. He appears to have based his theory on the fact that the depreciation was no more, whereas we think he should have come to the opposite conclusion, from the fact that it depreciated so much. That credit is itself a currency in one sense and to a great extent, is undoubtedly true, but it must have a foundation. It is this very foundation which we are now inquiring for, to wit, the foundation of the value or credit of gold and silver as money, as the medium of trade. All seem to admit that it is not in its character as money; for who of the economists, it may be asked, has ever yet got farther than Turgot in this investigation, who laid this foundation 'in the nature and force of things?' Clearly that cannot be satisfactory.

"And yet a knowledge of the foundation of the value of money is not less important for an intelligent view of the whole subject, than is a knowledge of the foundation of anything else that can be named, to a right view of it. Branches of truth on such a practical matter may doubtless be seen and correctly stated without this knowledge, but no philosopher should be satisfied till he has got to the bottom

of his subject, and he is liable to error, if he does not find it.

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"M. Say observes truly: 'To enable it (money) to execute its functions, it must of necessity be possessed of inherent and positive value.' But surely its value must lie somewhere else than in its character as money; or in other words, something else must have made this gold eagle and this silver dollar valuable. Time was when they were not money; now they are. There must have been some other reason for their adoption than that money was wanted. Say these metals are scarce; there are many things more so. Say they are convenient for this use on account of their qualities; there are other substances not ill, and some much better adapted in these attributes for such an appropriation; and allowing that these useful qualities, added to their scarcity, impart a substantial value to gold and silver as money, which is not denied; still the value for which they are credited, relative to that of other commodities most necessary to man, is in great, prodigious disproportion, independent of other considerations. Say that this disproportion is convenient to all parties—to all the world. That may be, doubtless is true. It is then an arbitrary value—a fraud! The world has cheated itself, and reckons it a good bargain!

"It is evident, self-evident, that gold and silver, as money, must have had a value to start with, and as a reason for being able to start. This is the point, and all that is claimed. To suppose that the world has been swindled or swindled itself into the belief that money has a value which after all is factitious, and that it should be satisfied with this persuasion on the principle that it is a convenient delusion, is not more absurd than contrary to M. Say's own doctrine, when he says, 'a system of swindling can never be long-lived, and must infallibly in the end produce much more loss than profit.' It is not easy to believe that the world has been thus cheated, and that the credit of its circulating medium does not rest on a basis entirely independent of itself. It is the very nature of credit to have a basis. To say that intrinsic value is the basis is precisely what we maintain. Intrinsic value for what? It is not the idea or function of money that constitutes intrinsic value, but it is that which qualifies for the function; and the qualifying power lies back of money itself, is underneath it, is its foundation. But why adopt an absurdity without cause? Why hold debate here when the numerous and important values of gold and silver for other uses are so palpable, quite enough to recommend them for the offices of money, and quite sufficient to sustain them in the discharge of these functions? In this light, society is safe, and the good sense of mankind is vindicated, in adopting the precious metals as a common

currency. It would be most unpleasant to be obliged to believe that money is a fraud, or even that the use of it is a self-imposed deception.

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"Without doubt, gold and silver employed as money constitute one of the values of these metals, and that not unimportant; but the foundation on which they started as money, the causes which summoned them to this position, to these important functions of society and of the commercial world, will be found only in values of an older date; and the causes which still sustain their credit as money will also be found in the same old values, and in a multitude of others since added and continually augmenting as the uses to which these metals are applied, other than that of money, are multiplied in the progress of time and in the advances of civilization. It was never an accident, nor a sum or concatenation of accidents; it was never an arbitrary fit nor an arbitrary law of society that lifted gold and silver into the position, and installed them into the functions of money; it was not custom; it was not even the necessity of a common medium of trade that selected them for this duty, though that necessity was urgent; but it was a substantial value imparted to them by time and events, destined never to be diminished, but always to increase. It was 'the nature and force,' not 'of things' in general, as Turgot taught, but of these very things in particular; it was their own position, their own force and nature, their own value, independent of and prior to that of money, that made them money. As a law of society which grew up with society, it could no more be resisted than a law of nature. It was not a choice which men made, but a necessity into which they were forced; and not a necessity to have this or an alternative at their own will, but to have this and nothing else. There was no more uncertainty hanging over the predestined use of gold and silver as money, than over the course of the heavenly bodies. The law in one case is as forcible as that in the other, and both are ascertainable and definite. One is the attraction of gravitation, the other the intrinsic value of gold and silver for other uses. * * *

"We define money as *the common medium of trade*, and find in it two simple but important functions, one to *express* values, and the other to consummate commercial exchanges, by being given on one side and accepted on the other, as the consideration thus agreed upon. It is a *medium as the instrument*, it is *common* because the world has so ordained."

The second chapter on money is devoted chiefly to the difference between money as a subject and as the instrument of trade, and to price as an attribute of money and of things purchased by it. The following are extracts on these two points:—

"The Free Trade economists, Adam Smith and his school, say that money is a commodity, and that it occupies the same position in trade as other commodities. We grant that it is a commodity, and that as a subject of trade, it occupies, as they say, the same position as other commodities. But we deny that it discharges the functions of money, and hold that it is merely passive, when it is the subject of trade. Gold and silver, in passing from the mines to market, bullion in the market, and all manufactured articles which are composed in whole or in part of the precious metals, are subjects of trade. The same may be said of coin, bank notes, and negotiable paper of every kind, when bought and sold. Bankers and money-brokers trade exclusively in money, and money in their hands and in whatever form, coming or going, is always a subject of trade. The precious metals, in bullion or in coin, passing through the hands of brokers from one country to another, are subjects of trade while in the hands of those dealers, though they may be at the same time discharging the functions of money between debtor and creditor, who employ bankers and brokers as agents of remittance. All notes discounted at bank are subjects of trade in the transaction, both to the lender and to the borrower. Bills of exchange, bonds and mortgages transferred, and many other descriptions of credit for which a consideration is paid, are subjects of trade. All who borrow credit for a consideration, buy it. It is a subject of trade in the transaction. Gold and silver, in all other forms than that of money, are subjects of trade. So far as these and many other forms and conditions of money and of credit go, and so far as the precious metals are devoted to other objects than money as subjects of trade, we agree with the Free Trade economists that they occupy the same position as other and all other commodities exchanged in trade.

"But it must be observed that money, in its own proper functions as such, has had nothing to do with all this except so far as the considerations rendered in these transactions are concerned, as, for example, the discount and interest of a note. They are merely the preparatory stages through which money passes, the platform on which it is tossed about in a merely passive state as the subject of trade, till it reaches the great field of the commercial world where it is destined and designed actively to discharge the appropriate functions of money. This is a field before which the Free Trade economists have held up a screen. Let us go behind it and see how money operates there in distinction from the manner in which it is operated upon as a subject of trade before it gets there.

"A consideration of the difference of destination of money, and of the things for which it is exchanged, as the medium of trade in this field, will cast light on this point. The destination of money here is for an endless round of duty

in the discharge of the same functions, whereas the destination of the subjects of its agency in trade is either for consumption or for a fixture in the disposition of permanent capital so called, but yet often perishable. Money is employed as the instrument to carry them on to their respective destinations, where they must soon arrive, perhaps by the first transaction; but whether by one or more, money is the agent, and they are the passive subjects. But the functions of money in this field never cease; it will never have done its work; its destination is perpetual employment in the same offices; and while the things on which it operates are constantly passing away by consumption, or arriving at their final destination as fixtures, by the agency of money, money itself is constantly returning to its duty in moving on other commodities, in endless succession, to their destinations. Money in this field is the moving power, without which nothing else would move, so far as trade is concerned, except in the way of barter, which properly does not belong to civilization. And yet Adam Smith, Say, Ricardo, M'Culloch, and others of that ilk tell us that money and a piece of calico are, commercially considered, the same thing, and occupy the same position, in a commercial transaction, when one is exchanged for the other; and they tell us that it is no matter whether a nation parts with one or the other, so that trade goes on. Unfortunately for a nation and fortunately for the truth, the absurdity comes to light when the money is all gone and trade will no longer go. * * *

"When and wherever there is a want of money, trade comes to a halt. The interest of every party, therefore, a man or a nation, concerned in trade, is to take care not be out of money, for it is his 'tools of trade.' And how does such a party get out of money if it had any? It can only be by buying more than is sold of other commodities, which are prized and moved by money, and by being obliged to settle balances with cash. When the trade of a party comes to this, and the store of cash is exhausted, trade must stop, barter only excepted, which is the same as stopping, because it is a mode of trade which cannot be revived, and which, if it could, cannot now be employed to any profitable extent.

"It is by entirely overlooking this distinction that the advocates of free trade commit their fatal error. They hold that money is a commodity; and that it is exchanged in trade as such; and that consequently the more of trade the better, whether money goes or comes, or whether all goes and none comes."

As on many other points, so on this, Mr. Colton establishes his own position by citations from Adam Smith and those of his school, who say one thing in one place, and another thing in another place.

On price, Mr. Colton remarks:—

"There is an habitual mode of reasoning with Adam Smith, Ricardo, and others of their faith, in ascribing to gold and silver, when discharging the appropriate functions of money, the attribute of *price*, which, we conceive, leads to obscurity, even to error.

"The world has agreed upon gold and silver, not only as the common medium of trade, but as the common instrument to express the values of all other things that are worth money, and to purchase them; but it has not agreed on anything to express the value of gold and silver, when discharging the functions of money; and there is no such thing. How, then, can gold and silver, in this office, be valued? How can they be worth more or less than themselves, weighed in the scales? We know, indeed, that gold and silver vessels, or any works of art composed of these substances, are prized by gold and silver coin. And why? Because there are two principles in their value: one their weight, and the other their workmanship. Leave out their workmanship, and gold is gold, and silver is silver, of equal value, if equally pure, according to their weight, whether in coin, or bullion, or works of art. It would be absurd to suppose that gold and silver, the instruments of expressing values, should express their own value, each for each. There they are, no matter how much in the world; no matter how little; the world has agreed that they shall express all other exchangeable values, but never, that anything else shall express their value. How, then, can they be cheap or dear, cheaper or dearer, while acting in the capacity of money? * * *

"No one, of course, will imagine that we mean to call in question the propriety of speaking of money as dear or cheap, as of high or low price, as a subject of trade. It is only when employed as the instrument of trade, that we maintain it can have no price in relation to the commodities for which it is exchanged. In this transaction, price cannot belong to both the agent and the subject, but only to the latter. It is the very function of the agent to prize the subject. * * *

"We never find the price of money, as a subject of trade, to be the principal sum, in any case whatever; but it is either a consideration for its use on time, or a consideration growing out of some one or other of the varying accidents of its existence; and all its prices are based on the standard of the scales, directly or indirectly, mediately or immediately. But money, as the instrument of trade, never has a price, its functions being to declare the prices of the things on which it acts, and to move them forward to their destinations—this declaration and this moving power being its proper

and only functions. The only fundamental measure of money is the scales; though, in the superstructure of a monetary system, many other accidental measures are employed, for convenience, all having reference to this, and being based upon it.

"To show that money, as a subject of trade, has no price, other than as above defined, observe, that a man, with one bar of gold or silver bullion, does not propose to exchange it for another bar of the same weight and purity. There is no motive. Nor does a person propose to exchange coins for others of the same denomination and weight; nor bank-notes for others of the same denominations and of the same bank; nor any kind of money for another, where there is no foundation or reason for difference in value, and of consequent advantage to one of the parties, which advantage would be a foundation of price, or a motive for exchange. There is no motive to exchange an equal for an equal. It must be a difference of some kind to constitute the foundation of price in money. In purchasing the use of money on time, the principle of price is doubtless too obvious to require farther illustration; and enough has already been said to show the different positions and proper functions of money, as the instrument of trade, and that price does not belong to it in that case.

"Convenience requires a uniform rule, either that cheapness or dearness should be applied to money alone, or to the things of which it is the medium of exchange. Custom has applied them to the latter, and ordained money to express all their values. This office of money is a law made and obeyed by all the world, and there is no antagonist law. There is nothing else by consent or practice, that expresses the value of money as such. Ricardo, Smith, and others, by violating custom and the ordinances of universal consent in this matter, have, we think, introduced confusion and darkness where order and light are needed, and plunged into an inextricable labyrinth."

Mr. Colton devotes his third chapter on money entirely to a consideration of this agent as "tools of trade," exhibiting views as true and practical as they are new in form. For it is in form, chiefly, that Mr. Colton's views are new. Every person will find himself perfectly familiar with the whole doctrine of this chapter, and probably no one will dissent from it. And yet he never saw those thoughts in such a shape before. Judge by the following specimens:—

"Can a farmer till his grounds without a plough? Can a tailor make up his garments without his shears and needle? Can a water-

man put forward his boat without a paddle? or a ship navigate the seas without sails or steam? Can any work, of any sort, be done without the appropriate instruments? Money is as much the instrument of trade, as the plough is of agriculture, the tailor's needle of making garments, the oar of speeding the boat, or the sails or steam of navigation. But Smith, Say, Ricardo, McCulloch, Twiss and their co-laborers tell us, in effect, that the plough is only a commodity, and the farmer may as well sell that as his corn; that the needle is only a commodity, and the tailor may give his whole stock of tools for his dinner, without inconvenience; that the waterman may barter his paddle for a fish, or the fisherman give his hook and line for bait, and both do as well without their tools as with; that the weaver will suffer nothing in selling his loom and shuttle; that the woodman may exchange his axe for a shirt, without harm to his occupation; that the smith may part with his hammer for a saw, in an exchange with the carpenter, and both go on with their work; that the shoemaker may exchange his kit of tools for a coat, and still work on with profit; in short, that all these things are mere commodities, and provided the parties have made a good speculation, as a trade, they have done well; or if they have merely got an equivalent in market values, they cannot be losers. Such is the doctrine of Free Trade!

"But money is a nation's '*kit of tools*,' nothing more; nothing less. And yet these gentlemen say, it is no matter; it is just as well; the nation will not suffer the least inconvenience, if it part with its '*kit of tools*,' and obtains, by the exchange, equivalent values. They say, in effect, that the shoemaker can still go on making shoes, and do as well as ever, if, by exchanging his kit, he gets other commodities of equivalent value. It is impossible to escape from this issue on the premises of these gentlemen. No one can deny that this is precisely the case which they have made.

"If it be said that a man ought to part with his '*tools of trade*,' rather than not pay his debts, it is raising a new question, which is one of morality. We go further back, and anticipate this question, in the position, that a man should be more prudent than to allow his '*tools of trade*' to become liable for his debts. This is precisely the position we occupy on public economy. We hold that money, enough for the demands of trade, is the '*tools of trade*' to a nation, and that its system of economy should be so adjusted and managed, as not to put its '*tools*' in the condition of liability for its debts. A nation cannot hold on to its '*tools*' after they have become thus liable; but they must go, till there is no more to go; and then the efflux is barred by exhaustion. The doctrine of our opponents is, that a nation is none the worse off, is put to no inconvenience,

by the loss of its "tools of trade!" Is not this the case which they have made? If it be not, we know not what is."

This chapter should be carefully studied by every American. It is suggestive of considerations deserving the profoundest reflection. It is written with such philosophical clearness, that a child can understand it.

We have referred to the chapter upon labor. We do so again to ask attention to the very elaborate and powerful pamphlet under the title of "The Rights of Labor," which Mr. Colton published a year or two ago. Perspicuity is a quality of all his writings; but this argument is pre-eminently lucid, shapely, and satisfactory. The subject is one of the gravest that can arrest attention in a democracy. Its importance is justly apprehended by the author, and he discloses and sustains his hypotheses in relation to it, with the ability and confidence of a thorough mastery and an unhesitating conviction. This pamphlet is not so much for the men of the closet and the senate as for the masses; and it is issued in a form and at a price to insure the largest circulation.

In sketching thus rapidly some of the new points in Mr. Colton's Public Economy for the United States, we have occupied all the space that can conveniently be appropriated to a review of the work. We are compelled to leave unconsidered many chapters of scarcely less interest or importance; as the balance of trade; banking; the mutual dependencies of agriculture, manufactures and commerce; gains of protection, and losses by free trade; the effects of protection, and of the want of it,

on the prices of American labor; effects of the same on the interests of agriculture, of commerce and navigation, of the home trade, of the cotton-growing interests, and of all other interests of the country; the principles, objects, and modes of a tariff; the tariff of 1842, and 1846, &c. &c.: all these and their cognate subjects, are considered at large in this work, with an overwhelming array of statistics and facts, bearing on the various points, as they arise.

—We have thus endeavored to attract attention to a work which is most timely, and which for its great ability and truly national character, is destined undoubtedly to be widely read, and to exert a powerful influence in our country, if not upon all those thinkers throughout the world, who are now attracted to the subject of which it treats. There has never been a time when the questions of public economy were more necessary to be understood by our people—and there has never been a time when their importance was in such danger of being forgotten, in the insane schemes of ambition, which, when most successful, invest a nation with but a glittering show of glory for substantial happiness, with but the fiery redness of inflammation, for the complexion of genuine health. We commend the work heartily, not only to MEN, of the closet or of action, but to the students of the school of experience, who are to conduct the ship of State through the storms that are signalled in the horizon, or to be engulfed in the common ruin of which the most sagacious see threatenings in the present distractions of the mind from the means and ends of a true national grandeur.

AN EXCURSION TO DAMASCUS AND BA'ALBEK.

PART FIRST.

"It deserved in truth to be called the City of Jove and the eye of all the East, the sacred and magnificent Damascus, I say, surpassing every other region, both in the beauty of its temples and sanctuaries, the serenity of its climate, the abundance and transparency of its waters, and the exuberant richness of its soil." JULIAN EMP., EPIST. XXIV.

HAVING visited Jerusalem and the most interesting parts of Palestine during the spring of 1844, we, on our return to Beirut, passed along Mount Lebanon and stopped a few days at Deir-el-Kamar, the principal city of the Druzes. Though all the inhabitants of the mountain, Druzes as well as Maronite Christians, were armed at that time, and disputes and feuds now and then arose among them, the country was nevertheless considered safe, and the numerous European travellers fearlessly enjoyed their excursions on the Lebanon without any molestation from the Arabs. Different was the situation of Palestine, where a destructive civil war was raging in the plains of Galilee and on the Samaritan highlands, and several parties of pilgrims, just returning from the Easter festival at Jerusalem, had been attacked and robbed by the wild Arab bands of Nabulus.

At Deir-el-Kamar, (the convent of the moon,) we found a Turkish garrison quartered in the beautiful, but now nearly dilapidated palaces of the old Emir-Beshir on Mount Beteddin. The Druzes were in possession of the upper town. They daily appeared fully armed on the bazars of the lower city, which is only inhabited by the more quiet and industrious Christians. We left the convent of the hospitable Maronites on the thirteenth of May, and descended to the mill on the bridge of the river Damour, one of the loveliest spots in Syria. Our road then passed through lofty pine forests covering the sides of the mountain, and towards sunset we reached the intervening heights, from which we enjoyed the full view of the rich plain of es-Sahil, the distant city of Beirut, and the broad expanse of the Mediterranean. The Christians in the village of Ainub offered us hospitality for the night, and after a most romantic descent the next morning

through deep dells and over bold eminences crowned with villages, convents, and gardens, we at noon arrived at Beirut, where we took up our quarters in the well-known hotel of Battista, and instantly made preparations for our excursion to Damascus.

It had previously been the plan to start for Anturah, and passing by the ancient cedars in the high region of Jebel-Makmel, to descend to the plain of Ba'albek; but the weather being still very unsettled, and deep snows covering the higher mountain-passes, we preferred to take this interesting route on our return, and at present to strike into the great caravan route directly for Damascus.

By the kind attention of Dr. De Forest, we were soon provided with good horses and an honest Arab dragoman, Mustapha, attached to the American mission, who proved to be a clever servant, but understanding neither Italian nor Greek, and but very imperfectly the English language, and being unacquainted with the routes of the Lebanon, he was of little use as a guide or interpreter.

In all travels through the Levant, the first day's journey is extremely troublesome and unpleasantly retarded by the difficulty of assembling the saddle-horses, mules and drivers, and by their unskilfulness in loading the tents and baggage. A large khan in the pine-forest of Hursh-Beirut had been fixed for our starting point, but it was not until late in the afternoon on the seventeenth of May that our party could be assembled, and servants and horses got ready for departure. Saad-Pasha, the governor of Syria, was just manœuvring his army on the sands, south of the city, and on our meeting the marching columns of Turkish horse and artillery in the narrow lanes, hemmed in with vines and prickly pear, we were again detained

by the most picturesque scenes of Oriental warfare.

At last, getting clear of the press, and uniting with our attendants at the khan, we passed westward through the plain and ascended the declivities of Mount Lebanon. The vineyards and mulberry plantations now became more rare, and soon discontinued altogether; and on the barren, rocky path, we in six hours arrived at the Khan Hussein, where we took up our quarters for the night. This nearly ruined khan lies in a dreary situation, on the top of a stony hill overlooking the wide range of the Lebanon. Groups of Arabs were sitting at their evening meal round the fires before the entrance. The interior of the mud-walled rooms looked so comfortless that we preferred to pitch our tents beneath some mulberry trees at a distance from the khan. But the night became stormy; and the rain pouring down the declivity penetrated into the tents and rendered repose impossible. Though in so southern a latitude, and in the most pleasant season of the year, the morning air was chilly and raw, and the dismal conglomeration of clouds rising from the sea surrounded us on all sides, and shrouded the distant view to the plain of Beirut and the coast. We departed at seven o'clock, and the sky soon began to clear up. At another khan, er-Rawish, we met a large caravan returning from Damascus with a quantity of hides; and on the steep descent of a western spur of the Lebanon, which northward sinks precipitously down on the deep valley of el-Metn, we distinguished the picturesque village Humana, embosomed in groves of pines, cypresses, and far-spreading olive woods, above which arise the towers of the convent el-Rhugin. Beyond the lower ridges, the view extends to the large monastery Deir-Mar-Yohanna, well known from the Arab printing establishment, and the many religious and miscellaneous works published there during the last century.

The snow-clad heights of Jebel-Rihan, the loftiest ridge of the Lebanon, now appeared on the east, while the coast, with Beirut, the bays of St. George and Juneh, stretched far below, and the broad belt of the Mediterranean, here and there studded with a white sail on the horizon, closed the magnificent panorama on the west.

The upper regions of the Lebanon are rocky and desert. Numerous rills, forming small cascades, are descending to the more level table-land, el-Jurd, on the south-west, where, on a fine meadow, herds of cattle and some horses and mules were grazing.

At noon we approached the pass el-Mughitheh, and the distant blue mountains of the Anti-Lebanon, beyond the broad valley of the Buka'a, seemed to fill out the deep gap between the high, rugged, and totally barren tops of the Lebanon. We descended through a winding defile to the Khan Murad, where we stopped and left our horses grazing on the border of a large brook, Ain-el-Hajel, carrying down the waters from Jebel-Kuneiyseh, and forming a pretty cataract near the khan. In another hour we arrived at the castle and village of Kabyleh, where we for the first time enjoyed the full view of the plain of the Buka'a, the ancient Coele Syria, and the entire ridge of the Anti-Lebanon as far as the great Hermon or Jebel-es-Sheik, all covered with snow, and beautifully glittering in the deep blue sky. The castle of Kabyleh, formerly commanding the pass, now lies in ruins. It was destroyed during the wars of the Metawileh and the Druze chieftain Emir-Beshir. The caravan road does not descend there to the plain, but it continues on the eastern slope of Jebel-Kuneiyseh through a beautiful variety of pine, agnus castus, and oak, crossing numerous rills to the large village el-Mekseh. We here struck across the fertile but thinly cultivated plain toward the river Litany. Galloping briskly along on the green-sward we approached a camp of gipsies. The ugly-looking women were cooking round their fires; all was wretchedness and misery. The moment we passed among the tents, two or three guns were discharged, but I believe without any intention to hurt us. We halted, however, and on the arrival of our muleteers, crossed the river Litany on a stone bridge, and entered the village el-Merdj. Nowhere in Syria does the traveler meet with so much poverty and misery as in the villages of this delightful plain. The filth of the mud-walled huts, and the squalidness in dress and appearance of the inhabitants, surpass all conception. Seeing no possibility of finding any accommodation in the village, we pitched our tents

on a hill near the river, and resolved to spend the Sabbath there as quietly as we might. Our Maronite muleteers now fastened lines along the tents, to which they tied the horses, throwing heaps of green barley and grass before them, while Mustapha kindled a fire between piles of stones and prepared our supper.

The site of our encampment was highly beautiful. It was placed on a hillock, north of el-Merdj, surrounded by corn-fields; in front at a distance of eight miles we had the lofty, rugged range of the Lebanon, whose steep and precipitous off-sets toward the plain were partly covered with wood, the snowy peaks of Jebel-Kuneiyseh and Jebel-Sunnin glittering brilliantly in the sun, just setting behind them. Opposite, in the east, rose the more barren chain of the Anti-Lebanon, terminating on the south-east with the huge bulk of Jebel-es-Sheik, which formed an immense dome of snow like Mont Blanc in Savoy. Its shining glaciers descended along its ravines towards the lower regions from which numerous rills flow down to the Litany, the Hasbeiya and the Jordan. North and south, the plain of the Buka'a, partly cultivated, but all over covered with the most luxurious carpets of fragrant flowers and shrubs, extends between the two parallel ridges. On the north it opens towards Ba'albek, but on the south at a distance of eight miles, near the pass of esh-Shukif, the surrounding mountains close the view. Desolation is the general feature of the plain, and few trees are to be seen on the banks of the Litany. Zahleh, the most populous town on the eastern slope of Mount Lebanon, is not seen from el-Merdj, being hid by a projecting range of rocks, nor the more distant ruins of Ba'albek; but on the south-east of the Anti-Lebanon appears the village and tower of el-Andjar, and nearer on a hill the ruins of a castle, which seems formerly to have defended the passage of the stone bridge over the Litany river, the Isr-Temmir.

The sun now set behind the Lebanon, coloring the snows on the eastern mountains with the gorgeous tints of evening. The plain and surrounding heights were soon reposing in the shade of night, but the lofty peak of the Hermon still for a long while continued all in a blaze, reflecting its deep purple hues on the upper sky.

We walked through the fields, enjoying the refreshing evening breeze and the rural tranquillity around us, and then partook of a frugal supper before the tents, without being troubled by the importunate curiosity of the villagers, as at Bereitan and other places in the Buka'a.

The following Sunday, the 18th of May, we as usual made a day of rest. A large caravan of Druzes from the Hauran, east of Damascus, passed our encampment and confirmed the report of the perfect safety of that part of the country. Soon afterwards a brilliant cavalcade of Turks, with their ladies and slaves, arrived from Damascus, and after a short halt on the banks of the river proceeded on their route to Zahleh.

The whole plain of the Litany now belongs to the Pashalic of Damascus. The southern part of it, properly called the Buka'a, is inhabited by Mohammedans and Maronite Christians; the northern district of Baalbek by the Metawileh or Mutualis, Muslim heretics of the sect of Aly. During the middle of the 18th century they formed a warlike tribe, mustering more than 10,000 well-armed horse, who, in the year 1807, subdued the whole plain, and capturing Sour (Tyre) on the coasts of the Mediterranean, succeeded in keeping up their communication with France and Italy. But being vanquished in many bloody conflicts, by the Druze chieftain, Emir-Beshir, they lost Zahleh, their stronghold on the Lebanon, and were driven back to the plain. Ba'albek, their capital, was burnt and all their villages on the Anti-Lebanon destroyed. Thus the Metawileh lost their influence and power, and the few remaining wrecks of this fanatic sect are now fast mouldering away and may perhaps soon disappear altogether. These religious wars between the different tribes of Syria, the more recent military operations of Ibrahim-Pasha, and the long encampment of his numerous cavalry in the plain during the years 1836-40, have almost annihilated the population and agriculture of this fertile, healthy, and delightful region.

The river Litany—the ancient Leontes—has its principal source at Tell-Hushbeim in the upper valley, four or five miles west of Ba'albek. In its course south, through the plain, it receives several rivulets and the

fine, copious stream el-Berduny, descending from the Lebanon through the city of Zahleh.

At the bridge of el-Merdj, its breadth is only twenty feet; further down, the plain straitens to a narrow dell, and the river passes in a western direction through a gorge between precipices of immense height. These rocks are formed on the north by the wild cliffs of esh-Shukif, where still are seen the ruins of the extensive Castle of Belfort, often mentioned in the history of the Crusades, and on the south by the lower chain of Merdj-Ayun, running down towards Safed and the lake of Tiberias. Emerging from the mountains and changing its name to el-Kasimiyeh, it discharges itself into the Mediterranean, three miles north of Sour, (Tyre,) at the old ruinous khan el-Kasimiyeh. From the high-vaulted bridge near the khan, we, on our pilgrimage to Jerusalem in March, had enjoyed a most delightful view of the river, whose source in the upper Buka'a we were going to visit a fortnight later.

Next morning, Monday the 20th, we were detained for some hours by an unpleasant accident, which, during the night before, had befallen our horses. Not being accustomed to the fat green barley, which our muleteers had heaped before them, some of the horses suddenly contracted a swelling of the stomach, which proved fatal to a fine bay horse belonging to one of the gentlemen. The Maronite villagers were of course as ignorant of veterinary affairs as the muleteers; they all gathered around the poor animal, struggling on the ground, but were unable to give it the least assistance. The drivers, bewailing their expiring horse, rent their turbans in utter dismay, and galloped up and down with the other horses in order to keep them in constant motion and prevent the injurious effects of the fresh grass which they had swallowed too copiously. All the inhabitants of the village had surrounded our tents, and it was not without a good deal of clamor and quarrelling that we got another horse from the village to serve for the journey to Damascus, and afterwards to be sent back from Beirut.

The morning was again rainy and cold, and the clouds hung on the mountains like a gray ceiling, spread out between the

Lebanon and the opposite range of the Anti-Lebanon.

At seven o'clock we were in the saddle, and striking across the plain, we arrived in an hour at the base of this latter ridge, where, on one of its projecting spurs, we passed a ruinous castle, and another miserable village. Although a heavy shower was falling fast all the while, we continued our trot through the stony, barren and dreary chains of the Anti-Lebanon, leaving at a small distance on our right a solitary mill, and approached at noon the pass of Wady-el-Kurun, (*the valley of the horn*), a rugged, deep dell, having high limestone rocks on both sides, partly topped with stunted fir and oak. This is the dangerous defile where caravans so often are attacked and plundered by the roving Druzes of Hasbeiya. I had expected that our route would ascend to some high table-land, with far-extending views to the plains of the Buka'a, Damascus and the Hauran, but I was sadly disappointed, when we almost imperceptibly approached the water-shed of the Anti-Lebanon, without obtaining any distant prospect at all. Indeed, at a distance of six hours' ride from el-Merdj, we were again descending along a clear, purling brook, running eastward to the plain of Damascus. The heat in the deep glen became very oppressive. We therefore dismounted among the thorny hedges, which hemmed in the path, and preparing an awning with the canvas of our tents, we enjoyed our lunch near the brook. The scenery was wild, but pleasing; herds of cattle and goats were grazing on the banks. At two o'clock P. M. we departed for the village of Demas. Following the brook we soon cleared the high-peaked mountain, and entered upon a still more barren and hilly country. Immense swarms of locusts were rattling and whizzing around us in all directions. The ground was literally covered with them, and fluttering in thick masses around our horses, they almost obscured the rays of the sun. They were of that large light-brown species I had formerly seen at Athens, where the Greek government paid the okka with fifty leptà or eight cents, in order to induce the Albanian peasants of Attica to destroy them in their nests early in the spring.

At a distance of five miles on the north we distinguished the dark stripe of the beautiful gardens and olive-groves bordering the river Burradâ, on its course towards Damascus. From the top of a steep, barren hill, which we reached at four o'clock, a most singular prospect extended before us. Not a single tree or green speck appeared on the undulating horizon, where distant yellow and sandy hills obstructed the view on all sides. But in the south arose the gigantic masses of Mount Hermon, clad in its glittering helmet, and north, the steep ravines of the Anti-Lebanon, stretching away toward Zebdany on the road to Ba'albek. Before us lay the village of Demas at the base of the hill. The terraced inclosures, an ancient aqueduct, and other ruins showed it to have been formerly a thriving town, and it is still the resting place of the caravans between Damascus and Beirut. The low, flat-roofed huts were all built of mud, but they looked clean and snug compared with those of the Buka'a. The Arab inhabitants kindly offered us their dwellings for our accommodation; but the weather being fine we preferred pitching our tents on a hill outside the village in front of the majestic Jebel-es-Sheik, where, surrounded by the lilac-colored hills of the desert and in expectation within a few hours of beholding the wonders of Damascus, we passed a delightful evening.

At sunrise next morning, all was bustle in our little camp. Our breakfast was soon finished, the tents struck, and we started at six o'clock through the most bleak and dreary region I ever saw. Now and then we had a glimpse of the distant valley of the Burradâ with its gardens and groves, or we met some armed parties of Turks, or a caravan of Maronite muleteers returning from Damascus; but the monotony of the landscape was continually increasing, when, three hours after leaving Demas, we descended into a defile surrounded by high conical hills, which looked like extinct volcanoes, bare, brown, stony, and covered with parched grass and stunted shrubs. In vain I turned my horse off the caravan road and with some difficulty ascended the heights. One range of chalky hills was towering above another, and the heat became oppressive in this labyrinth of straggling passages, winding

through the desert region, when all on a sudden a distant view of the beautiful plain of Damascus opened upon us. Beyond the dusty and sunburnt rocks in the foreground, the immense *Ghutah*—the paradise of es-Shem—stretched eastward, and was bounded on the north by the hills of Kashioun, and on the south by the more distant violet-tinged mountains of el-Hauran, while on the dim and hazy horizon we distinguished the extensive lake Bahr el-Merdj, (*the Lake of the Meadow*.) wherein the Burradâ, descending from the Anti-Lebanon and watering the Ghutah, empties itself. From out the thick-set groves and gardens, like a vast forest spreading throughout the whole plain, arises the noble city of Dimeshk or Damascus, with its numerous mosques, cupolas, minarets and towers, embellishing the view and breaking the outline of the white flat-roofed buildings, which extend in an immense length of three or four miles, north and south, while the breadth of the city is comparatively very small. On our left the river Burradâ, issuing from the mountains in many rivulets, diffuses itself through the gardens, and beyond it, on a height, appears on light arches a large Saracenic kubbet, or cupola, consecrated to the most revered of all the mystical Sheiks, Mohijeddin-al-Arabi.

This rich picture of fertility and life, bordering on the bleak and solitary desert, this glowing Oriental sky, diffusing such an indescribable charm over the landscape; even these light purple vapors, which like a faint and transparent shroud, arose above the gardens and the city, all contributed to enhance the enchanting effect of a scenery which, seen in a cold northern climate, beneath a gray and cloudy sky, would present nothing very remarkable. The glorious plain lay before us, and in order to impress on our memory this admirable prospect, we stopped for half an hour near a little round dome on the verge of the last spur of the mountain, immediately above the plain; but the heat being overpowering, and our attendants not yet making their appearance with the baggage, we galloped down to the gardens, and passing through a straggling hamlet on the outskirts of the groves, entered the shady retreat, and awaited the arrival of our muleteers on the banks of the river.

The road through the gardens is very pleasant; it runs beneath majestic chestnut trees, poplars, plantains, and sycamores, on both sides bordering the gardens, and forming a dense forest of beautiful fruit trees. Here and there some richly painted kiosks, country houses or mosques with soaring minarets, peep out from among the thickets. We passed the Burrada several times on stone bridges, and after an hour's ride we suddenly lighted upon a low mud-wall with a low entrance, crossing the road. This was the gate of Damascus! Turkish sentinels of regular infantry were on guard. As they took no notice of us, our long cavalcade proceeded slowly along the principal street to the great bazar.

Damascus is now a more agreeable residence to European travellers than formerly. During the time before the Egyptian conquest, its fanatic inhabitants would not permit Christians to enter the city on horseback. The Frank travellers were insulted by the insolent military or tumultuous mob, torn down from their horses, beat and wounded, while their European dress everywhere exposed them to the derision and taunts of the Muslims.* Such insolence was even offered to M. de Lamartine and other travellers on their visit to Damascus, so late as 1832. It was principally during the passage and return of the great caravan of the Mecca pilgrims, that Christians and Jews would suffer ill-treatment by the fanatic *hadjies*; but the severe government of Ibrahim-Pasha soon put a stop to all these disorders. When the Damascene Muslims complained to Ibrahim-Pasha, that the *Giaurs*, or Christian Infidels, dared to mount on horseback in the sacred city, a right conceded only to orthodox Mohammedans, the Egyptian commander scornfully replied: "If you consider it a privilege for the Muslims to *sit higher* and bestride *taller* animals than the Christians, well, then, you may mount the camels and leave the horses to the Christians!" He even gave the command of the unruly city to a Christian general, the prudent and brave Bakary-Beï, who with vigor and justice kept up the most perfect order in Damascus. Yet the bigotry and intolerance of the people remained

undiminished, though they dared not manifest their feelings except in sullen looks and stifled words. A terrible instance of this was the deplorable persecutions against the unhappy Jews in 1838. But the subsequent defeat and expulsion of the Egyptian army in 1840, by the united British and Austrian troops, the establishment of different European consulates, and the continual visits of numerous parties of travellers from Europe and America, soon produced the same effect here in Damascus as in other parts of the Levant, and the Christians may now visit every part of the city and its environs with perfect safety. Even English ladies now walk or ride through the bazars as freely as if they were in Europe, and our party met with the same good will and attention here as in Jerusalem or Beirut. Travellers were formerly obliged to demand hospitality in the Franciscan convent, which is small, dark, and uncomfortable. But lately a hotel in European style had been established, which was recommended to us in Beirut. Mustapha, therefore, led on our caravan to a mud-walled house, situated in a narrow lane near the eastern gate. The exterior looked bad enough, but how great was our astonishment, on entering through a narrow passage, to find ourselves all at once, as with the stroke of an enchanter's wand, transported to an Oriental palace, more romantic and beautiful than my fancy ever had realized before. We stood in the centre of an elegant court paved with white marble and surrounded with picturesque Saracenic buildings, all glittering with gildings and bright colors. The long corridors were supported on pointed arches; a high vaulted niche—the *Liwan* of the Damascenes, where they receive company—opened on the left, and in front of it a sparkling fountain diffused freshness around and irrigated the luxuriant laurels, orange and lemon trees, clustering along the reservoirs. Nor were the halls and other apartments inferior in ornaments to the court. This palace belonged formerly to a wealthy merchant, on whose death the heirs let it to a Piedmontese officer, Signor Persiani, to serve as a hotel.

In the afternoon we all assembled in the *divan*, or sitting-room, the most spacious and splendidly decorated apartment in the

* The Arabs have the proverb, "*Shami, shoumi*," i. e. The man of Damascus is wicked.

house. Ceilings and walls were laid out in mirrors, above, below, and all around, with gildings and marbles. Rich ottomans and cushions covered the *estrades*, or elevated stages running along the walls, while in the middle of the marble floor stood a beautiful fountain, forming a *jet d'eau*, whose waters, murmuring softly day and night, gave a delicious coolness to the atmosphere. By a flight of stairs we ascended to the glittering *eka'a*, or dining-room, where an elegant dinner was served. Our attentive host had embellished the table not only with a variety of flowers and fragrant shrubs, but with a most curious exhibition of those fanciful compositions of confectionery, for which Damascus enjoys so great a reputation throughout the Orient.

I have given these particulars, in order to testify to the accuracy of other travellers, who, like ourselves, have felt delighted with the beautiful mansion and attentive politeness of Signor Persiani, and after the fatigue of their rides through the mountains of Syria, have acknowledged their satisfaction at the sudden transition from the discomforts and dangers of their encampments in the desert to this pleasant residence at Damascus, combining all the comforts of a European hotel, with the picturesque beauty and romance of an Oriental palace.

I must therefore wonder and smile at the morbid fastidiousness of the well-known English authoress, Miss Harriet Martineau, who appears to have carried her skeptical censoriousness from the United States along with her to the fairy lands of the East.

"The Italian hotel," says she, "has been vaunted by some visitors to Damascus, and it was *ludicrous* to read on the spot the descriptions with which English readers have been supplied of the courtyard and apartments of this hotel. As for the apartments, that which was given to us was so *perilously* damp and infested with beetles, that we refused to stop there a second night; and *five* snails were found in their slime under my bed!" What a horror! Poor Miss Harriet, even after thy *escapade* in the wilderness, to be tormented with whizzing beetles and *slimy* snails in the paradise of Damascus!

At the delightful hour of sunset, when

the muezzins from all the minarets are calling the faithful to prayer, we mounted our horses and took a ride through the city. It is indeed totally different from any the traveller has seen in the Levant. According to all I had heard and read about Damascus, I expected to find the outside of the houses extremely mean and shabby, the streets dirty, narrow, and even dangerous to pass on account of the number of wild dogs, barking and snapping at the European travellers. But in all this I found a great exaggeration. The houses of Damascus are indeed low and flat-roofed; they are overcast with a light yellow clay, which has a certain gloss resembling *stucco*, and can in no wise be compared with the ornamented stone buildings of Italy, or the elegant red brick houses of England and America. But they look less sombre and tarnished than the huge and gloomy stone-built structures of Jerusalem and Beirut, with their dark vaults and latticed terraces. The windows towards the streets are few, narrow, and closed with Turkish blinds, having small wooden balconies with flower pots. It is the interior of the houses in Damascus, with their courts, fountains, open corridors, rose-bowers, and orange trees, which unite good taste, splendor and comfort. From the Pasha and Bey of the highest standing down to the shopkeeper and mechanic, all their habitations are constructed after the same manner. This true old Saracenic style of architecture is still used in Southern Spain, and the interiors of the houses in Seville are said to resemble those of Damascus. The streets there are generally irregular, as in all Oriental countries, but well shaded, and wider than those of Cairo or Smyrna. They conveniently admit two foot passengers to move with safety on each side of a loaded camel. In others two or even more camels may go abreast.

Several of the larger streets of Damascus are exceedingly picturesque, and present to the painter an inexhaustible source of beautiful and striking specimens of architecture, as well as of groups and costumes. In Damascus we see the Eastern world in its full purity, variety and beauty, without any unpleasant mixture of the insipid and colorless every-day life of Europe.

In the Tarick-el-Mustakim, or *Straight*

street, a continuation of the great bazar, and terminating at the eastern gate—the Bab-Sherkeh—is a never-ceasing movement of caravans, arriving or departing. At the fine fountain on the bazar, gushing forth from a marble font, St. Paul according to tradition, was baptized by Ananias, and the Arabs believe that the latter lies buried beneath the pavement. Nearer towards Bab-Sherkeh, we visited the house of Judas, the residence of St. Paul during his sojourn in Damascus.* It is a subterranean chamber with an altar at the upper end, where mass is performed by the Catholics. This dark and damp abode, with its iron-grated door, resembles more a prison than an apartment of a private dwelling-house.

Outside the old gate Bab-Sherkeh the immense burial grounds extend southward to the Bab-Giazur, the gate of St. Paul, now walled up, where the apostle is said to have been let down in a basket, during the night.

The ancient city walls on this side are in good preservation, and defended by round towers of considerable strength. During the siege of the Crusaders in 1148, the kings of France and Germany here in vain attempted to storm the city. Near the gate I remarked, on a square tower, an armorial ensign with two lions, some fleurs-de-lis and palm branches, and an Arabic inscription on a marble slab; no doubt some relic from the middle ages.

Yet far more interesting is the broad Harat-el-Derwishieh or *Street of the Derwishes*, a well-paved avenue, running for nearly three miles north and south, through the full length of the city towards the Hauran. I consider it, without comparison, the finest street in the Levant. It begins south of the great Bazar. An immense Saracenic vault, highly ornamented and occupied by stores, where horse-trappings, saddles, and lances are sold, opens upon the ancient mosque es-Zabumeh, built by Sultan Daher. This splendid building, with its two large cupolas and fanciful minaret, stands at the beginning of the Harat, which on both sides is lined with highly picturesque chapels, palaces, and mosques, of the times of the Khalifs.

Moawiah, the Ommiade, made Damascus the capital of the Arabic empire in the year 661. The following rulers of that dynasty, and their successors, the Abbassides, down to Elmansor in the ninth century, who removed his residence to Bagdad on the banks of the Tigris, continued to embellish Damascus with monuments which, though all in ruins, still to this day show the exquisite taste and excellent workmanship of the Saracens.

The traveller must not expect to find uniformity of style and character in the appearance of the Eastern cities. In Damascus, stores, work-shops, or coffee-houses often stand in the same front with the most gorgeous palaces of the Ommiades. But this variety, instead of lessening the effect of the whole, seemed to me rather to heighten it, because it everywhere exhibits so many pleasant pictures of the occupations and manners of the people. On the Harat, all the work-shops are open, and the manufacturers of cotton, silk, and leather carry on their work in the open air on each side of the street.

The construction of the mosques at Damascus differs essentially from those of the Ottoman Turks at Brusa and Constantinople. Their walls are formed of red, white, and blue or black marble. The minarets in Constantinople stand separately from the Dshami; they are very slender, of a white color, and shoot towards the sky in the form of lances; while here in Syria they are square or octagon towers, enamelled with richly-colored tiles, united to the main body of the mosque, and ascending in two stories with large battlemented galleries, from which the muezzins, five times a day, announce the hour of prayer. The galleries have projecting roofs, and the top of the minaret is formed by a small oval cupola. Nearly all the minarets and cupolas of the mosques and chapels are laid out with blue, green, red, or yellow tiles of porcelain, which glitter in the sun and have the most beautiful effect. The high vaulted Saracenic gates, the fanciful battlements, the slender columns, pointed arches, and oriel windows are the *prototypes* of that interesting architecture which the Greeks, and, at a later period, the pilgrims and Crusaders brought with them to Europe, and the imitation of which we call Byzantine and Gothic. The monuments in Damascus are

* "Arise and go into the street which is called *Straight*, and inquire in the house of Judas for one called Saul of Tarsus."—Acts ix. 11.

all over covered with arabesque sculptures, concave niches radiated at the top, tasteful carvings, rich filigree work, and numerous inscriptions from the Koran, generally in gold on an azure ground.

A characteristic feature of this architecture is the *ogive* or pointed arch, which was supposed to have been an invention of the Arabs. But it has lately been ascertained that the genuine ogive had existed several centuries before Mohammed, and is found in different parts of Persia, among ruins of the times of the dynasty of the Sassanidæ, (A. D. 226—651.)

The finest and best preserved mosques are Dshami-Esmanieh, Sultan-Teneb, with tri-colored marbles and an azure porcelain roof, and the still more splendid Nebbi-Chatun, which, with its immense marble cupola and its grove of magnificent cypresses and plane trees, forms a noble picture. But unhappily nearly all these proud monuments of the devout and brave Khalifs, who, with the Koran and the scimitar, extended the Saracen sway from the Indus to the Atlantic, are now fast verging to decay, as indeed are the religions and nations of the East. The sanctuaries and the tombs of the companions and disciples of Mohammed, Abu-Obeida and Khaled-Sefallah, the conquerors of Damascus, and of many other holy sheiks and mystical philosophers, are now lying in ruins—ruins perhaps as old as the bloody sway of Timour-Khan the Mongol, who in the year 1401 burnt and destroyed the greatest part of the city, and piled his horrible pyramids with the heads of its slain inhabitants.

Two historical monuments in Damascus particularly excited my curiosity—the tombs or *tyrbés* of Nurredin and Saladin. The first was the great Athabek (chief) of Halep, whose praise filled the East, and still re-echoes in the chronicles of the crusades. He was considered the *beau idéal* of Oriental princes, whose austere virtues served as a model to the Mohammedan rulers. Having united all the countries between the Tigris and the Euphrates into one powerful kingdom, he conquered Damascus in 1154. From his new capital he continually attacked the Christians in Palestine, and after his death in 1174, he was buried in an extensive sepulchre on the great bazar. The court of his sanctuary

is surrounded by arcades, and has a large tank in the middle shaded by funereal cypresses. The entrance being shut by a chain, we could not visit the interior. The monument of his still more distinguished successor Saladin or Sala-heddin, the Eiu-bide, the noble-minded and chivalrous antagonist of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, forms a large irregular building of white and black marble, with several cupolas and high windows covered with inscriptions. It is one of the most prominent objects on the Derwish street. But though it is still devoutly visited by the Muslim pilgrims, it is rapidly falling to ruins. I entered a coffee-house opposite the sepulchre of Saladin, where I met some well-dressed old Arab gentlemen, whose large green turbans indicated that they belonged to the order of the imams or priests. I then ordered my dragoman to ask them some questions about Saladin. They politely invited me to sit down near them, and offered me a pipe and coffee, but answered that they knew nothing about the great sultan, and that we Franks were better acquainted with those old stories than themselves. The street of the Derwishes is seen to the best advantage in the morning, when crowds of Bedouins on their spirited steeds, leading their strings of camels, are pouring in from the Hauran. There is then a regular market held all along the street, where the endless variety of costumes, Turks, Egyptians, Persians, Bedouins, Armenians, Druzes, Maronites, Jews, and Christians mingling together, is brought in the most charming relief against the Saracenic monuments, the dark cypresses, the pale olive groves, and the dazzling snows of the majestic Mount Hermon overlooking and completing the admirable picture. The Harat-el-Derwishieh terminates on the south by a low gate in the city wall, Bab-el-Allah or the Gate of God, so called from its leading to Jerusalem and Mecca, the holy places for Christian and Muslim pilgrimages. Outside the gate is a large open space, where the Arabs perform their equestrian exercises. The caravan road then continues through the orchards, gardens, and extensive olive groves for twelve miles, to the village of Kokab, where tradition has placed the vision of the apostle Paul.

On our return to the hotel late in the

evening, we found the court-yard and apartments illuminated by numerous lamps, and two gentlemen in the Arab costume taking their supper in the divan; yet though their dress was Oriental, their physiognomy betrayed the Anglo-Saxon descent, and I soon recognized in the fierce Mamelukes, the peaceable and intelligent Messrs. Morrill from Baltimore, and John Spencer from London, who had arrived directly from Jerusalem.

Among the celebrated luxuries of Damascus, are the public baths and the coffee-houses on the banks of the river. Early next morning, accompanied by Mustapha, I went to one of the most fashionable baths, Hamam-Hussein, which, compared with those of Constantinople and Smyrna, is very splendid with its polished marbles, its spouting fountains, and its beautiful cupola with colored glasses throwing a fantastical light on the dim figures flitting through the vapors. On my return I found our party at breakfast. We then walked through the bazars, and took a look at the famous mosque of the Omniades. From the immense vaulted bazar built by Murad-Pasha, we approached the eastern gate, from which we had a full view to the magnificent interior hall of the mosque. It was the ancient cathedral of St. John the Baptist, whose head is supposed to have been buried beneath the high altar. On the surrender of the city in 636 to Abu-Obeida, it was divided between the Christians and Muslims, who thus, for nearly a century, entered by the same gate into the same sanctuary, to worship the Supreme Being with different rites. But in 715, Abdul-Melek broke the capitulation, expelled the Christians from the church, and gave them that of St. Thomas, situated outside the gates of the city. This Khalif transformed the church of St. John into the greatest miracle of Saracenic architecture, which in beauty and magnificence surpassed the Ka'aba in Mecca, the es-Sukhra in Jerusalem, and the wonderful mosque of Cordova in Spain. The Arab historians and poets celebrate the splendor of its immense columns, the number of its cupolas and soaring minarets, the elegance of its altars, chapels, inscriptions, and gilt and painted ornaments. Five millions of ducats were expended in its construction, and the daily expenses to the imams, sex-

tons, the Koran readers, and professors of the numerous academies attached to the mosque, were five hundred ducats, but having suffered dreadfully during the wars of the middle ages, and the burning of Damascus by Timour-Khan in 1401, it has lost the greatest part of its treasures, and been but indifferently restored. The principal body of the mosque forms a square occupying the aisles and the centre of the Christian church, beneath the great cupola. The three aisles are divided by two rows of elegant Corinthian columns, evidently of Roman workmanship. No Christian is permitted to cross the threshold, but seen from the gate it appeared to me as if the lower part of the nave and the wings of the ancient cross have been built up by high walls, and are perhaps now used as chapels.

Numberless glittering lamps in all directions, crossing from one column to another and hanging down from the cupolas, must certainly present a striking picture during the illuminations of the Rhamazan. From the gate Bab-el-Burid, a passage leads across the temple to a smaller gate on the west, opening on a spacious court surrounded by a fine colonnade with pointed arches, the residence of the sixteen imams and fifteen muezzins employed in the daily service of the mosque. The court is paved with white and black marble slabs, and has several elegant fountains (*tchesmés*) for the ablutions of the faithful.

In the great bazar, not far from the mosque, stands the modern caravanserai of Hassad-Pasha, one of the noblest specimens of Saracenic architecture; which proves that the Arabs, possessing architects capable of building such a monument, cannot be considered as unworthy of their great forefathers or indifferent to the fine arts. This khan or hotel for the merchants of the East was built by the benevolent governor of Damascus, Hassad-Pasha, towards the close of the last century. A highly ornamented gate leads from the bazar into a large rotunda which exhibits an immense cupola, whose boldly-constructed vault is supported by eight pillars with pointed arches. Columns, arches, and walls are composed of white and black marble in regular layers, which contribute to the exceedingly picturesque effect of the whole. Flights of stairs lead to the nu-

merous rooms and stores of the merchants ; in the lower vaults and adjoining courts are stables provided for the horses and camels belonging to the travellers or caravans. The central hall is not only the general exchange, where merchants from all parts of the East meet and transact business, but the court of justice is likewise held here, and I was much gratified by witnessing a law-suit carried on in the presence of a cadi and his clerks, between a proud Turk sitting on horseback, and a merchant of Damascus quietly smoking his pipe during the procedure.

The central part of all life and movement in Damascus is the bazar, where every branch of commerce and industry has its own separate quarter. One gallery is occupied by the silk manufacturers, another by the jewellers, booksellers, armorers, and so forth. The latter do not keep up their former renown. The precious old Damascene weapons are now extremely rare, and regarded as the most precious relics of times gone by. It is generally supposed that the manufactories of the celebrated scimitars were destroyed by Timour-Khan, who carried the workmen off with him to Samarcand in Tartary. The best sabres are now brought from Khorassan in Persia. The bazar of drugs exhibits the different aromatics, gums and spices from Arabia, which diffuse a pleasant fragrance around ; and that of confectioneries, which is quite an important branch of industry, an endless variety of preserved fruits, sugar candies and sweetmeats.

The dealers in eatables have arranged their stores with a remarkable cleanness and a certain Oriental elegance, which is most attractive to the eye, and would invite one to sit down and taste some true Arabic dish. All the necessities of life are cheap and good. A traveller in Damascus might get board for eight or ten cents ; the rent of a beautiful house would amount to three hundred piastres or fifteen dollars a year, and he might live very comfortably with one hundred American dollars. The book-stores look poor enough, and are nearly circumscribed to copies of the Koran and its numerous commentaries.

The Damascene silk stuffs consist of a mixture of silk and cotton ; they are very cheap, and a complete lady's dress would

cost only eighty-five piastres or four American dollars. But the most ingenious artisans in the bazars are the saddlers. The good taste and splendor of the horse-harness and trappings in Damascus surpass anything seen in Constantinople. The rich housings are generally made of red cloth ; they are large, and cover the whole croup of the horse. The saddle is of purple velvet set with pearls and gold. The bridle with a number of flying ornaments is of red morocco, richly adorned with pearls and gold buttons. In the same stores are sold the curious long lances used by the Bedouins of the Desert. Beneath the iron point is fastened a large bunch of black ostrich feathers, which fluttering in the air, are seen at a great distance, and in the plains of Palestine often announced to us the approach of a troop of Bedouins, and warned us to prepare for their reception.

On our return from the bazar we passed the *serai* or palace of the Pasha, an immense pile of wooden buildings in the Turkish style, inclosing different courts. Some battalions of the regular Nizam Dshedid infantry were mustering on the square in front of the palace in the presence of a body of Turkish staff-officers in European uniforms, wearing the red skull cap. Close by stands the ancient castle. It forms an oblong square flanked by fourteen towers and a dry ditch ten fathoms in breadth and three in depth. The lower part of the walls consists of large blocks with bevelled edges, a sure token of their Roman origin ; but the upper courses and battlements are modern. Though this *Kassaba* would not be able to offer any effectual resistance to artillery, it is still sufficiently strong to overawe the seditious inhabitants of Damascus. At the eastern gate I sent the dragoman to ask for admittance in order to visit the armory, which is said to contain interesting suits of Saracenic and Christian armor and other weapons of the times of the Crusades ; but we received an evasive answer from the Turkish commandant. Other travellers describe some curious stone chains, wrought from the solid rock, having sixteen links hanging down from the wall, and in the interior the armory, the *divan* or council room, and the mint, where the Khalifs coined their money. We then visited the beautiful sepulchral monument of Sultan

Daher, a large marble pile with cupolas, arched gateway and numerous inscriptions.

In the afternoon we took a ride to the celebrated gardens in the *Ghutah* of Damascus. They extend for twenty miles round the city, but chiefly on the east and south, being somewhat more hemmed in on the north and west by the barren hills of Kashioun and the Anti-Lebanon. In March and April they are decked with the odorous flowers, which constitute one of the most advantageous branches of industry to the sedulous inhabitants of the city—the precious perfume of rose oil, *attar of roses*, being a principal article of export to Constantinople and all over the East.

The rose-gardens and orchards of Damascus are not remarkable for the superior skill or horticultural taste with which they are laid out, nor for the variety or tropical exuberance of fruits and flowers, or the picturesque views they present. All this the traveller looks for in vain. The *Ghutah* or plain of Damascus is a plateau lying at the base of the Anti-Lebanon, more than two thousand feet above the level of the Mediterranean and sloping eastward to the Arabian desert and the Euphrates. The climate, therefore, is temperate and the winter comparatively cold. The vegetation of the *Ghutah* has more of the uniform sap-green, or if I may say so, sombre northern coloring, than the bright variety of southern hues. There are no palm trees, no agave, no prickly-pear or cactus, nor any of those eminently southern shrubs and trees, imparting such a charm and beauty of contrast to the coasts of Syria, Morea, Sicily, and Barbary. Orange and lemon trees I saw only in the interior of the city; they are not numerous in the gardens, and in luxuriance of growth and abundance of their golden fruit not to be compared with those of Ptolemais, Yafa or Beirut. Immense plantains, poplars, cedars, cypresses, chestnut trees, and the more northern fruit trees, such as cherries, walnuts, apricots, and plum trees, all give a colder character to the landscape.

The river Burradà, which has its source on the table-land of Zebdany in the Anti-Lebanon, twenty miles west of Damascus, emerges from the mountains through a romantic pass, and dividing into three limpid streams irrigates the gardens of

the plain. The middle stream runs through open meadows—the renowned battle-field of the Crusaders—directly through the city, where it replenishes the numberless fountains and cisterns of the bazars and private dwellings. Even Strabon, the geographer, comments on the artificial canals of the ancient Syrians, and the chroniclers of the crusades likewise admire the ingenious water-works of the Damascenes, which not only distributed the water at a great distance throughout the orchards, but embellished them with charming cascades, tanks and fountains. Of all this Saracenic art and refinement little is to be seen at the present day.

These different rivulets of the Burradà are the Abana and Pharphar of Damascus, mentioned in the Scriptures as “better than all the waters of Israel.” The Greeks called it Chrysorrhœas, or the golden stream.

We entered a pretty garden on the south of the city, and were kindly received by the Arab family which inhabited the low mud-walled country house. The rose-hedges bordering the parterres had already ceased blooming, but the tall Persian rose tree was still covered with thousands of white flowers. We forced our way through the thickets, wading through the streamlets, clambering over the ruinous and neglected inclosures made of sundried lime, and at last ascended a *kiosk* or Turkish garden-house, whence the view extended over the green maze of orchards to the long line of flat-roofed houses of the city, the cupolas and soaring minarets and towers now glittering in the rosy tints of the evening sky.

The Arabian women here presented us with a variety of dried fruits, figs, plums and peaches, and a native Christian kindly pressed us to taste the excellent and fiery white wine which he reared in his vineyard on the slope of the Anti-Lebanon.

An hour before twilight we crossed the Burradà and rode westward through deep and narrow lanes to the village of Salahieh on the slope of the Anti-Lebanon, in order to enjoy the extensive prospect of the plain from the most favorable spot and in the best coloring, that immediately before sun-set.

The large glades opening in this part of the gardens along the banks of the river are

verdant during summer, and serve as pasturages. Here is the place for the encampment of the great caravans of the *hadjies* or pilgrims on their passage to Mecca, and here was the bloody battle-field of the Crusaders in the campaign against Damascus in the year 1148.

The Emir of Damascus at that time was Modshireddin-Abek, an indolent and voluptuous man, who left the reins of government in the hands of the prudent and active Governor Moireddin-Anar. This brave Mamluke wielded the whole civil and military sway of Damascus, but in order vigorously to oppose the continual inroads of the Christians from Palestine, he united in alliance with the powerful Nurredin, the Athabek of Mosoul, who after the conquest of the Christian duchy of Edessa in 1144, had fixed his residence at Halep, and by the fervor of his faith and his eminent qualities as a victorious conqueror, had obtained nearly an absolute sovereignty over all the regions between the Tigris and the coast of Syria.

As soon as the news of the approach of the crusading army had reached Damascus, Anar, the Mamluke, instantly proclaimed the holy war, and called the Turkoman and Saracen tribes of the Euphrates to arms, and took the most effective means for the defence of Damascus.

From the interesting description of this campaign by William, the Archbishop of Tyre, we learn that already at that time the plain of Damascus was considered as the garden of Eden. From out the groves arose numerous towers, villas and sanctuaries, which were now fortified and occupied by Saracenic bow-men.* All the fountains, wells and canals were filled up with earth or led off, and cattle and provisions removed from all the villages in the neighborhood. Thus the inclosures of the gardens, their hollow lanes and thickets along the banks of the river, formed together a line of fortifications, which served the light-armed Turkomans and Saracens as a secure lurking-place for ambushes and sudden attacks against the beleaguering army of the Christians. The enthusiasm in the city for the holy war was at its height; all the citizens armed; even

the sheiks, imams and derwishes girded the scimitar and marched out to fight as martyrs for Allah and the Prophet.

Nurredin in Halep, in the mean time, sent off the bravest of his veteran troops, which during the long wars on the Euphrates had become acquainted with the tactics of the Crusaders, and learned how to vanquish the mail-clad knights on their heavy barbed steeds, who had appeared so terrible and irresistible to the Seldshukes on their first arrival in the East.

In the beginning of July, 1148, Conrad III. of Hohenstauffen, the German King,* and Louis VII. the King of France, had united in Syria the wrecks of their great armies, which had perished in the plains of Asia Minor. Numerous crusading bands from France, Italy and Germany, now joined them in Ptolemais, and on the banks of the lake of Tiberias they met King Baldwin III. of Jerusalem, with the Knights Templars and Hospitallers, and the whole feudal array of the *Pullanes* or Syrian Christians. Thus forming a glittering army of sixty thousand foot and six thousand horse, they marched through the passes of Mount Hermon and descended upon the plain of the Ghutah near the hamlet of Daria, at a distance of four journeys south of Damascus. At Kokab, where the apostle had the vision, within sight of the city, the Kings placed their troops in battle array, the Syrians leading the van, the French forming the centre, and Conrad with his German chivalry closing up the rear.

It was on the 25th of July, during a terrible heat, when the panting Christians, enveloped in clouds of dust, approached the out-skirts of the groves and furiously attacked the Mussulmans in order to gain possession of the banks of the Burrada and quench their burning thirst in its waters. They soon drove back the bow-men and penetrated into the maze of the gardens; but at ar-Rabua, a beautiful country-seat on the river, they were suddenly opposed by the combined Saracenic forces, commanded by Anar the Mamluke in person, and the old Eiub-Emir and his heroical sons. The eldest fell in the thick of the fight; the youngest, Saladin, a fine boy eleven years of age, here witnessed for the first time the deadly struggle between East

* Erant inter ipsas pomeriorum septa domus eminentes ac excelsæ, quas viris pugnaturis communierant. Vil. Tyr. xix. 3

* Conrad III. never went to Rome to be crowned Emperor.

and West, to which he himself, a few years later, was to give the decision!

The Syrian Barons began already to give way, when Conrad at a full gallop arrived at the front. The King and his German knights, according to their tactics, which so often had brought them victory, instantly dismounted from their steeds and forming in close array with their long lances bore down the enemy before them.* A fearful slaughter began; at last the superior strength and heavy arms of the Christians got the better in the close combat. The Saracens, having lost their most distinguished priests and leaders, fled and left the gardens and the river in the possession of the enemy. The Crusaders now refreshed themselves and their horses and encamped in the gardens close to the city walls. This defeat produced the greatest consternation in Damascus. Old and young hurried to the sanctuaries to cover themselves with ashes and do penance; in the great mosque, the holy Koran of Omar the Khalif was exposed, around which the entire population kneeled down in fervent prayers. The danger appeared imminent—every moment the Damascenes expected a final assault, and the renewal of all the horrors attending the conquest of Jerusalem! They therefore barricaded with huge beams and rafters all the gates and roads leading westward to the gardens, to keep off the irruption of the Christians until the Mohamedan inhabitants had evacuated the city on the opposite side leading eastward to the Euphrates. But the proud knights of the second crusade were not inspired with the purer and more religious enthusiasm of the devout followers of Godefroy de Bouillon in the first. The Franks, instead of pursuing their victory and storming the low and ruinous city walls in front of the gardens, began to cut down the trees and to fortify their camp.

The Saracens seeing these defensive operations and the destruction of their delightful environs, began to banish all fear

and despondency from their minds, and uniting with the thousands of archers and horsemen, who streamed from all Syria to their assistance, attacked the Christians next day, Sunday, July 26th, with renewed fury. The wheel of battle rolled on all day, says the Arab historian, until at last the Crusaders, overpowered by numbers, at sun-set retreated behind their bulwarks.

This disaster decided the event of the siege. Seifeddin, the brother of the terrible Athabek of Halep, approached at the head of twenty thousand horse; the Damascene army swelled to a hundred and thirty thousand combatants, and soon succeeded, by continued skirmishing, in circumscribing the Franks to the limits of their camp. Although many French and German knights in single combat with the Arabs showed their accustomed bravery, discouragement now began to spread among the pilgrims, which was still more fostered by envy and jealousy, those baleful passions, annihilating all the glory of the Christian conquests in the East. A dark treachery in the camp of the Crusaders caused them to take a pernicious resolution. Anar, the cunning Mamluke, knowing the avarice of the Syrian Barons and their hate against the Kings of France and Germany, who had promised to invest the Count of Flanders with the principality of Damascus, after its conquest, offered them secretly the immense sum of two hundred thousand gold dinars and the castle of Paneas on the sources of the Jordan, if they would betray their Christian brethren and raise the siege.* He fully succeeded in his plan. With hypocritical solicitude the Count of Tripolis, the Templars and Syrian Barons represented to the kings the danger of their being cut off from Palestine by the excellent cavalry of Nurredin in their present

* This array proved disastrous to the Germans in the celebrated battle of Sempach against the Swiss in 1386. There the noble-minded Winkelried of Sarnen, embracing with his nervous arms a cluster of lances and burying them in his bosom, made an opening, through which the Swiss with their terrible halberds soon terminated the destruction of the Austrian knights.

* The Pullanes were punished for their treachery. The Mamluke had been too smart for them and sent them, instead of glittering gold dinars, brazen coin, laid over with counterfeit gold, which he appears to have prepared beforehand in Egypt! The superstitious Christians of those times regarded it not as a fraud practiced by the Governor of Damascus, but as a divine punishment for the foul avarice of their own princes, and believed that the genuine gold, which was sent them, by a divine miracle had been transformed into copper—*pro summo solent recitare miraculo, quod post modum tota illa male sumpta pecunia inventa est reprobata et penitus inutilis.* Wilh. Tyr. xvii. 7,

encampment, and advised them to take up another position on the south and south-east, on the main road to Jerusalem, where, according to their assertion, the city walls were built of unburnt bricks, and so low and defenceless, that the town could easily be taken in the first onslaught. The European monarchs, who were as credulous as they were ignorant, ordered the whole army to abandon their strongly fortified camp on the banks of the river, and marched to the south of the city, which had been transformed into a dreary desert without shade or water by the active and intelligent Mussulmans. The treachery of the Pullanes was soon discovered. Despair and death now stared in the face of the misguided pilgrims; their provisions were at an end, and the attacks of the powerful cavalry force of the enemy continued without interruption through the open plain.

The kings perceived the unpardonable fault they had committed, and in vain attempted to recover their former position on the river-side. But the Damascenes had meantime occupied the gardens, fortified all the avenues, and swarms of archers defending the inclosures with flights of poisoned arrows, frustrated every attempt of the deluded Christians. Nor were their assaults against the city more successful. Ancient walls solidly built of immense blocks and flanked by strong towers, defended by a victorious enemy, stopped their advance. All these difficulties proved insurmountable. Nothing remained for the Crusaders but an ignominious and disastrous retreat. The two most powerful monarchs of Christendom and their haughty knights a second time betrayed their faithful followers. Instead of proclaiming the retreat to the whole camp, they secretly fled to the mountains in the night of the 29th July, 1148. The pedestrian pilgrims then broke up in the greatest disorder, but ere break of day the Saracen horsemen from all parts of the plain rushed in upon the fugitives. "The Mussulmans," says Abu-Jali, the Arabian historian, "followed their hindmost bands with a hail of arrows, and slaughtered a vast number of men and horses. An immense booty of arms, treasures, and beasts of burden was abandoned on the road and captured, while the desert was strown

with the corpses of slain Franks. On the arrival of this joyful news in Damascus, the people assembled for prayer and thanked God for the grace with which he had rewarded the confidence which they had placed in him during the days of danger. God be praised and thanked. Allalla-illa-il-Alla!"

Such was the conclusion of the great crusade in the paradise of Damascus. The green meadows (*meidan*) on the banks of the Burradà are still called the *field of victory*, and on the slope of the Anti-Lebanon, high above the village of Salahieh, stands a white cupola, Kubbet-el-Nassr, the dome of victory.

The world has not greatly changed since then; in A. D. 1148, the kings betrayed and abandoned their subjects to the arrows of the Saracens, and seven hundred years later, in 1848, they deliver them up to the knives of the lazzaroni and the lances of the Cossacks!

The village of Salahieh has an elevated and healthy site on the road to Zebdany and Ba'albek, near the deep dell through which the river Burradà forces its course down to the Ghutah. It is the favorite residence of the European consuls in Damascus, and the great resort of all its inhabitants, Mussulmans as well as Christians, who on festival days repair socially to the groves of Salahieh, to enjoy the pleasure of shade and water, of which the Orientals are so fond. It presents the nearest and most extensive prospect over the city, the plain and the distant mountain ridges of Kashioun and Hauran.

There had been a thunder-storm in the afternoon, which had pleasantly refreshed the air. A beautiful rain-bow and thick masses of clouds of various forms and colors now decorated the eastern sky. The charming plain, with its city embosomed in the forest of the gardens, lay in the full light of the setting sun, now hid by the soaring crests of the Anti-Lebanon, while the distant mountains, in the shade of the clouds, appeared daubed with the purest tints of ultra-marine blue. The transparency of the atmosphere was wonderful, and the whole landscape seemed to come gradually nearer. Now and then a transient shadow passed across the plain, but anon the sun asserted his supremacy, and breaking through the clouds, the blue,

lilac and purple hues continued rapidly changing with an intensity to which northern latitudes are a stranger. The scene became every instant more animated, the colors more glowing. Damascus, its mosques and houses, seemed blazing up in bright, ruddy flames. But suddenly the rain-bow melted away, darkness sunk over the plain, and only the distant Jebel-Hauran still shone forth like a fairy island on the broad bosom of the ocean.

We returned through the extensive cemetery lying immediately outside the city walls. In Constantinople and Smyrna the burial grounds are thickly planted with magnificent cypresses, and form the favorite promenade of the Turks. Here in Damascus the sepulchres are adorned with myrtles, which are diligently watered and tended by the ladies. In Saïda, Jerusalem and other places, I every day met with large parties of women, who were spending part of their time in the cemeteries. They generally wore black veils, and were enveloped in white loose muslin robes, whose ample folds covered their jackets and beautiful *shalvars* or trousers. They were sometimes in the best humor in the world, smoking, and chattering, and making a tremendous outcry on seeing the approach of Christian pilgrims. Passing through the suburb we stopped at one of those illuminated *kapheneh* or coffee-houses, which are so pleasantly situated on the river. Their far-projecting roofs and slender arcades are all constructed of wood: the floor is sometimes inlaid with black and white pebbles, and raised only a few inches above the level of the stream. A narrow wooden bridge leads from one coffee-house to another across the river, forming here and there small cataracts, and everywhere refreshing the sultry atmosphere. Strings of various-colored lamps suspended from the pillars threw a bright glare on the graphic groups sitting around on low chairs smoking their *nargilés* pipes. The most remarkable personages we saw were a number of Persian merchants lately arrived with a caravan from Bagdad. They wore a dark blue kaftan and a high black cap made of sheep wool, and appeared to be fervently engaged in mercantile discussions, which had not been settled at the bazar in the morning.

The religious persecutions against the Jews of Damascus in 1838 are well known. I heard much about their former influence, wealth, and the elegance of their dwellings. Being invited by a Damascene merchant to pay a visit to some of the unhappy Jewish families who had been the victims of the nefarious calumny of their enemies, I went the next day with him through a succession of narrow lanes to a mud-walled house, without windows, and surrounded by ruinous and uninhabited buildings. On our knocking at a postern it was opened and a servant led us through an outer yard to a court surrounded on three sides with lofty edifices and galleries, the walls of which were constructed with the usual courses of red, white and black marble. Clusters of orange and lemon trees intermingled with rose-bushes and other sweet-flowering trees lined the walls. In the middle of the court stood the usual fountain with marble basins.—In the high Moorish recess we found the widow, her daughters, and other relations of the unhappy owner of this palace, a Jewish merchant, who had expired under tortures in 1839, during the inquisition, in consequence of the mysterious disappearance of Father Thomas, the Capuchin friar. The Jewish ladies were dressed in mourning, with their hair falling down over their foreheads. They told me with tears their melancholy tale. The other sufferers, who were still lingering in the prison, were at last restored to their families on the intercession of the benevolent Sir Moses Montefiore, who had gone to Egypt to obtain from the Pasha the deliverance of his unhappy fellow-believers. The Jews of Damascus are numerous, more wealthy and respectable than their brethren in Palestine or Smyrna; they are considered to be about fifteen thousand, and have six synagogues. The Mohammedan population is nearly a hundred thousand, and the different Christian sects may be estimated at twenty thousand, who have many churches and convents. Time did not permit me to visit any of them.

Mohammed had seen Damascus when he, as a young merchant, with his caravan visited Palestine and Syria. The beauty of the Ghutah excited his lively imagination; he called it one of the blessed regions of the faithful, and it was the dearest

wish of his heart, after the conquest of Mecca, to turn his victorious banner against Syria. On his march against Damascus, he advanced as far as Tabouk in Arabia Petraea, where he died. The Arabs concentrated in the most curious manner all early traditions about the creation of the earth and the first men at Damascus and its environs. It was the Eden of the father and mother of mankind. In a grotto on Mount Kashioun the first brothers were born; there Abel was slain and was buried on Mount Neby-Abel, while they place the sepulchre of Noah near Zahleh, in the valley of the Buka'a.

Damascus is one of the oldest cities of the earth. Though the prophet predicts its destruction as a city, and makes it become a ruinous heap, it has been flourishing for nearly four thousand years. Its history is in a remarkable degree *passive*. It passed without resistance or battle, into the hands of all the great conquerors of the East, from David, King of Israel, down to Ibrahim-Pasha, with the only exception of its heroical defence against the Crusaders, as we mentioned above.

The 24th of May we left Damascus for Ba'albek.
A. L. K.

THE PEACE OF YEARS.

LEAF by leaf the springing flowers,
In their dewy urns unfolding,
Meet the cheerful eye of day :

Ray by ray, at earliest dawn,
Spring the golden shafts of light,
Ere with day the heaven is filled.

Gathering in a thousand vales,
Slow the mightiest rivers swell,
Ere but one the name they bear.

Slow, the temple stone by stone,
Heavenward lifts its awful form,
Ere confessed the sacred whole.

Countless ages build the isles ;
And the Earth with silent toil
Slow upheaves her snowy thrones.

Mountains, by the waters worn,
Gradual glide beneath the sea ;
Until fate their fall commands.

Every wave that strikes the shore,
Mutters, 'Earth to me must yield ;'
Low, the sliding shores reply.

Thus to mould the destined whole,
Gradual changes follow changes ;
Each to each its being yields.

Billowy raptures swell and fall ;
Grief o'erclouds the face of joy ;
Many a phantom of despair,

Like the shadow of a cloud,
Moves across the darkened soul,
Ere the peace of years comes.

ARNELL'S POEMS.*

Frank J. Kittell

TOTAL Oblivion is a fine old gentleman, who, in consideration of some slight presents I have made him, seems to have taken quite a liking to me. In my book of autographs, over his name, he has promised to take me to his home, when this earthly tabernacle decays. The facilities in his domains for literary labor are unequalled. There, Lethe flows between shaded banks, and in their most quiet retreat stands his mansion. His library is like the famed Alexandrian, for the number of its volumes, and its wealth in the ancient classics: yet it must be confessed, that in modern literature he is not always dainty; sometimes to fill a shelf, taking up a whole edition the morning it drops from the press, and again not taking a copy till the puffs and advertisements of some months have awakened him to its value. Acting in the capacity of his general agent, when a late number of the American Review announced that fourteen new poets had ridden by on their well-curried Pegasi, I lost no time in sending to the great metropolis for a copy of their revelations. Some of them, having been thoroughly puffed, Oblivion was expecting; and of course received them by the earliest express. Some were remembered as applicants heretofore, but one seemed so fresh and unheard of, that I could not refrain from peeping more narrowly into its contents: nor do I fear to prejudice my interest with Oblivion by the detention, for, though he is a great reader of the papers, and the "Fruit of Western Life" has been some months published, I doubt if its author be a dime the poorer for all the "critical notices," "candid reviews," or even advertisements he has purchased yet; and in passing it is meet to remark this very extraordinary mode of procedure that Mr. Arnell has adopted. A small boy, at midnight, in a country church-yard—a be-

calmed ship at sea—a country maid in a haunted mill—are faint illustrations of the loneliness of a new poem in New York unadvertised, unpuffed, and, of course, unsung. Under such circumstances, and in the glow of my pride in finding the unadvertised volume, I read it through,—from "Blanche," of which I have not a high opinion, to the concluding sonnet to the author's brother, of which I have. I have found some things which might as well have been puffed and left to perish, and some real gems, as rich and worthy as those that Sindbad the sailor brought up from the Valley of Diamonds; and of his good fortune I am reminded by the afore-mentioned fact that the book I have discovered was never advertised! Think of it! Why, Bunyan, not advertised, would feel as doleful as when he stood in the steeple-house, and thought the bell would fall! Ole Bull, without an advertisement, would pass for a wicked stranger fiddling in churches; and I am not sure, but, without a newspaper notice of his arrival, President Polk might carry his own umbrella through the length of Broadway, or put on his gloves, without the aid of a select committee! To find an unadvertised book in New York, is as great a feat as to find credit without cash, or an office without money; indeed in this last matter we must confess we took courage, and in dreams saw official station rise up, beckoning before us; seeing we had discovered at Mr. Riker's the unadvertised work of David R. Arnell, Esq., who hails in his preface from Columbia, Tennessee, and who, we think, must be a traveller, and consequently a man of the world, from the fact that he gives us a poem, called "The Montauk's Vow." But if his feet have not, his Pegasus at least has stirred the sands of "old Long Island's sea-girt shore," at whose eastern end the sun first

* Fruit of Western Life; or, Blanche and other Poems. By David Reeve Arnell. New York: J. C. Riker. 1847.

† Oblivion's general agent grows egotistical; and if the grammarian will pardon him, he will endeavor to forestall censure, by assuming the plural of dignity.

touches, after nightly swimming the ferry that divides us from the home of Victoria.

When our hickory fire crackles and sputters, half through with its winter-evening illumination, and the lights are newly trimmed, and our spouse appearing, deposits by our side a dish of apples, we are wont, selecting one, to turn it carefully over to pick out the specks, to pare off the rind, and eviscerate the core; then are we ready to devour, with high appreciation, our Newtown pippin. Thus, gentle poet, we shall do with you. Not rashly, without a word of criticism, shall we commend you all, though your genius has compelled our admiration; but, first, we will remove certain spots that soil your page, and point out passages that displease us. We are not pleased with the profusion of compound words, selected and original, in which as in a hash, the poet serves up some of his most savory morsels. Such can never occur in any writings but of the Carlyle, the Emerson, or Universal School, without tempting out the closest scrutiny as to their necessity, beauty, and propriety. We do not deny the elegance of some of them, but mark the list,—“*God-word*,” “*earth-stain*,” “*earth-garment*,” “*sweet-souled*” (God,) “*sense-regarded*,” “*once-mocked*,” “*empire-dream*,” “*flower-scents*,” “*mist-robe*,” “*Heaven-seed*,” and “*tongue-flamed*,” in a sonnet on Poetry. The winds “*Murmur and creep where the rose-scents sleep*,” The living preacher “*uttering Heaven-words to his kind*,” “*Where the faith-step oft has trod*,” “*Enduring patience-work will soon be o’er*,” and “*sundry others in profusion*.”

Whatever definition we attach to Poetry, it is only good when the poet’s fancies come clothed in good language, English,—so long as we are not a province of France,—and modern, so long as we live in the nineteenth century. And we confess a disposition to grumble at the frequent occurrence of such words as *frore*, *dulse*, *rime*, *lovesful*, *voiceful*, *unrest*, *joyance*, and *amort*. The poet’s license has cost us already six dollars cash for Merriam’s new edition of Noah Webster. And now while in the mood, we object to throwing the accent on the second syllable of *Bedouins*; to an occasional repetition of a favorite word, as *empyrean*,—or

phrase, as when beauty “*lies softly dreaming of Young Romance*,” and “*through air, like gleams of Young Romance*,” to accusing Cæsar of “*wriggling in the dust*,” too undignified a condition altogether for one “*whose brow was girt with laurels more than hairs*,” and to the very frequent introduction of an angel’s wing: though to all these it may very properly be replied, that these poems are a collection of the writer’s fugitive pieces, which have been widely scattered through the South and West, written at very various seasons, and not fairly treated, when criticised like a single and connected piece. Grant it all, yet not we, nor the rhetorical text-books of our college-days, are pleased with an occasional mingling of figures we light upon in these poems. Two things cannot occupy the same space at the same time; and one metaphor ought always to be allowed to retire before another steps into its place. Similes may jostle each other, but not to their own dismemberment. What fashion of soul is it, half scion, half harp, that would live through such treatment as this?

“Who, who, with a soul in his bosom engrafted,
Hath ne’er felt its chords touched by spirits
from bliss?”

We hold our poet pardonable when in
Fayrie-Land, in making from

“*Rose-scents* far and near,
Most ravishing numbers fall,”

and showing where

“The hyacinth wet with the kiss of showers,
Sits tremblingly there, ’mid its sister-flowers,
And its exquisite music weaves.”

“Flowers tinkle alone” in Fayrie-Land,
and we know not where that fact is more
pleasantly stated than here. But hard,
clodded earth is beneath us, when

“The wings of sleep
Float through the liquid stillness round.”

If Mr. Arnell has found the base world false, and a fool, as on page 164 he tells a lady, we regret it, and would beg him to get out of Tennessee speedily, for who shall say that a change of scene will not

greatly promote the finding of another verdict? We tell thee, friend, indigestion lies at the bottom of your trouble.

Myrrhæ Pulv. et
Sodæ Bicarb. grs. iij. aa,

taken after each meal, would be a good adjuvant; but stir about, sir, take active exercise, and we fancy the world will treat you better, and your poems will be purged of the bile that overflows in "Lines to S—," that gushes out from "Despondency," and is evident in the youngest of "Three living Links," and is too apparent in "The Dying Poet to his Wife."

And a little too often, and too familiarly, the poet takes the name of the Supreme Being on his pen; as,

"Like the hush of the Blessed God;"
"Seeking the anchorage of God's calm heart;"
"And gladness stirs the calm, wide heart of God;"
"Almighty God,"
"Is there no poet in the mighty West?"

which we take to be a rich instance of the Bathos, or anti-sublime.

— "the poet of this age
"Must stand near God's great heart and list its beat;"
"God's boundless sky;" "Oh! sweet-souled God!"
"God's twilight skies."

All this we protest against. We believe it out of taste to make use of our Maker's name to point a sentence, or by way of a rhetorical flourish.

We do not murmur that our poet magnifies his office, but sober argument is needed to convince us that the poet's mission is the highest on earth. But not another word on this, or the whole world of poets arising, will hurry us to Oblivion before our time.

But the heavy half of our task is done: we have picked out every spot that interfered with digestion, and are ready to enjoy the "Fruit of Western Life." Smooth versification, vigorous thinking, and a thousand pleasant fancies, mark the book. To us, it makes little difference, whether it be borne on swift-footed anapests, or dolorous spondees, the poem pleases, when, violating no rule of grammar or rhetoric, it thrills us—imparts a sense that

has not been named, a feeling that has no representative in the congress of words—binds all thoughts and feelings in its train, lifts the hair from the flesh, making us feel as when a train of railroad cars steam by, within a few feet. And of such passages these poems are full.

But we never could forgive a friend, who being charged to deliver us a luscious melon, chose to retain the melon, and regale us with a description of its juicy glories. The first slice we present, reaches from core to rind; for the last stanza being beyond our comprehension, we can esteem it no better than a rind to the rest. It is a "Hymn to the Wind," and while it is far from being the best poem in the book, it is the best specimen of our author's excellencies and defects done up in little.

HYMN TO THE WIND.

The power of silence weighs
Upon this populous solitude, and the leaves
'Neath the meridian blaze,
Lay their hushed hearts together, and the breeze
Summons no echoes forth,
From Nature's organ, o'er the fainting earth.

Minstrel of air! oh, sweep
The innumerable keys of its majestic pile,
Till music wild and deep
Swell grandly through each dim, mysterious
aisle,
And its full volume make
The hoar old sanctuary of the world awake!

I see the young leaves stir,
Where thy light fingers through their compass
run,
And like a worshipper,
Each flower bends gently to the strain begun,
And joyous birds sing out,
And the glad waters clap their hands and shout!

Ten thousand, thousand keys
Start cunningly to thy quick, impulsive will,
And the deep bass of seas
Moans through the small, soft cadences that
still

Weave the light summer cloud,
And woo the sweet bud from its velvet shroud.

Hark! in the moonlight now,
Fuller and deeper waxes the refrain,
Till every mighty bough
Of the great forest, reels beneath the strain,
And frightened, overhead,
Day, turned to blackness, shudders in its dread.

Ah! thou hast struck, at last,
Thy diapason, and the thunder's tone,
That leaps before the blast,

Confounds all other harmonies in its own !
 Wind minstrel, thou hast blent
 All Nature's voices in one groaning pent !

How it doth fill the nave
 Of the great universe, and shuddering, fling
 Its anthem in the grave,
 And now exultingly mount up and sing
 Where the faint stars alone
 With twinkling tread march round th' Eternal's
 throne.

Be ye lift up, oh gates !
 Ye everlasting doors dissolve in sound !
 The mighty chorus waits
 To roll new harmonies through Heaven's pro-
 found,
 Till its old cedars nod,
 And gladness stir the calm, wide heart of God.

But take something of a different order.
 It would have greatly agitated us when
 younger to have believed it, and now we
 are more ready to accredit our author for
 a pleasant imagination than to pin our faith
 on the theology of

GHOSTS.

"We are all ghosts."—SANTOR RESARTUS.

When the spirit's eyelids open,
 Outward vestments fall away,
 And it sees its spirit-brothers
 Stalk out from their house of clay.

Everything is then a vision—
 Everything a pallid ghost ;
 Spectral shapes are onward leading
 Nothing but a spectre host.

Sprites are piping faint hosannas,
 Ghosts are beating phantom drums,
 And, a formless banner waving,
 Lo, an apparition comes !

Flitting most fantastically,
 Wreathing in a vacuous round,
 Go the outlines dim and curious
 Of a substance never found.

Fruits that looked all glorious, golden,
 Shadows have to ashes press'd ;
Phantom shapes of men are dangling (! !)
On a passion phantom breast.

Spectres gibber in the dimness,
 Scraping dust that looks like gold ;
 Images of women follow,
 With their features wan and cold.

For not on a human shoulder,
 Scull-cramped, stay this spirit-throng,
 But through pores of earth and ocean
 Move, a thousand millions strong.

Now they flutter like a forest,
 JOY is beating his reveille ;
 Comes like silence settling after,
 SORROW'S hush of plaintive wail.

Through a portal vague and vasty,
 Up the shadowy concourse go,
 And these strange words are the only
 Pulses, echoed from their flow :—

"Mystery in mystery ending—
 Little shaping into Most,
 Parts forever re-uniting
 Of the One Essential Ghost !

"There is nothing of the Earthly,
 Save these EIDOLA of God,
 Looking out through phantom faces,
 O'er the Infinite and Broad !"

We fail utterly in attempting to lick into
 shape even an eidolon of a phantom shape

"dangling
 "On a passion phantom breast."

Such passages as the following occur on
 almost every page. After a storm,

"The whirlwinds trail their banners home."

The Rainbow :—

"Like the thought of a poet it sprang into birth,
 And it stood like a fabric his fancy had moulded,
 Its key-stone in Heaven, its base on the Earth."

Years :—

"Nor care I how they flee,
 So they contain
 The short'ning chain,
 That draws me back to thee."

The Age :—

"When Time's worn vail lets through Eternity."

At Twilight, the dews :—

"The wood-bird wakes and starts to see
 Their witch-work sparkle on his wings,
 And turns and turns suspiciously
 As if it deemed them harmful things—
 Then folds him in his little nest,
 And nods upon his glittering breast."

And so on, innumably.

We would like wondrously to quote en-
 tire "The Fuller Life," "Dreams," "The
 Silent Ministry," "The Dying Poet to his
 Wife," and many others, till the gratifica-

tion of all our likings, in this respect, would lead us far outside the shadow of propriety, and subject us to an action for infringement upon the copyright of Mr. Riker, and another of trespass upon Time and Space. Oh, that the world's schoolmistress were a little more rigid in her government! in the old time, boys were punished for crowding; but here Space, with all creation for his seat, is crowding us hard; and Time, who has occupied the writing desk from all Eternity, claims our privilege as his; and worthier contributors ask eagerly for Room. Well, then, with resignation, and promising that every purchaser shall find, for one dollar, a worthy collection, neatly printed and beautifully bound, in this "Fruit of Western Life," right heartily we yield

"ROOM! ROOM!"

"The editor of the Baltimore Clipper, in reply to a correspondent using the signature Posterity, says, 'We make room for Posterity.'" *U. S. Gazette.*

"Room in the lighted palace,
Room at the festal board;
Pass round the brimming chalice,
Let the wine be quickly pour'd;
Room where bright eyes are meeting,
Where silvery white arms glance,
Room where fair forms go fleeting
Through the mazes of the dance."

Room in the halls of glory,
Where the plume and bonnet wave;
Room on the page of story,
For the noble and the brave;
Room on the field of battle,
'Mid the clarion's mighty swell,
And the drum's triumphant rattle,
And the victor's madd'ning yell.

'Room at the bridal altar,'
Breathe quick the solemn vow,
For the love-lip soon will falter,
And a shadow cloud the brow.
'Room at thy hearth, oh, Mother!
Room at thy place of prayer,'
Comes to thy hearth another,
Room for the trembler there.

Room in each human dwelling—
White heads drop round you—see!
Why stand ye thus a-knelling?
Turn—turn yourselves and flee.
Ho! ho! with mirth and laughter,
Swell on the young and brave,
Room—(for they crowd on after)—
Room in the vasty grave.

Room on the lonely mountain;
Room through the mighty earth;
Life's tide from every fountain
Is swelling into birth.
Crowd on, ye pallid faces—
Crowd onward to the tomb!
Your offspring claim your places,
Make room for them! make room!"

F. T.

SONNET.

PRESSED by the burden of a nameless woe,
My soul her wonted joys had long foregone,
Unvisited by love's congenial glow,
And, lopped of her fair honors, one by one,
Stood bare and ruined, like the wintry bole
Of some huge oak, by ruthless axe disarmed;—
When, gently, like the spring, your kindness stole
Upon my life; that every fibre, warmed,
Expanded, strengthened, by the heavenly fire,
Began anew to burgeon, and to spring:
Then swelled anew the proud flood of desire,
And buds, in hope, put out the tender wing;
And blossoms, eager, to the wintry air,
Bloomed, as thou seest, immature, yet fair.

A FANTASY PIECE.

TIMOTHY HIGGINS, or, as he prefers to see his name printed, T. HIGGINS, Esquire, writer of Foreign Correspondence for the daily newspapers, was sitting one hot July afternoon, in the French *Café* in Warren street, with the Evening Post in his hand, and a fragrant iced beverage on the little table beside him—the only two objects of whose presence a casual observer, noting the abstraction with which he pored into the one, and the quiet regularity of his sips at the other, would have deemed him conscious. A nicer eye, however, would have seen also, that the degree of consciousness with which he regarded even these objects, was of the lowest order, and required the slightest possible exertion of attention and volition; for the position of the newspaper that so apparently engaged him, included only “our advertising columns,” which, from the variety of their contents, are not often equal to supporting a sustained interest; while his hand, which ever and anon grasped the tumbler containing the beverage aforesaid, had that peculiar air of not knowing what it was about, which indicated it to be acting less in obedience to the conscious will, than to the blind requirements of habit.

The truth was, the soul of TIMOTHY was reposing. He had finished that morning three sets of letters for three different journals, giving three versions of the accounts from Europe just received through Willmer & Smith; and the exertion of going over the same narrative so often had fatigued his mental powers to that degree that on the completion of his labors, he had availed himself with no little eagerness of the hospitality of Signor Blin. In fact, he had rushed into the *café*, under the conviction that he had accomplished enough for that morning, and would resolutely devote the remaining portion of the day to rest and rational enjoyment.

The weather was intolerably hot; and the faint breath of coolness which stole through the blinds of the *café* was very agreeable after the stifled atmosphere of

Nassau street. The nature of the Beverage of which our friend was partaking, it is not necessary to the purpose of this narrative to specify: let it suffice that it was far from being disagreeable to the palate, and was particularly grateful and soothing to the senses. All the accompaniments of the place and time were naturally suggestive of retirement, shadiness, and quiet. One old French gentleman was reading the *Courrier des Etats Unis*, through an eye-glass, and sipping iced claret, at a table on the other side of the room; two respectable-looking foreigners, *habitués*, it seemed, of the place, were playing at billiards, in the distance, which they did so noiselessly that nothing was audible save the occasional clicking of the balls; and the waiter, with his elbows spread out and his head buried in his arms, was sound asleep within the bar. The noise of Broadway, deadened and softened by the distance, came through the blinds in a confused hum, that crept into the ear like the drowsy murmur of a waterfall.

It was quite natural that TIMOTHY, situated thus comfortably, should lapse into a sort of half reverie.

He continued to read column after column, sometimes advertisements, sometimes political matter, (generally his aversion,) among which it happened was a long letter from Mr. Van Buren. “Now,” thought he, “here is a fine opportunity to try myself; there is nothing to disturb me; let’s see if I cannot read this stuff understandingly, all through.”

Accordingly, under the full inspiration of drowsiness and a virtuous determination, he plunged into Mr. Van Buren. As he waded on through the long cautious sentences, he became aware that two gentlemen, whom he had not before noticed, sitting at an adjacent table, were continually discussing the French Revolution. He could hear, were he disposed to listen, every word they uttered; but being determined not to be diverted from his purpose of reading Mr. Van Buren’s letter, it

only annoyed him. He could not help constantly catching words and phrases, half French, half English, that would put him out in the midst of a complicated sentence, and force him to begin back. The interruption made him quite obstinate in his purpose of carrying through his experiment. But the more he tried, the more distinct grew the conversation, so that finally it seemed that there were two discordant trains of words passing through his brain at once, tearing his mind with the effort to restore order to "sounds confused." Thus:—

"Having been defeated during a highly excited and, as the result has shown, an unsound state of the public mind, for adhering to a financial policy which I believed to be right, the Democratic masses everywhere—the Democratic masses—for adhering to a financial policy which I believed to be right—the Democratic masses everywhere, as soon as it became evident—as it became evident that the country had recovered—recovered from the delusions—from the delusions of that day, resolved with extraordinary unanimity, that the policy—a financial policy, &c. &c. &c., the Democrats resolved that the policy which had been so successfully derided—h!—*having been defeated during a highly excited, and the result has shown an unsound state of the public mind for adhering to a financial policy—&c. &c., the Democrats resolved that the policy which had been so successfully derided should be vindicated, and the justice of the people illustrated—by my re-election.*"

"Lamartine—provisional government—national assembly—very true, but don't you see, my dear sir,—170,000 francs per day to the *ateliers* and—Louis Blanc—communist—destroy credit and you destroy property—National Guard—yes, I admit all that, but then—well, and suppose it last six months, then comes Prince Louis—universal suffrage!—of course it leads directly to—but the 170,000 francs per day to the *ateliers*—no, sir, you may depend upon it, at least, that is my opinion—why not?—and then comes another Blanqui—wonderful nation, the French!—to be sure it must, but not now—pahaw! why the 170,000 francs per day to the *ateliers*, and—what is the consequence? Well, I shall wait till the Cambria—the Hibernia—no, she left on the—ah, yes—we shall certainly hear more—well, for my part, I haven't the slightest doubt—but then 170,000 francs per day to the *ateliers*—hm—hm—hm—"

This was intolerable. Our friend threw down the paper in despair and glanced indignantly towards the disputants. To his utter surprise, the place where he had fancied them sitting was entirely vacant; there were not even chairs by the table across which he could have made oath there had been up to that instant an animated discussion! What was he to think of this? Had the natural repugnance of his mind to politics created by its own effect an antagonizing influence to relieve itself from unnatural constraint? Or was it a supernatural conversation, designed to enlighten him with regard to French affairs, in order that his next prophecies might come out true—the benevolent work of some kind spirit commiserating his la-

borious occupation? If so, he was unable to profit by it, for he could only remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly.

A long while he thus puzzled himself in his efforts to account for the phenomenon. He took up the paper, and again tried to read the letter. But nothing now disturbed him, save the ceaseless noise of Broadway.

P perchance it was only this noise, which his fancy, taking its cue from the voluminous correspondence he had been engaged during the morning in preparing, had shaped and colored as it fell upon his senses, that had beguiled him. At all events, this was the most plausible explanation.

But Mr. Higgins, like most single gentlemen who have nobody to think of but themselves, is careful about his health, and nicely observant of his personal points. "Either I am more sensitive than other men," now thought he, "or else my nerves are in a highly excited, unhealthy condition, and require repose. But my health is good; I eat well, lo, I drink well. It cannot be that my nervous system is fatigued. The other supposition must be the true one—I am more sensitive than other men; my fancy also is more active; that is all. I have often suspected it must be so; now I believe it."

Pursuing this pleasing train of reflection, a bright thought suddenly broke upon him. "If my fancy is so active," he said to himself, "why should I confine it to inventing details of riots and popular insurrections? Why not give it rein and trust to its swiftfootedness? I've half a mind to do it—yes—I will! *I'll write a story!*"

Full of this new resolution, he placed his panama upon his head, woke up the waiter, paid his sixpence, and sallied into the street. He was too much confused by the hurry of the spirits his daring project excited in him, to be exactly conscious what he was doing, but his steps instinctively took the direction of Hoboken Ferry, and he seemed to have a dim purpose of walking in the green fields to quiet his mind, and enable him to invent and arrange his incidents.

It is very easy to resolve to write a tale, but when we actually come to set about one, there are a great many things to be considered. First, there is the nature of

the story : shall it be a romantic legend, or supernatural, or a picture of every day life, or tragic, historic, comic, or picturesque ? Then secondly, as to time : shall it be laid before the flood, or since the crusades, in the days of seventy-six, or now ? Thirdly, how shall it be told, in the first person, the second person, or the third person ; in the form of letters to a friend, a diary, or fragments found in a mad-house ? Shall the characters speak for themselves, or shall the narrative save them the trouble ? Suppose all these things settled, there arises a new set of difficulties consequent on the act of beginning. The first sentence—Oh that first sentence ! If it were not for that, I have sometimes fancied I could write a passable story myself—something in the way of a temperance tale, or a pathetic history intended to warn the female sex against thin shoes. Ah me ! what heart-rending things of this kind have I not heard woven into sermons and lectures ! The whole story of the downfall of a beautiful young gent, clerk to a large tailoring establishment in the metropolis of New England, traced out minutely from its commencement amid the gayeties of fashionable life at our great Hotels, to its conclusion in the wretchedness of the *calabozo* at New Orleans ! That fascinating young lady, the delight of the *bon ton*, how often have I attended her to the ball-room, witnessed her triumphs, and then returned to see her sit disconsolate by her bedside, tearing the jewels from her tresses, and lamenting the hollowness of earthly enjoyments ! If I could but conquer the first sentences of somethings in this vein, readers might look to their eyes. I flatter myself I could condole in some measure !

But Timothy Higgins was not so much as this inspired by confidence in his first attempt at story-telling, and he had crossed the ferry, and wandered beyond Elysian Fields, and over the meadows, even to the base of the rocky declivity of West Hoboken, without having decided aught more definitely than that his story should be a narrative, and should combine Instruction and Entertainment.

Exhausted by the intensity of thought which he had expended upon this conclusion, he at length, at a retired and inviting place, under the foot of the woody thicket

that overgrows the steep ledge, stretched himself upon the grass, and fell into a doze, or rather day-dream ; for he was not insensible, but enjoyed the repose and fragrance of the leaves that trembled over his head, and the delicate grass that luxuriates in such cool recesses. He philosophized on the wonders of nature that lay within a few feet of his nose, the graceful forms of the leaves, and the intricate structure of their transparent net-work. There were a few pale flowers that quivered beneath the light whispers of the evening air, and our embryo novelist was simple enough to be amused with the trials and perplexities of a laborious ant, who seemed to have lost his way, and imagined his only chance of finding it was in going to the very extremity of every spire that came within his ken.

Gradually the soul of Mr. Higgins, under the gentle persuasion of nature, rose from its toil : the pale flowers nodded, and so did the pale brow beneath them ; the ant travelled up and down seven long stalks unobserved. It was nearly sunset, and beneath the shadowy bushes it was now quite dark.

Had HIGGINS fallen into a sound sleep, he would probably have lain there all night, and caught I dare say a severe cold, which would greatly have interrupted his labors as a writer. But he was not so unfortunate.

For somehow, precisely when he knew not, he heard a small voice close by his ear, speaking on in slow measured tones, as if reading poetry. He grew more awake at once, and listened attentively, believing it to be of course a dream, and careful not to stir, lest he might break the charm. Presently he could distinguish what seemed lines of blank verse, recited in a grave scholar-like manner, as if they were read by some person of excellent taste, who was relishing their beauty and pondering on their import. He cautiously opened his eyelids, and with less surprise than might be imagined, for he was still confident that it could be only a dream, he beheld a little manikin, not more than a hand's breadth high, walking to and fro on a broad blade of grass, that reached across from one green clump to another at a short distance before him. He was a handsome little creature, very youthful, straight and well shaped, and was clad in silver doublet and

small clothes, and had wings of blue and gold, like those of the dragon fly, folded upon his shoulders in such a manner that they resembled a Spanish cloak. On his head he wore a long, tapering cap, in the front of which was a jewel, or brilliant, that made a light around him. He had also on his feet long pointed shoes, like those anciently worn in England, and as he paced to and fro, his shoes and cap waved lightly, like the antennæ of the mammoth butterfly. In his left hand he held a tiny book, from which it appeared he was reading, by the light that flamed from his forehead. The leaves of the book were all gilt, and as he held it spread open upon his palm, he kept them in their place with his right hand, just as students are accustomed to do, who read as they perambulate their chambers. All his motions were lofty and graceful—somewhat more rapid than those of a full-sized man, but very elegant and dignified. Presently, without lifting his eyes from his book, he began to read again:—

"The Lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;
That is the madman: the lover all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth
to heaven;
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation, and a name."

Then closing the book, he continued to pace up and down as before, meditating apparently on the eloquence of the Duke's language, and the wonderful art with which his heroic character is developed. HIGGINS was familiar, as I think most of my readers must be, with the beautiful play, and often reflected on it, in his philosophy, as an example of the necessity in works of extreme fancifulness, of relieving the beautiful and quaint, by the grotesque and absurd.

But the reality of what he saw and heard was so palpable, that he was now in the greatest perplexity what to think. He *felt* awake; he remembered where he was, and why he came there. But then here was an actual sprite before his very eyes; and what was most singular, reading

Shakspeare! He had never heard that the fairies had editions of the great poet suited to their eyes, though that they should admire him, particularly his *Midsummer Night's Dream*, seemed not unlikely.

He resolved to interrupt the little gentleman's meditations, and if possible to make his acquaintance. Accordingly he raised himself on his elbow and hemmed softly, till the elfin philosopher paused and looked towards him, evidently with much surprise, on discovering the nature of the noise, and seeing that his private walk had been overlooked by the eye of a dull son of clay. He drew himself up with great dignity, however, and little as he was, there was so much authority in his frown, that HIGGINS almost sank beneath it. He endeavored to be respectful, however, and bending low his head addressed him as follows:

"I pray your highness be not displeased with a rude mortal for an intrusion upon your presence, which was wholly accidental, but which, if you pardon him, he will not regret; and if he may presume to hope that it may confer upon him the honor of your acquaintance, he will consider it an occurrence no less fortunate than it is uncommon."

I suppose Higgins thought it necessary to be particularly polite on this occasion, for it is not probable he ever spoke in so courtly a style before in his life.

The little student smiled at this address, and held out his hand.

"Timothy Higgins," said he, "I am very glad to see you. I knew you would be somewhere in the neighborhood this evening, but was not aware you were quite so near."

"Indeed," said Timothy, astonished to find himself known; "may I inquire with whom I have the pleasure of speaking?"

"I am Prince HOBOK," replied the little gentleman, "Lord of Weehawken; and my father is Hum, King of Snake Hill, who marches seven hundred and fifty billions of mosquitoes across the Bergen meadows!"

"A powerful monarch," said Higgins; "I have often encountered his troops. But how was your Highness aware of my coming hither to-night?"

"Oh," said the Prince, "a party of gentlemen of my household visited the city last evening to see the Viennese children. Re-

turning, it began to rain, and they were forced to take shelter at the Café, where they were obliged to remain all night, and consequently during to-day; for I suppose a person of your reading need not be informed that it is unpleasant for those of our condition to travel in the sunshine. There they amused themselves, in the shade, with interrupting your reading; and it was they who on reporting themselves at the palace about dusk, informed me that you had entered our dominions. As for your name, know that I am connected on the mother's side with the Connecticut fairies, who have a remarkable faculty of guessing. Not only your name but your hopes and purposes are familiar to me."

"What, the *story*?" exclaimed Timothy.

"Of course," answered Prince Hobok.

"Perhaps your Highness can give me some assistance in that business, some hint how to begin. I perceive your Lordship is a student."

"No one," said Hobok, with true royal profundity, "can write another's story for him. To be the author of another's work involves a contradiction. I can only advise you to proceed in your labor with resolution and discretion. You have been thus far favored beyond the lot of ordinary men; probably you will continue to be as you go on. I see good in you."

"Your Highness is complimentary," said our friend.

"I am not always so," replied Hobok, with a frown that made Timothy ashamed of his insincere remark; "but," he added, smiling, "you are a good fellow, Higgins, you study your Shakspeare; that's a good sign."

Higgins was about to inquire how they got up an edition of Shakspeare in fairy-land, but the miniature Prince waved him to be silent, and added, "I must now, however, counsel you to take leave. The owls are out, and some of my unruly subjects may pinch you with cramps if you lie here on the damp sward. Hie home, therefore, and set to work at the tale. It is not impossible we may meet again, but for the present, good e'en."

So saying he reached out his tiny hand, which our friend made a motion of reverently kissing, and rose up to depart, when the Prince called after him:

"By-the-bye, Higgins, have you any tobacco about you?"

Higgins, who is a great smoker, replied after an examination, that he had a cigar.

"Well, cut it in two," said his Highness, "and give me half."

Higgins did so, and it was curious to see the dainty little goblin staggering away through the leaves and grass with the half cigar under his arm—as much as he could well carry.

The next evening found Mr. Higgins in his chamber, seated at his table, with a new pen in his hand, and a thick pile of long slips of yellowish paper, which, for cheapness and agreeableness to the eye, is much in use among "gentlemen connected with the press," before him. He was determined to begin his story. But, as it not unfrequently happens with persons of a sanguine temperament, what had appeared quite feasible when contemplated in the gross, and at a distance, seemed to grow more and more difficult as it drew near, and showed itself in detail. He would write, but *what* to write he had not been able to discover. He was mentally very much in the condition of King Lear, when he finds both his daughters ungrateful:—

"I will do such things—

What they are yet, I know not; but they shall
be
The terrors of the earth."

Had he been a practised writer of stories, he would not have experienced any inconvenience from this not knowing what he desired to write, for he would have reflected that it is not possible to foresee that which has yet to be produced. He would have wound himself up, set his pen to paper, and scratched away.

There is a delightful music in the motion of the quill; it lulls the fancy like Dr. —'s preaching; so that when one is fairly under weigh, he may be sometimes so lost in his labor that he shall think of nothing at all, and become a pure Chirographer—or what is perhaps meant by the phrase "Inspired Penman." Indeed, I am not sure that it is not the best way never to think at the outset, of what we design to accomplish, but to set vigorously about

it, and leave the rest to circumstances. Here, for example, I know I am writing extremely well, but I must beg the reader to believe that I was not aware what I should say at the beginning; and if he can foretell what I shall say next, he is the greater prophet of us twain. After the first sentence, the thing with me goes of itself.

So it would with Higgins, I presume, had he purposed to indite a letter from Paris for a two-penny newspaper; but to write a story—one which should appear in a popular magazine, and interest thousands of young ladies in the inland villages, and, above all, bring to him a more "adequate remuneration" than he had been in the habit of receiving—this was an undertaking of a different sort. If he succeeded, the future path of his life, though it might not be very thickly strewn with roses, would at least be less thorny. Six reviews *per diem* of the same dramatic performance, which Higgins, amongst his other labors, had once contributed to the daily press, during a whole theatrical season, is as briery a passage as one would desire to go through in this working-day world. Blame him not therefore, ye venerable members of the literary profession, if on these great occasions, when he sought so daringly to avoid the curse of labor, and enable himself to walk easily through the vale of years, he felt some natural misgivings, knowing so well how much depended on the result!

Up to the very moment of taking his pen, he had not been able to decide out of a hundred plots and sceneries that presented themselves to his fancy, which he should choose. But the hour was come when he *must* write, if he wrote at all, and he had nothing left but to remember the fairy prince's encouraging words, and dash boldly into the dark river of his imagination, relying upon his fancy to keep him from sinking. So dipping his pen in his inkstand, which he is careful, from habit, to place at a particular angle he fastened his eyes on the opposite wall of his chamber, and with such a face as brave captains wear when they lead forlorn hopes to the charge, he struck his hand like a strong ploughshare into the new soil of the yellow paper and tore out in furrowed lines

T. HIGGINS, ESQUIRE'S, FIRST STORY.

THE storm-fiend was abroad in the air, the wind loudly howled, and the rain swept in gusts through the pitchy night, when a solitary traveller's horse's hoofs clattered along the lonely road that leads from Jericho to Palmyra. (Here Higgins found it necessary to attend for a moment to his nose. He proceeded:—) Had it been light at the time, it might have been seen that the traveller was a ruddy complexioned, well-built youth of some twenty-five years or thereabouts, and that he was protected from the inclemency of the weather, by only a thin suit of clothes, of the description usually worn during the summer months, by persons in easy circumstances, resident in that part of the country.

By the spurring motion of his heels, it would have appeared that he was anxious to get on rapidly; as indeed might have been manifest, even in the darkness, from the noise of his animal's hoofs had there been any individual within hearing distance. But, as has been already remarked, the road was a particularly lonely one, and on such a night as the present, our traveller was, in all human probability, the only person making use of it for a space of several miles in each direction.

He had apparently every motive for haste; for though soaked through and through by the rain, and therefore unmindful of the storm, the night was wearing, and it appeared desirable to gain some refreshment for himself and his beast, at the earliest convenient opportunity.

Loud moaned and crashed the forest trees as he thundered along beneath their writhing limbs! Wild swept the blinding gusts, as bending low his forehead he faced their fury on the plain beyond!

Three miles past the plain, found him at the door of a substantial mansion, from whose cheerful windows the brilliant light of candles threw their beams like "good deeds in a naughty world," (as Portia observes in the Merchant of Venice,) far into the troubled atmosphere. He secured his steed beneath a capacious adjoining shed, and approaching the venerable door, rapped loudly with his riding stick. A domestic appeared, who ushered him into the hall, whence, after divesting himself of his hat, and making a few ineffectual efforts to

shake the water from his clothing, he ushered himself into the parlor, where an old gentleman and lady were sitting with two lovely damsels, apparently their daughters. He was hospitably received, and the party soon fell into conversation, for it being summer, and our traveller a vigorous young man, he did not experience any serious inconvenience from the extreme moisture of his garments.

Leaving him to dry, and the party to converse, as among country people of respectable condition, familiar acquaintances are accustomed to do under similar circumstances, the reader's attention is requested to a brief account of them individually, and an explanation of the relations which they sustain towards each other. The present tense is here used as having reference to a period some two years prior to the date of this writing.

Colonel Buckwheat, the old gentleman aforesaid, is one of the most distinguished individuals of the country in which he resides; he has, during a period of more than twenty years, filled many political and public stations, and has enjoyed in an eminent degree the respect and confidence of his fellow-citizens in that section of the State. He has been several times a member of the General Assembly, and though he has taken no prominent part in the debates of that honorable body, yet he has always performed his duty to the entire satisfaction of his constituency, by invariably voting in accordance with the views of the party to which he owed his election.

The country around, at the time when he emigrated thither from the eastward, was little better than a wilderness; it is now for the most part under cultivation, and lands formerly worth little or nothing command from sixty to seventy dollars per acre: so that the surviving settlers, who originally made large investments, are now almost universally men of considerable wealth. The region is finely adapted for wheat-growing, and the Colonel's estate, being particularly well located, is considered one of the most valuable, both for its extent and its productiveness. In addition to this, he has by economy and good management in the employment of the surplus capital, which has from time to time accumulated from his agricultural products, amassed what in the country is

esteemed an independent fortune; in short, he is looked upon as altogether one of the most fore-handed men in those parts.

In person, the Colonel is about the middle height, square built, and active for one of his years, and with a countenance betokening health and good spirits. In fact, he says he never knew an ill day in his life, until the rheumatism touched him a few years ago. His hair is somewhat grizzled, and there are a few wrinkles around the corners of his eyes, but in his walk and manners he still shows all the briskness and vigor of the prime of life.

His wife is, in appearance, several years his junior; and though time, who may be justly styled the defacer of beauty, has touched her cheeks with some Smack of age, she still retains enough to render credible the Colonel's habitual asseveration in moments of jocularity, that previous to their union, she was esteemed one of the best-looking young women in Barkshire. She is reckoned an excellent housewife, and bears the reputation of having discharged all the domestic duties of life in a most exemplary manner. In her own social circle she has had but a limited experience of physical suffering, her children, the two daughters before-mentioned, and a son who was absent from home on the evening when our story commences, having been of a remarkably healthy constitution; but she is nevertheless an admirable nurse, and all who have shared the hospitality of her roof, as well as the connections and acquaintances of the family, would gladly testify to her ability and willingness to minister to the comforts of others in cases of sickness, and to the salutary effects of her attention and the remedies which she, in common with other ladies who have sustained the maternal relation, is in the habit of proposing—particularly for the relief of the youthful portion of the community. She is not a person of extensive literary acquirements, and her range of conversation excludes topics of a theological character, yet she has been through life a constant attendant upon the ordinances of the Baptist Church, and at one period was accustomed to bear a conspicuous part in the performance of the psalmody. The minister and his wife are well pleased to partake occasionally of the family repasts, and are always received with that cheerful

attention which relieves them from the too easily besetting temptation of affecting extreme sanctimoniousness. The children therefore, as they have grown up, have not been accustomed to look upon the family clergyman as the realization of human perfection, and hence they are not blinded by the inky cloak of clerical manners, to a perception of what is faulty in character or erroneous in opinion. In short, Colonel Buckwheat's household, owing to the natural good sense of himself and the partner of his bosom, and their prime regard for whatever contributes to the promotion of animal comfort, is one of the pleasantest and best governed on this side of the Rocky Mountains, and has long been the theme of general admiration among the good people of his immediate vicinity.

The distinctive characteristics of the two young ladies, Catherine and Julia, now for the first time introduced to the reader by their christian names, are, it is feared, beyond the power of language adequately to describe. As is usually the case, in families thus constituted, the eldest, Miss Catherine, is the most quiet in her manners, and the most yielding to external influences; she is tall, blue-eyed, and fair-haired, like her mother; and in right of her seniority, assumes a slight quantum of gravity and dignity of deportment in the presence of her younger sister. She appears to feel that the cares of the family rest in some degree upon her well-turned shoulders, and manifests at times an anxiety respecting the state of her brother's linen, no less gratifying to him than becoming to herself. Miss Julia exhibits externally a larger admixture of gaiety and animation; she is married since the date of the evening above described, but at that time she was just at the period of life, seventeen, when the animal spirits are most exuberant; and to such an extent did they carry her that the presence of the senior members of the family, and of her father even, was not always sufficient to repress her disposition to merriment. However, as it is not her personally that the story most nearly concerns, it is deemed unnecessary to go further into detail respecting her at present.

Four of the individuals who were left grouped in Colonel Buckwheat's parlor

having now been disposed of, there remains to be noticed only the individual who was present on the occasion as a visiter, and who, it may reasonably be presumed, would not have ventured forth on so extremely inclement an evening except under the pressure of business of the most important and urgent character. This individual, whose personal appearance has already been made the subject of a passing remark, was Henry, or, as he was more frequently termed by his familiar associates and cotemporaries, (of whom the number was considerable,) Harry Bacon. Harry's father, old Mr. Bacon, the proprietor of a large flouring establishment in an adjacent village, was an early friend of Colonel Buckwheat's, and, in consequence, a more than usual intimacy had always subsisted between their two families. This intimacy, on the part of two of the members of these families, Miss Catherine, and Mr. Harry, had gradually, in accordance with the wishes of their respective parents, ripened into those sentiments which require for their full and perfect enjoyment the existence of the matrimonial relations between the parties entertaining them. That relation had not been entered into at the period of the opening of the story, otherwise it would have been necessary to speak of Miss Catherine as Mrs. Bacon; but though the parties had not at the time been actually united in wedlock, affairs between them had for some time been progressing, by a gradual development, to a condition which rendered that event highly probable; and, not to keep the reader in suspense, it may be as well mentioned here that the visit of young Bacon on the extremely inclement evening alluded to had a direct reference to the ceremony in question. Miss Catherine had been repeatedly desired by him, at sundry previous interviews, to designate some definite day when it would be agreeable to her to attend to the solemnization and consummation of their union, and had at length, on his persuasion, consented to communicate with her mother in relation to the subject, and give him the result of the consultation on the evening the story commences—hence the reason of his venturing forth so far in such an extremely inclement state of the weather.

To return, after this explanation, to the

parlor where the parties were left sitting, it may be imagined that by this time all except the two whose arrangements imperatively demanded them to hold a conversation in private, had retired for the night, not, however, without sundry remarks on the part of Miss Julia, questioning the prudence of her future brother-in-law's coming out on such an inclement evening, and evincing an ignorance of the state of his feelings much greater than was her actual condition. The private conversation entered into between the young gentleman and lady, it does not comport with the structure of this narrative to present verbatim as it actually occurred, in the form of a dialogue; nor is it necessary to narrate too faithfully scenes which are every day occurring in actual life, and which all intelligent readers can readily fancy for themselves; no! let us not seek

"To draw our frailties from their dread abode,"

and harrow up the feelings of less fortunate individuals with tantalizing visions of ideal bliss! Let it suffice to give the result, which was, that Miss Catherine Buckwheat promised to become within a fortnight Mrs. Catherine Bacon, should nothing unforeseen occur in the interim to render a postponement of the ceremony unavoidable.

The wheels of time rolled rapidly round during the ensuing two weeks, and brought at length to the happy pair the day which all true lovers who have been favored by the accomplishment of their wishes, have ever regarded with the eye of retrospection as the most joyful occasion of their lives. The parties were legally contracted, according to the laws of the State; and in the merry-making which was commenced and prolonged after the departure of the officiating minister, Miss Julia displayed such a degree of hilarity as proved irresistibly attractive to another young gentleman, resident in the vicinity, who led her to the hymeneal altar some time in the course of the following year.

The two young ladies are now blooming matrons, and one of them, Mrs. Bacon, is the mother of two children, the youngest, an infant, considered such a prodigy of health and intellectual precocity that the authors of his being would probably listen without surprise to an offer to negotiate for

his purchase by Mr. P. T. Barnum, proprietor of the American Museum. Harry Bacon is following in the footsteps of his father and father-in-law, and continues by strict attention to business, to rise in the esteem and confidence of all having transactions in his line. He is not an ardent politician, but votes uniformly the regular Whig ticket, and begins already to be spoken of as a candidate for the Assembly; he pertinaciously avoids the cunning schemes and intrigues of miserable, reckless, unprincipled, partisan demagogues, but prefers to be regarded by all who have the pleasure of being personally known to him, either politically or otherwise, as an upright, independent, high-minded and honorable man—one of whom his country may be proud, and who is an honor to any party or set of men with whom he is found acting in concert.

"There!" exclaimed Higgins, wiping the perspiration from his classic forehead, "I wonder what the public will say to that! Just fifteen pages MS.—three pages type—is fifteen dollars; and worth the money. I knew I could write a story, and now I *have*. Let the furnishing shops of Maiden Lane rejoice! For what I have done I can do again, and hereafter I will luxuriate in an ocean of linen!"

One of Higgins's peculiarities is an aversion to cotton cloth, which he fancies has an unpleasant electrical effect upon the body; consequently it was but natural that in the first glow of composition, when all writers flatter themselves that they are successful, he should remember a comfort to which he had long aspired with but a faint hope of ever attaining it.

After a moment of indulgence in this pleasing illusion, which Higgins is too well broken in to give way to long, he again took his pen and set himself to the labor of correction and punctuation. In the heat of writing he seldom makes any stops but periods; often he leaves out words and phrases, and of late years he not unfrequently writes an entirely different word from the one his mind intends—a phenomenon for which it has puzzled him exceedingly to account, unless it be that while the reflective faculties are busy with what

is to follow, the mechanical part of the mind, or that which is under the control of habit, is left without the superintendence of reason; hence there is just enough perception to see that a word is wanted, and to supply the want, *this being all that is required of that set of faculties*. In other words, the mind in its labor has a tendency to divide itself into stops like those of an organ, and thus, while the diapason of the great organ is pealing forth a grand solo, it is accompanied by hundreds of pipes in the swell, to complete the harmony: if now the player be so intent upon his diapasons as to let the harmony fall from his mind, we shall have strange suspensions and anticipations (worse than those of modern composers) in the little organ—analogue to the intending one word while the hand writes quite another.

As Higgins turned back to the bold commencement of his story, he was even more satisfied with his work than he had been before. He looked upon it and mentally pronounced it "good." Whether he contemplated the plot, the moral bearing, or the style, it seemed every way admirable.

In structure, what could more perfectly resemble a Greek tragedy? Here were no perplexing incidents, none of those thrilling occurrences that draw so severely on the vital energy. There was no scene, like those in some recent novels, intended to recall the sensation one feels who dreams that he is hanging by his fingers' ends to the eaves of a four-story house and no feather-beds underneath! Yet the storm scene was boldly drawn; the colors seemed to be laid on with a master hand, and he felt confident would be thought "strikingly effective." And from that opening to the conclusion, with what rapidity did the action hurry to the denouement! "The course of true love never did run smooth,"—ordinarily through obstacles and interruptions, but here its only roughness was the joyful raging of a headlong torrent.

Headlong, but not rash, for the love is evidently based on prudence, and the marriage meets the entire approbation of the natural guardians of the fortunate lovers. Herein (he thought) consider the moral effect of the tale. How much more for the happiness of mankind would it be if all young persons would imitate the

example of these two, and fall in love with each other in the best manner for their pecuniary interest, and so as to gratify the wishes of their legal protectors. What a paradise would this world be if the young would but couple themselves off in every instance so as to please the old! When Higgins reflected thus, he felt sure of the success of his tale. It opened a new field. Hitherto stories had been written to conform to the narrow views of youth; here was one for the aged and wise, for elderly ladies, old-woman courting divines, and fathers of families. Everything went on rollers. Buckwheat and Bacon came together as naturally as they ever did at a breakfast table, and eggs with them of course. Alas, how must the Reverend Doctor BAGOWIND, or any other Circassian parent, regret that it is not always so in real life! How must they love to cherish and encourage a writer who could so well present their views of social perfection!

And the style also—if here was not an eloquence adapted to the nature of the subject, then Higgins felt he would like to know what could be. How sustained, full, harmonious, increasing in fervor as the interest heightens; and at last rolling forth with all the sonorousness, ponderosity, and *novelty* of expression characterizing a tremendous political leader! The man who could command such a style as that, Higgins was sure, would be deemed by the unanimous voice of the respectable public, an individual to make sinners tremble. They would delight to honor him. They would elevate him to some station where he might have enlarged means of usefulness, and greater ability to advocate the Sacredness of Labor, and the claims of suffering Humanity—to say nothing of fine linen, a luxury unknown to some of our apostles of Ignorance. In short, commanding such a style, he felt confident the public would admit his competency to write the

LEADING EDITORIALS

in any Whig newspaper in this commercial metropolis. No wonder he felt joyful; he no longer need suffer anxiety in seeking opportunity to earn his daily bread.

The study of Foreign Correspondence is an admirable school for style, and, if one had the time to devote to it, no doubt it would be found extremely profitable. For

instance, take an extract from a morning paper :—

"It will be recollected that for some weeks past, the momentous question of extinguishing both existing bodies, and of erecting from their materials a thorough national brotherhood, under the designation of the 'Irish League,' had occupied the attentive consideration of the leaders on both sides, such proposed 'League' to embrace within its comprehensive compass *all* parties desirous of achieving a national independence: and the arguments, as well for a universal reconciliation, as for a more combined direction of national arms, had so far proceeded that a programme or sketch of the proposed terms had been prepared, and so far as the preliminaries had been disclosed, they have a fair token of a satisfactory effectuation. This synopsis of the future mode of action, has especial regard to relative prejudices and scruples, but reserves the unquestionable right of an appeal to arms should the pacific intentions of the proposed body, and the acts of the council of Three Hundred, be obstructed by force on the part of the Government; and it was further required by the Confederation, that pending the election of the Council, the people should be organized and armed, as auxiliary to the enforcement of its decrees, and for the purpose of effectually resisting its certain proscription by the Lord Lieutenant."

My friend Smith says this affects him like hearing the air of Yankee Doodle played upon an ophiclide, or seeing the car of Tom Thumb drawn by a weak-kneed elephant. For my own part, I confess my inability to appreciate all the forms of art; my nerves are not strong enough to sustain great operation, and I do not willingly approach such ponderous masses of language. Higgins would probably have considered this a model extract.

For he went on with unstinted admiration, pointing and perfecting his work, till he came to the last page, when he was surprised to hear a little Ha-ha! close at his ear. Lifting his green eye-shade, what should he see but his fairy friend, leaning with one leg over the other, on the corner of his inkstand, and holding his sides with his hands as if to keep from bursting with mirth. Higgins, with all his respect for his Princship, felt that there was something annoying in having his reverie broken by such unseasonable jollity, and drew back, as much as to say, "What do you mean by this?"

The Prince waved his hand depreca-

tingly, and as soon as he could speak—"I beg your pardon," said he, "Higgins, you must excuse me, but really, it was so droll. Now don't be offended, my dear fellow, don't indeed. I will make amends for my rudeness if you will not."

The brilliant in his cap gleamed as he spoke like the Cuba lantern fly, and Higgins saw the gilt-leaved Shakspeare sticking out of the side-pocket of his doublet.

"Offended!" said Higgins, "by no means. I am but too glad your Highness has allowed me to pay my respects to you again: only your coming was rather unexpected, and—in short—happening just at that moment, I fancied you might be laughing at my writing."

"So I was," said Prince Hobok, with truly royal frankness; "how could I help it? you intended it to be funny, did you not?"

"Will your Highness be so good as to show me wherein the wit consists?" asked Timothy, a little piqued. "I flattered myself that I had written an interesting domestic tale, cheerful in character, it is true, but not laughable. The incidents are certainly pleasing, and, for the style, I have imitated, nay, daguerreotyped, a kind of writing which must be popular with the public, since they require so much of it."

"That is the very thing," replied Hobok. "I see nothing funny in your incidents, such as they are. There might have been more of them, but then your piece is not long. It is your notion of narrating them in such a way, that makes the whole seem to me so ludicrous. You appear to think that if you can only keep up a certain pompous oscillation of your sentences, it is no matter whether there be anything in them or not."

"This will do very well, Higgins, for newspaper articles, foreign letters, political addresses, resolutions, and such stuff; in those things, words do not seem to have any distinct individual force; people read them in clauses, and with indefinite ideas; they are intended to affect more by sound than by sense. Hence the first rule in such writing is to keep up the swing; to accomplish this, the second is to never say anything directly, but always wrapped in periphrasis. Impress on your mind that you have paper enough, and ink and quills

enough; if you can imagine so many columns to fill; more or less, it is, as I need not inform a Foreign Correspondent, a great assistance. But the chief secret is, *keep up your dignity*. Place yourself in the attitude of a superior intelligence, and speak condescendingly; image the whole Power of the Press embodied in yourself; behold mighty ones shrinking beneath your majestic periods; think you see oceans of heads, nodding approval, or cringing awe beneath your avalanchine paragraphs. Then you will do it.

"But, Higgins, (continued the miniature critic,) I doubt whether such a style be so popular as you imagine. Newspapers among you depend but a little for their success upon good writing. Hence they require less literary ability than business tact. I rather suspect that unless you have extensive machinery for forcing your stories upon the public, and an unlimited power of production, you will not find it for your profit to make the journalist style your model. You will pardon my frankness, Higgins, but really, I think you would do better by taking almost any other."

Timothy was a good deal chagrined to find his dream vanishing, but he is accustomed to disappointment, and he could not but feel that there was truth in all this, which was better known soon than too late.

"But what am I to do?" said he; "must I write correspondence to the end of my days, and never know the luxury of linen? I have a terribly active fancy. The gates of business are shut against me. Must I turn hack writer, and sell my soul (under favor) to the devil? Not while there are oysters to be opened! Not while I have fingers and can steal!"

"No danger of your coming to that," said the fairy Prince, smiling at his perplexity. "Be resolute, and read your Shakespeare. When you write, never assume any style but that which is born of sincerity. Leave the affectations to those that pawn truth before all other goods, to procure surplus capital. Go on easily, in the path of common sense. Do not be sentimental. Study your art, and avoid philosophy, which is art turned wrong side out. Permit those who cannot manage you to call you ill-tempered, without letting it make you so. It is the first instinct of lit-

tleness to prey upon the nerves of those who are forced to live a large life. Above all things, eat well and pay the scot.

"He who, in your profession, follows these precepts, may reasonably expect, the common lot of your coarse-grained, shackly human constitution permitting, to enjoy some years of linen before the shroud.

"Meanwhile, Higgins, to put care out of your mind, and reward you for your patience in listening to this advice, what say you for a frolic?"

"*Semper paratus!*" exclaimed our friend, who is worthy to be companion of a prince, inasmuch as he is a prince of good fellows; "it jumps with my humor; I'm tired of this writing, and all that concerns it. But what shall we do? You are not Goliath. Shall I carry you on the brim of my hat to see the Opera House? You have nothing more delightful, I dare say, in your own dominions."

"Would you like to see?" said the Prince. "There is a *fête* to-night, given by the Lord of Tillietudlem, to celebrate the marriage of his son with a mountain fairy from the Highlands of Paterson. I am privileged to invite a guest. Shakspeare has made me a lover of humanity, and I have studied the secret arts of transformation."

"Is there no risk in it?" asked Higgins.

"Not the least. Only you must be careful about our young ladies; they—"

"Nay, if that is all, never fear me; I am ice—granite—adamant!"

"Well, then," said Hobok, "bolt your door, blow out your light, and compose your mountain of a head on your elbows, so that it may rest easy while you are gone, and we'll be off in a twinkling."

Higgins did so, and then Hobok standing on the top of the inkstand, reached up and cried in a loud voice in his ear:—

"*Boskos thromuldo,
Boskos taurado,
Kerelybonto!*"

In a moment Higgins found himself transformed into a fairy gentleman, making his obeisance to the Prince, on the cover of his Ainsworth's Dictionary. He too had wings, and a gem in his cap, not as brilliant as the other, but very bright; together they made the room quite light, and Higgins jumped down from the dictionary and walked round his own head, dealing

several heavy blows at his nose (now snoring tremendously) without producing the slightest effect—much to the Prince's amusement.

"But come," said he, presently, "try your wings, Egino; we must be off."

Higgins leaped boldly from the table, and alighted on the carpet. Again spreading his tiny pinions, with a very slight exertion of his dorsal and pectoral muscles, he found himself upon the table. He then made several short excursions round the apartment; hovered for an instant, like a humming-bird, before the dial of his watch, and saw that it was almost eleven o'clock; darted up and down, and to and fro, until he felt sure of his powers, and could have leaped off Table Rock as indifferently as a lady steps from a carriage. Then the Prince taking him by the hand, the two sailed swiftly from the open window, and flew up Broadway.

The Prince judged it best, on account of Higgins's inexperience in volitation, to take the course of the telegraph wires in crossing the river, in order that, if need were, they might halt and rest themselves. The distance was nothing; for fairies, we know, fly faster than rifle bullets.

They found the wires crowded with others who had taken the same precaution, hundreds and hundreds, many of whom recognized the Prince's brilliant, and saluted him by placing the backs of their hands to their foreheads. Higgins got on without the least fatigue; but the event still showed the Prince's judgment, for, when they were little more than half over, a nighthawk made a plunge very near them, which terrible noise so frightened Higgins that they were obliged to cling for a few moments to the wire before he could recover his nerve.

With all this interruption, however, it was not probably five minutes after leaving the chamber before they stood at the entrance of a grotto in the hilly ledge above Tillietudlem.

"Here we are," said the Prince, "safe and sound. I trembled a little for you when that swarm of gnats came so near us, and was half minded to send for Zakra, my minister of war; but I held my hand over my cap, and they did not see us. Otherwise we should have had fifty thousand of them pitching against our

foreheads, and should never have got through the crowd till after dewfall."

While he said this, they had passed within the rock, through a dark rift which gradually opened into an imbowered walk, that in turn, as they went on, opened into numerous others, and finally into wide lawns and spaces where were fountains and arbors, and thickets of roses. Myriads of dainty creatures thronged these beautiful gardens, and walked, and chatted, and flitted gracefully to and fro; some dancing to the music of diminutive harps; some sitting apart and whispering softly in the cups of water-lilies; some reading alone, or in groups, from poets known to scholars—from him that dreamed beneath "the medlar tree," down to some whose living voices Higgins has heard, as well as I, and hopes to hear again.

All among the trees and flowering shrubs, moved innumerable lights, differing in brilliance, but whose splendor gave infinite variety to the scene. For wherever were gathered thick groups and beves of spirits, there it was very light; while in other places the presence of one or two threw only a richness upon the dark green foliage.

As they went on, the numbers that surrounded them increased, and the light became brighter than that of day. The walks were in some places quite thronged; but the Prince seemed universally known, and the revellers everywhere made way for him with gestures of respect, which he graciously acknowledged by waving his hand. Presently they came in sight of the royal palace, and could see its spires and roof blazing with light, which proceeded from seventeen great vases of fire arranged along its front. Ascending a slight rise in the pathway, they beheld its grand façade of columns and porticos, and a noble sight it was. The columns were Persian, twisted and fluted, and they had Corinthian capitals, and architraves of garlands of flowers, and friezes of bas reliefs; and they were composed of porphyry and jasper; and the garlands and bas reliefs were colored like nature. The walls of the palace were of white marble, and it was surmounted by many fantastic domes.

As they drew near, they saw in front of the palace a great throne erected, whereon the Lord of Tillietudlem was seated, sup-

ported on either side by the beauty and chivalry of his court. And there was the bride—O Higgins, beware! Never before was it permitted mortal to behold so ravishing a spectacle. Thousands and thousands of slender-waisted sprites, fanning themselves with their golden wings, in an air of roses, and talking at a rate we, who have only heard ladies after champagne in supper-rooms, can but faintly imagine.

The Prince would have gone and mingled with the nobility around the throne, but Higgins's courage failed him; he was afraid some of those bright eyes would soon ascertain that he carried still a mortal heart, and he should thus bring disgrace on his generous introducer. So they mingled with the crowd, who were gathered to see the show.

For it is the custom with the race of Tillitudlem to celebrate the marriage of any of the royal family with all sorts of pomp and ceremonies, and there was now to be a grand tournament, in which the bravest champions of the realm were to display their prowess. Accordingly, a great space was cleared before the throne for the lists; and, when all was ready, Grayfly, the herald, wound his horn to call the knights into the field. Then came the most extraordinary troop that was ever seen, the warriors being mounted principally on grasshoppers, their squires on blue-bottles, and the pages and retinue on butterflies and moths. Some, however, had trained more formidable creatures to bear them.

The games opened by tilts with blunt lances, by knights in green and gold, mounted on the common meadow grasshopper. The shock of their encounter was tremendous, and instantly unseated many of the riders. After them came bolder knights on large gray grasshoppers, caught from sandy roadsides.

Higgins grew abstracted with the show, and the Prince left him, while this was going on, without his observing it.

Next rode into the lists a knight clad in silver armor, with his visor down. He was mounted on a sprightly black cricket, whom he leaped and curveted around the lists with exquisite courage and gracefulness. Halting at length before the throne, he threw down his glove, and offered bat-

tle with sharp lances to all comers. For a while, the boldness of the challenge occasioned a silence, and in the meantime the knight's squire, who rode a queer long-legged, spindle-shanked green grasshopper, with antennæ to correspond, which he was perpetually flourishing here and there, threw the whole assembly into shouts of laughter by his extraordinary leaps and summersets; sometimes steed and rider precipitating themselves from one end of the lists to the other, without any apparent object, tumbling heels over head at the end, and instantly recovering themselves as gravely as though nothing had happened.

But presently a strong warrior, twice the weight of the silver knight, and mounted on a huge horned beetle, lifted the glove and offered battle. The disproportion was so great there was an universal wish that the silver knight might withdraw his challenge. But, though by the law of the lists he might have done so, to the surprise of all, he leaped to his place, and set his lance in rest. The heralds sounded and the combatants met in mid-air with a furious shock. The silver knight's lance shivered against the horny covering of the head of his adversary's steed, while he himself would have been unseated, had not the weapon of the other glanced from his breast. Resuming fresh arms they again met in full career. But this time the silver knight succeeded in dextrously turning his opponent's flank, (whose insect, though of great momentum, and irresistible in direct power, was not easy to rein,) and as he passed under the left, he contrived to give the huge beetle a thrust under the wing, where his armor was weakest, that brought him at once to the ground. Loud *viras* greeted the victor, who advanced to the foot of the throne, where his grotesque squire relieved him of his helmet, and to Higgins's great astonishment, revealed the features of Prince Hobok, who till now he thought had been standing by his side. When the multitude became aware who it was, the acclamations were louder than ever, but Higgins could see the Prince still bowing and conversing among the ladies of the royal cortege, like one accustomed to the homage due to rank and noble qualities. Soon, however, he observed him gazing where

he stood, and directing thither the attention of a group of glittering damsels.

Higgins grew uncomfortable. He was ever reserved in the presence of many, though with no listeners he could have wooed Semiramis. What was to be done? Concealing himself was out of the question. There was no shift but to face it out.

As he expected, it was not long before a page came to conduct him to the royal presence. Now he was in for it indeed. His nervous agitation grew intolerable, and probably would have quite overpowered him, had he not been spared by a most astonishing catastrophe. Just as he placed his foot upon the stairs that led up

to the throne, there was an awful explosion, louder than thunder, in the midst of the palace, and all vanished in hurlyburly!

Imagine our friend's astonishment, when on recovering his perceptions, he found himself still sitting in the *Café Français*. He must have been asleep some time, for the two billiard players had finished their games, and the old gentleman his paper, and departed. A new customer had come in who was now drinking soda from a bottle that had just been opened. Higgins reflected a moment, and concluded that it must be near tea-time, and that he would do well to go to his boarding-house, which he accordingly did. G. W. P.

FREE SOIL POLICY.

A DISPOSITION prevails in certain sections of the Whig party, to sink all other considerations in order to support the one great measure of opposing the extension of domestic slavery to the territories newly acquired to our nation. Whatever may be the justice or policy of the ultimate measures proposed, however pure may be the intentions of those who propose to sink or swim by them, there are considerations, which if consistency is valued, should not be overlooked or lightly esteemed.

We conceive that the course proposed, by which a candidate will be put before the people professedly of the *one-idea* school of David Wilmot, is a desertion of principles and professions eminently dangerous in its tendency, while promising no aid to the accomplishment of the designs supposed to justify it.

The last consideration we purpose briefly to consider.

It will be readily admitted that sacrifices, even great sacrifices, are to be made in order to secure the election of a free soil President. Some go so far as to propose

the support of a thorough Democrat by Whig votes, if he only profess the *ONE IDEA* in its purity. We must then suppose that the election of a President entertaining those opinions will either secure their universal reception, or at least place them in a position ultimately to triumph. Unless such a deduction is established, the reasoning men of the country will not subscribe to that party or its measures. We are prepared to prove by cogent reasoning, that such an expectation is fallacious; that a free soil President can do nothing in aid of the principles he represents. We are also prepared to prove that the interests of free labor are not concerned in either the election or the defeat of the Whig candidate.

If the extension of domestic slavery to the territories is to be successfully opposed, it must constitutionally be done through some other authority than that of the executive. We say *constitutionally opposed*—for we have seen in the examples afforded by President Jackson and his dwindling successors, that in the misuse of the executive functions, there springs up

an illegitimate influence equal to the work of perverting the national councils and corrupting the national morals. To this influence Whigs professing respect for principle are forbidden to resort. We would blush to confess ourselves willing to employ unconstitutional means to accomplish even the most laudable and necessary results.

The eagerness with which parties at the present day are wont to grasp at the presidency as the embodiment of power and influence in this democratic republic, renders an examination of the constitutional character of the executive authority of the first importance. It may result with the permission of candor and good sense in turning the eyes of statesmen to that branch of the government which is its great democratic feature, and in directing the hopes of patriots to a source of power constitutionally able to fulfil their expectations. This inquiry may appear useless to those popular-will worshippers who consider usurped authority, and even despotic force, legitimate means, so that they be used in concert with the *vox populi*. But those who value right and reason, will appreciate their force as well as the necessity of their frequent reiteration.

The peculiarity of our Constitution is, that it lodges the whole body of legislative power in the national legislature, composed of the immediate representatives of the people. Within the bounds prescribed by the Constitution, there is no power but theirs. They are the head of the nation—its will—in respect to which the other organic functions of the government are mere mechanical agencies travelling within the circuit of the Constitution, doing what the hands in subjection to the will find to do.

By this feature our Constitution is distinguished from the monarchies and despotisms which have usurped the rights of the people. If we have advanced one step beyond the maxims of absolutism, it is in stripping the executive of all authority to force the will of the many to succumb to the will of an individual.

We are not always careful to distinguish the English Constitution from our own in this respect. The strong points of resemblance in the two systems are apt to lead to the conclusion that there are no essential differences between them; a mistake

by no means unnatural, though tending to lead us astray from the rule of the Constitution.

The individual interests of royalty require that the embryo of legislation should be hatched under the royal care. That which is to become legislative policy, must first become ministerial policy. The influence of the crown moulding public measures at the outset is as obviously necessary to preserve the peculiar interests of monarchy as it is certainly directed towards strengthening the power and influence of the crown and aristocracy. We have no unnatural institutions disturbing the equilibrium of complete political equality, and therefore we need no such feature in our Constitution. We have no desire to create such inequalities, and therefore avoid an institution tending to such a result. Political equality enables to enjoy the blessings of untrammelled legislation.

But granting that no evils would result from intrusting our Executive with the same influence upon legislation that is conceded to the crown and ministry, its constitutional character is such that similar powers could not be exercised. The President is indeed surrounded by a cabinet in many respects analogous to the ministry, but unlike the ministry they have no direct communication with the legislature, through which their influence on legislation could be exerted. This direct communication is the lever by which the crown moves Parliament.

The absurdity of such a communication between the President and Congress is too apparent to need comment. Our judicious Constitution, for the wisest reasons, studiously avoided an institution at war with the democratic principles upon which our government stands.

The early constitution of the State of New York, while it remained a colonial possession of Great Britain, received from the model of the mother country the idea of a ministry in the council that surrounded and aided the governors. While we remained a colony, the pliancy of the council in the hands of the colonial governors and the home government, satisfied the expectations of its European projectors; but as the democratic element became more perfectly developed, the council became merged in the senate, stripping the gov-

error of everything except his strictly executive functions.

It is impossible by any construction of the Constitution to concede to the President the right to interfere in the ferments and discussions that precede the final action of the Legislature, preparatory to submitting acts of legislation to him for his constitutional sanction. Such a construction has not yet been, and, probably, never will be attempted; but, unless it is successfully accomplished, the position we have assumed is unimpeachable.

It may be urged that the Constitution, in assigning to the President the duty of presenting to Congress at its opening a statement of the condition of the country, and of submitting to their consideration measures suitable for legislation, intended to place him in communication with Congress, and to give him weight in their deliberations; but the argument will be found upon examination to be fallacious.

The President, from his elevated position overlooking the interests of the whole nation, is supposed to acquire much information suitable to inform the deliberations of Congress. Whether the supposition is correct, and whether the President in reality possesses a clearer insight into the state of the country than the prominent political men who compose the Legislature, may be questioned; but the provision is harmless, and the whole system would appear incomplete without it. With the simple suggestion ends the legitimate duty of the President. The Legislature would justly be impatient of receiving advice from even so respectable a source; much less would submit to dictation.

The Executive veto cannot be urged as an objection to this position, as to the right of the Executive to interfere with legislation. The President cannot make a law nor fashion one already made. For the wisest ends he is intrusted with the power of opposing a temporary clog to legislation, which becomes powerless if a sufficient proportion of the Legislature choose to overlook his objections.

This authority can only be exercised under the Constitution in three cases: when an act of legislation is in violation of the Constitution; when it tends to disturb the equilibrium of the organic functions of the government; and when it has

been procured by corruption. Differences of opinion exist in relation to this subject, which we will not undertake to reconcile at this time; but we assume with abundant reason that in this limitation of the veto to the enumerated cases the great body of the Whigs and most intelligent Democrats will agree.

We will in vain look for illustrations of this distinction to the practices of the last Presidents; but if we look back to the times of the early Presidents, who yielded respect for the Constitution to no behests of party policy, or individual ambition, we shall find these principles operating in their purity.

If we have established that the interference of the Executive with legislation is inconsistent with the prerogatives of Congress, it is no less apparent that such an assumption of power is inconsistent with the position and duties assigned to him by the Constitution.

The Executive, in order to fulfil the expectations of the Constitution, must hold himself aloof from all sectional partialities, and one-idea partisanship. That degree of confidence in him which is necessary to the harmonious conduct of public affairs, can only be drawn forth from every section of the country, by strict impartiality in the administration of government. In order to secure permanence and efficiency to the government, the best understanding must exist between the Executive and every section of the country. Our peculiar Constitution renders it of the utmost importance that he should avoid incurring the distrust or resentment of any State or section of the Union. Composed as the federal Union is of free sovereign States, held together by a sense of mutual dependence and interest, watchful and distrustful of the sovereignty they have voluntarily erected over themselves, the confidence of all should be sedulously cultivated rather than impaired. By this means the natural jealousy which must exist between the superior and the subordinate sovereignties may be held in check, and made a source of the greatest benefit, instead of danger to the Union.

Shall attention to these facts secure the harmony of the national family, or shall their neglect be suffered to foment disagreement and end in dissolution?

The Executive is in great measure responsible for the feeling which prevails toward the general Government. The Legislature is in session during a portion only of the year; it is then dissolved, and its members are returned to mingle with the people in the ordinary avocations of life. Its political acts survive its official dissolution, and live in the policy of government. The Executive, on the contrary, throughout the whole of his official career, is identified with the government. In his hands the wheels of government are kept in motion, after the power which originated their motion has for all substantial purposes ceased to exist. He gives vital power to their abstract determinations. Through him the policy of the government is felt in its application to persons and property. Consequently he can by just and impartial administration soothe the irritation excited by an unpopular law, or throw the country into discontent with the wisest legislation by the misuse of his powers.

In this view of the position of the Executive, it is apparent that distrust of the man must reflect odium upon the government administered by him. If the President is known to have strong local attachments, we look for discrimination in application of the laws favoring the objects of his affection. If he entertains strong resentments, the eye is turned to the quarter lying within the ban of his displeasure, to see the visitations of his resentment in the form of onerous discriminations and unfavorable constructions.

The President has within his actual, though not his constitutional power, the ability to favor particular States or local interests, in the application, or rather misapplication, of the laws. If he entertains partialities strong enough to corrupt his integrity, he has the means of gratifying them. If he is influenced by prejudice, or dislike, he finds frequent opportunities of indulging them. As an instance of this kind, we may point to the comparatively recent exhibition of Executive recklessness, which forced the necessities of western navigation to yield to the conveniences of more favored portions of the country. Instances of this kind are so abundant, and fresh in the minds of our readers, that further particularity is unnecessary.

We are glad to forbear pressing this

topic, for we are inclined rather to exalt the office by remembering the dignity it attained under the first Presidents, than to demean it by recalling the littlenesses which have soiled it in the hands of their degenerate successors.

Let it be borne in mind, that the Union can only be maintained by constantly bringing government back to the purity of the Constitution. Occasional departures may not produce its overthrow, but if they are suffered to widen and deepen without correction, the point of safety will be passed much sooner than is generally supposed. Agitations have arisen at different periods of our national existence, both at the North and at the South, produced by no grievances justifying their severity, yet evincing the startling fact that the Union is unsafe from the moment an impression arises, that the course of government is hostile to any section of the country. We will not help to write the darkest part of our history, but leave it to the recollection of the well-informed, to point to those instances of dissatisfaction to which we refer.

In view of these facts, it is fearful to observe sections of country having interests at variance with their neighbors striving to elect a representative of their individual opinions. This effort is the more dangerous, as passions aroused in such contests spread their infection to the breasts of the most patriotic citizens, and deepen the breach with a rapidity soon placing the malady beyond the power of remedy.

We may again turn for instruction to the English Constitution, where this danger is skilfully avoided. The King is professedly of no party. He surrounds himself by ministers representing the predominating policy. With changes of policy, the ministry rise and fall—one day centering in themselves the hopes of the country, the next borne down by the weight of popular displeasure. The King only remains unchangeable—the father of his country—attached to no party, bound by no pledges. Such at least is the impression which that Constitution aims to create. Accordingly those political overthrows which in the most conservative of the enlightened nations so often overtake the ministry, prostrating it under a weight of odium, do not reach the authority or the influence of the crown. Were the King identified with par-

ticular public measures, as it is claimed our Presidents should be, such overthrows would endanger not only the efficiency of the executive head, but its very existence.

This distinction has not been attended to in the Constitution recently emanated from the French National Assembly, and we may yet see the truth of these observations verified in the history of that unfortunate Republic.

It follows from these considerations, that the continuance of constitutional authority in the executive department is deeply interested in the separation of the Executive from all sectional and all violent political agitations.

We are now prepared to examine the principles and policy of this one-idea party.

It proposes to support and possibly to elect to the Presidency a man committed to certain opinions and pledged to certain measures hostile to the extension of slavery beyond its present limits. But he must and will be more than this, if he represents the feeling of his party. He will be the champion of free labor and the sworn enemy of slave labor in every form. We do not say that he would violate the guarantees of the Constitution to the South—we do not think he would; but he will be recognized both at the North and at the South as opposed to domestic slavery in every form. To draw any other conclusion is mere idling.

Thus it is proposed to hurry the Executive into a partisan warfare, which must inevitably place him at war with either the North or the South, in reference to a question which has always been the most exciting, and which seems destined to try the strength of our institutions and our patriotism. It matters not whether Northern or Southern influence predominates, the effect will be equally deplorable in distracting and dividing the nation, and shattering the bond of confidence that holds us in unity. What would be the consequence if a pro-slavery party should fill the public offices at the North with men devoted to the triumph of their opinions? What would result from an attempt to appoint anti-slavery office-holders throughout the South? Let the country reflect upon this. But if a President is elected by either of those parties, such a result, however deplorable, must follow.

We will not pursue this theme, but leave to the candor and discernment of well-meaning men of all parties the task of tracing these tendencies to their end.

But what are the great ends to be attained by thus running the Republic in hazard of dissolution, sufficiently important to justify that great risk? They would be among the following:—

To secure legislation on the subject from impediment, from the misuse of the veto.

To secure a presidential recommendation.

To secure the indirect influence of the Executive—its patronage, and the like.

This is the sum of all the means which the Executive can bring to the aid of the one idea. From the veto all that can be asked is, that it shall not intercept legislative action in regard to the extension or recognition of slavery in the territories. So far as that legislative action is protected by the Constitution, Gen. Taylor promises all that could be asked of any candidate, even were he to represent the free soil party itself. His pledges to this point are explicit; he will confine the veto to its legitimate use.

In reply to this it will be said that Gen. Taylor's views, in relation to the constitutionality of the measures proposed, are not known. It may be, say the objectors, that he will take different views of the subject from those we entertain. Upon this doubt hangs the only argument which can be used to sustain the free soil movement.

Let us state the point fairly. A man must be elected who is known to conform to the opinions we entertain of the means which can be constitutionally employed to prevent the further extension of slavery. He must be pledged to pronounce certain measures constitutional, which are not even so definitely proposed that it is possible to judge of their conformity to the Constitution. In fine, he must in every case put free soil, one-idea construction on the Constitution, taking good care to destroy every measure of legislation injuriously affecting the progress of free soil opinions.

But should the President be found compliant, there is still another tribunal which may negative the force of the desired legislation: must that tribunal also be packed with men of your opinions? The honest voice of the nation would cry out against any attempt to forestall a decision of the

Supreme Court by securing the appointment of judges entertaining certain opinions. But why that may be done with the President, who, as it regards the veto, is but a preventive instead of a retributive tribunal, we cannot perceive.

We hesitate not to pronounce such a course dangerous in the extreme to the security of liberty and property, destructive of independence and impartiality in the executive decisions, and injurious to public morals. It is but another attempt of radical democracy to grasp at independent opinion, and prostrate it before the will of the majority. It is plainly better that legislation should be temporarily interrupted than that a precedent should be established capable of being used for the most violent ends. The use of such means belongs to a temporizing policy incapable of appreciating the value of what is magnanimous.

In order to excuse the use of such means as an extreme remedy suited to a desperate disease, it devolves on the one-idea party to show that either their principles or their measures are in danger from abuse of the veto by Gen. Taylor. This is impossible. The most that is pretended is, that no assurances of friendly sympathy have been given them by the nominee of the Whig party. As for a hint of an opinion to the contrary, the thing is not pretended.

Can there be any, it will be asked, who profess to be willing to use any influence of the Executive unauthorized by the Constitution? There are such, and they are by far the most difficult to contend with, as they obstinately persist in drawing their arguments from what they are pleased to call practical views. These are the *practical men* of the one-idea party, (if the paradox is pardonable.) They profess contempt for such metaphysical abstractions as those which are honored by our Constitution as profound truths. They regard nothing but immediate and practical results, losing sight of remote though certain consequences. Let these men be the mouth-piece of the party.

"The President," say they, "has an indirect influence, not conferred by the Constitution, but acquired through certain extrinsic channels, too effective to be neglected. We have seen," they continue,

"that the Executive can plunge the nation into war or restore it to the blessings of peace as suits his caprice; let that same power be exerted in behalf of universal liberty, and its triumph is secure."

But has not that very assumption of power been the theme of your just reproach? Then will you use means which you condemn in an adversary as destructive of liberty and subversive to the Constitution in the prosecution of your own plans? To confess this is to confess to yourselves a deeper reproach than they can be charged with; for they employ means which they maintain to be constitutional,—you employ those very means admitting their dishonesty.

Though disguised under specious names, or what is worse, under no name at all, the instruments they unblushingly propose to use are the influence of Washington—the support of official patronage—the power of the lobby.

Corruption is the source of the influence they covet. Corruption, therefore, they invoke to the aid of humanity. But humanity scorns the offering and the hypocritical worshipper. It is impossible to trace that which we have designated as the indirect influence of the Executive, when it exhibits more than a natural sympathy in principle and in pursuit with the party to which he owes his elevation, to any other source than to the misuse of his official powers. The President should agree with the party by which he is supported as to the principles upon which government should be conducted. It is true that from his position in public life he must have formed opinions on all the great subjects of general and sectional interest. If he has not great strength of mind he may find himself at times attracted too strongly by his partialities, or repelled by his aversions. Human nature is not exempt from such weaknesses; but they afford no apology to those who would convert an inconsiderable bias into a sworn partisanship.

We hear it admitted on all sides that the power of the Executive has been stretched beyond the limits of the Constitution. It has even been charged as a reproach that our President is more powerful than the King of Great Britain. That no such power was intended to be

given by the Constitution, we have the authority as well as the unanswerable arguments of one of the strongest supporters of an efficient Executive, General Hamilton. Suffering, as at this moment we are, from the autocratic assumptions of a professedly democratic President, the Constitution calls loudly for the correction of this dangerous and growing evil.

The present time appears opportune for this purpose. The Whig party have nominated a man who makes one pledge, the only pledge a President should make—the only pledge Washington would make—to administer the government according to the Constitution; an avowed supporter of the views entertained by the early Presidents of that instrument. Under the circumstances how can Whigs desert their principles and their organization in order to carry agitations, which ought to be confined to Congress, into the administration of the government?

But should the free soil party consent to use such means, and so far prove successful as to elevate to the presidency some one of the numerous aspirants to office, who are ready to ride into place and power on any wave of popular opinion, they have no right to expect consistency or even common honesty from him. The use of unscrupulous means leads naturally to disregard of right and duty.

Should Mr. Van Buren be elected through

their votes, might he not say to the disinterested friends who procured his election—*Gentlemen, although I owe to you my success, and feel under the greatest obligations to you for your support, yet I have no power to aid your plans, though you have my heartiest wishes for their success.* Judging from the political character of that gentleman, would he not be likely to use such language, at once soothing to the irritated feelings of the South and unanswerable by his friends at the North? Any other result than this would disappoint calculations based upon the history of a political life, reflecting little credit on the consistency of political men.

If there is a single argument in support of the free soil movement, unanswered by us, it must be somewhere involved in the fashionable declaration against Presidents who do not advocate universal liberty. We hear it said with apparent sincerity by men from whom we have a right to expect fair reasons, *we will vote for no man who is not a friend of universal liberty.* If there is any force in this language, independent of all ability in the President to aid or impede the progress of universal liberty, we have yet to learn wherein it consists. When the country is favored with an exposition of the latent meaning of this declaration, it will be time enough to meet its arguments or dispel its sophisms.

LACONICS.

1. THEOPHRASTUS, the inventor of that species of writing which aims with a polite ridicule at the vices of manners, not only delights me with his delineations of Athenian character, but persuades me that men in a Democracy are the same in all ages. I am led by his exemplars to believe, that the bad manners of Democracy spring from insolence, as those of Monarchies do, chiefly, from servility of mind.

2. Vivax is a rich man of talent; a favorite at the Free and Easy. On his second visit to me, he bursts open my door, and coming up, administers me a friendly salutation on my head with a cane. I rise in terror, prepared for a conflict; it is a robber or some furious sot. What an error! it is only a snob.

3. Tigellinus has a rare appreciation of character: if you are courteous with him, he is insolent; if mild, he is cruel; if rude and audacious, he is meek and polite.

4. Pestalozzi lives surrounded by a circle of admiring friends. He nurses a proud superiority. Pestalozzi does not know that the circle of his fame doth not extend so far, that he cannot in an hour travel out of it. What a sad spectacle is this worthy man escaped into the world!

5. Greatness is fond of disguises. It delights to show itself only when the occasion appears. There is a philosophy, dare I call it, arisen of late, which would have us always on the alert, and ready with our heroism. Those who practice this, are easily known by a certain air of subdued conceit; their faces shine with it.

6. "If I dared make a comparison between two very unequal conditions, I would say, that the 'man of character' does his duty, as the slater his slating, without thought of the danger; death to him is an inconvenience of the trade, (*métier*,) and never an obstacle. The first is no more elated with having appeared in the trench, or carried a work, than the other with having mounted a high roof or a pinnacle. They are only two workmen busy with perfect-

ing their work, while the *fanfaron* (coxcomb) works that men may say it is well done."—*La Bruyère*.

7. The time so long desired, so long prayed for, has arrived.

8. No man is my master but he who, without any equivalent, supplies my wants. If any man feeds my stomach or my vanity, he is so far necessary to me, and, if he is wise, can use me to his purposes.

9. The tyrant of tyrants, is that unseen and blameless one, the public. It follows us into the closet, and hurts the sincerity of our prayers.

9. Who are those that criticise the great and good? Let us watch them and see what great matter *they* will produce.

10. Respect thyself? O yes, who would not? But one must love men very dearly to *say* that.

11. The proudest race of men in the world are the negroes of Ashantee, and the half Arabs of Abyssinia. They are excellent heroes by some creeds.

12. There are two kinds of stolidity, of the intellect and of the heart. One assumes the name of magnanimity, the other of respect. One is the vice of the Aristocrat, the other of the Toady. The one is the shadow of the other.

13. A Spanish grandee, it is said, will not go an hundred yards afoot, but must have his horse under him, be the way never so short. So is it with technical authors: they invite a neighbor to dinner with the feeling of a trope; they use grammar and rhetoric where men of business merely speak.

14. Those whom I mean to be most careful not to offend, are the weak, because they cannot easily avenge themselves, and the strong because they can.

15. An utter fool does everything like a fool; but an utter fool is a natural impossibility.

16. Folly appears more in the manner, than in the matter of action; roguery more in the matter than in the manner.

17. There are to be met persons of

figure, and of much outward consequence, to whom your only possible courtesy, is to ask them if they will take another slice of the beef.

18. The characteristic of a Yankee is impudence; of a New-Englander, independence.

19. Mopsa met me in the street yesterday, and stopped to converse, but had nothing ready to say. I am very sorry for Mopsa, and shall be careful not to see her again, if I can do so without offence.

20. Desiderius has inquired this day about my uncle's health, for the three hundred and sixty-fifth time within the year. Either the memory of Desiderius is bad, or he is a foolish fellow.

21. Bombastes honored me to-day with a very deep bow, garnished with a fine smile. I have not said anything of Bombastes, either good or bad, to any mortal; I have not even thought of him this month. My reputation is rising.

22. Seeing all men rude, thought I, why not I also! So saying, I nodded familiarly to the venerable Eugenius. He regarded it calmly; but for me, I was shamed.

23. To exceed the truth is better than to fall below it; as it is less a fault to overrate than to underrate.

24. I once knew a very haughty gentleman who made it a point to underrate what he described, for fear of seeming fond or solicitous. The trick pleased awhile, but soon disgusted more than the worst exaggeration.

25. Next to speaking truth, the most difficult art is to speak eloquently.

26. Laughter and Pity are alike children of Pride. Why then are we more willing to laugh than to weep, in public, or at a play? Because a deep sensibility is the greatest ornament of character. A public exposure of its signs, brings a suspicion of affectation or hypocrisy. Again, to weep at the recital of fictitious sorrows, is a proof of inexperience; and there be no merit in laughter, nor in the want of heart, it may yet be magnanimous to suppress mirth and pity. Mirth, however, is an universal affection, and places us in sympathy with the whole world, but pity isolates, and distinguishes.

27. Men of sense abhor nothing more than a senseless obstinacy; the ignorant

mistake their jealousy on this head for an irresolute temper of mind, while the headstrong partisan passes for a man of principle.

28. Perfect liberty allows of no partialities; the genuine republican cannot be a very violent partisan. The dullest fellows are those, who think that liberty consists in being of the liberty party.

29. A free government is a government modelled upon the plan of a free mind.

30. Martyrs of obstinacy are to martyrs of faith, as one hundred to one.

31. The whole world is jealous, and rouses itself, against one who is just entering upon a great reputation. His friends, even, think it hard to grant him that which seems to lessen them, and which brings their penetration in question. The mediocre people wait for the decision of their superiors, before they dare publicly favor a rising genius.

32. Herillus has a modest opinion of his own wisdom. He dares not assert even that wine, if used in excess, will intoxicate, unless Scripture bears him out in that opinion. Plato, says the learned and truly modest Herillus, thought virtue commendable; and the ancients generally considered those prudent who conducted their affairs wisely.

33. When we can see no reason for an absurd behavior, we laugh at it; if we suspect a secret and powerful reason, we are astonished. Hence the laughter of the sceptical, the wonder of the superstitious. It is difficult to resist numbers; we cannot believe in the folly of assembled thousands, though the folly of one is easily felt and despised.

34. We laugh at an absurdity which proceeds from wrong imaginations, but not at those which proceed from mere stupidity, or want of power. Laughable absurdities of conduct seem to flow from an excess of character in some one direction, not from a total defect of character.

35. There is nothing ludicrous in superstition or in selfishness. Ludicrous points of character flow out of vanity or sentimentality, false ambition or false sympathy.

36. Pride is not ludicrous, but only hateful, or terrible. At a conceit founded in opinion we laugh, but not at a serious self-conceit, over which argument has no power.

37. We smile *with* vanity, sympathizing with it; or *at* vanity, as being proudly superior to it.

38. Sentimentality is perhaps absurdity founded in a false opinion of the condition of another—a sympathizing with what does not exist, which places the object in the relation of a puppet or harmless deceiver. When the sympathy is false and the object false, the ridicule is double.

39. Hypocrisy is ludicrous when it acts upon vanity or sentimentality.

40. The substance of sentimentality is false sympathy; its existing cause vanity, or the desire of being admired and loved by the many.

41. It is possible to love a person without respecting him, as mothers love children, as a wise friend loves a foolish one.

43. Those who pass their hours of meditation considering whom they shall praise, to whom they shall award respect, seem to have determined already in their own thoughts, that they themselves are above all praise, and entitled to unlimited respect.

44. Why, my Narcissus, do you entertain so excessive a dread of flattery? Why this fear of being approved?

N. I wish to be worshipped, not praised.

45. Of a meditative conceit, the outward signs are a manner apparently courteous, but really oppressive, &c.

46. Works, amusements, conversation, all must agree. An artist cannot produce a good work when his leisure is spoiled with sentimentality, or the company of conceited monsters, the enemies of freedom and good works.

47. Intellect is so perfect a slave it can neither invent nor produce anything of itself. Reason must employ it.

48. The secret of immortality in works of art and wisdom, turns perhaps upon three things—true knowledge, which is acquired through reverence of nature, and ideas; liberty, which is proper to the man, and shapes his work and bears him through it; and lastly, the desire of honorable fame, which seeks the love of the best in all ages.

49. A great deal is said of the effects of free institutions in producing artists, orators, and moralists. But it is evident, that these institutions are themselves a fruit of the same tree with the arts they are sup-

posed to cherish. The same liberty of soul that produces the artists produces also statesmen.

50. The vanity of celebrated women, spoiled by the admiration of crowds, can be likened to nothing but the appetite of a shark. It swallows men, women and children whole; nay, churches, creeds and philosophies. A great man is only a delicate morceau, and an interesting child a tit-bit for these enormous devourers.

51. Plato, says our Narcissus, ground everything into paint. Narcissus says true, but what did Plato with this paint? Did he lay it upon his own cheeks?

52. Men should be as gods to one another, said Narcissus to his toady. His toady assented, and Narcissus was pleased to see that he understood him.

53. Blabo's daughter died lately, and Blabo went instantly to read her letters to some friends. They were touching, religious, full of filial tenderness, and seasoned with a pretty respect and admiration of her father. The friends listen attentively; they weep, admire the child, and despise Blabo.

54. Justus is intimate with Felicia, who is much younger than himself. Cara, whom he loves, but who is old and experienced, cautions him against too great a kindness to Felicia. Justus then first perceives three things—that Cara is jealous, that Felicia is susceptible, and that he himself is agreeable. He begins immediately to despise Cara and to love her friend.

55. Pride inspires awe, *until* we understand it; justice and firmness, only *when* we understand them.

56. Persuade a mob that a certain beggar is a just man, and without malice, and they will carry him on their shoulders. Popular hatred is founded on a suspicion of a bad heart.

57. If the American government is the most corrupt in the world, (which may be doubted,) it is the least injurious in its corruption.

58. We are at heart an ambitious people—the most ambitious that have ever existed; and this ambition is fomented not by the jealousy of a few aristocrats, or by a race of poets prating of glory, but by the natural and irresistible power of avarice, the desire of personal aggrandizement, the hatred of a whole people against

the ancient tyrannies, and a feeling of the fate that impels us.

59. The greatest calamities of nations are occasioned by the fomenting of national animosities. If the author of certain articles in certain English reviews had a thousand necks and could be hanged by each one of them, it would be worth the while of England to do it, for the miseries into which this writer may possibly draw both nations by exciting their hostility against each other. The greatest dangers are in the meanest and the most virulent pens, as the most fatal poison is in spiders and serpents. A fox may set fire to corn and make a famine. Let us remember the fable of the trumpeter.

60. As the horse delights in running for its own sake, the radical delights in reform for its own sake, and not for any good he or others are to reap from it.

61. The plain partisan inquires only how his own interests and that of his friends will be affected by a measure. The ambitious has another motive, namely, to feel that he has moved the world.

62. As there is a pleasure in rolling rocks over a precipice, and men will toil under a burning sun to gain it, so there is a pleasure in putting bodies of men in motion; and men will toil through years of restless labor to roll the old royal stone of law and custom into the gulf, and listen with unfeigned joy to the sound of its precipitation.

63. "My country, right or wrong." But if wrong is ruin, can you say that?

64. The radical party are those who see no hope on their part of profiting by the present condition of affairs. So says the old maxim, but the radical party *may* be right for all that.

65. Most women hate each other; they are misogynists without knowing it.

66. We naturally hate those who offer the exterior of friendship without the spirit. But this is what most women and feminine men usually do to each other.

67. Most women detest the intimacies of men with each other, and endeavor to prevent them. Men dislike the intimacies of women, but seldom take the pains to prevent them.

68. The bitterest self-reproaches are for

having neglected to enjoy a proffered happiness.

69. We sometimes repent of having been silent.

70. When we have over-acted a passion, we delight in discovering its opposites—as after excessive demonstration of love, it does not pain the heart much to be a little cruel.

71. Our principles are never either better or worse after maturity; only our knowledge and our opinions vary.

72. There is a peculiar relish in offering the form of courtesy to a courteous enemy; it is the first step towards reconciliation.

73. The confidence of young persons has a mixture of selfishness, which sours into misanthropy as they grow older and more cautious.

74. The greatest service Philosophy can render us, is to show the boundaries and causes of our faults and vices. Is not this the only self-knowledge?

75. "Those who fancy they can penetrate the bad motives of others, have only formed an unusually bad opinion of themselves." How is it then with the tragedians and comic poets?

76. Suspicion being partly founded on self-knowledge, is a property equally of the bad and good.

77. There may be self-knowledge without remorse, but not without virtue of some kind.

78. All men are naturally bad, but the virtuous know and avoid the opportunities and temptations.

79. Some men who bear with indifference the loss of a limb or of a fortune, are horribly perplexed with little inconveniences. The reason, perhaps, is they are faint-hearted. A great hope is a great grief, and none but a strong mind can suffer a great evil.

80. It is of mighty consequence where you take up your abode. A wise man in a foolish town, or a courteous man among villagers, both are solitary, or are self-sacrificed.

81. In Rome my spirits depart from me: in Athens they return again. In Smithville I am a fool: elsewhere I am less of a fool; my spirits return to me.

THE ROUTE TO CALIFORNIA.*

WE have been agreeably disappointed by this book. The title is of the sort usually found prefixed to what is sketchy and frivolous, not worth expense of time and eyesight. It is similar to the captions of articles in Blackwood, in which truth is often so plentifully sauced with fancy, that its original savor is imperceptible. Such made dishes are not wholesome, and hence it becomes a duty to be cautious of what appears in their shape.

Had the title begun at "Journal of a Tour," &c., it would have been sufficiently definite and in better keeping. At present it is bad for over nicety, no less than for being like those of Blackwood. It is obtrusively odd, and seems designed to attract attention in a manner similar to that of some public speakers, who preface their speeches with a designedly awkward bow or an *outré* sentence.

But of this enough. We have alluded to it only because the inventing of singular titles is a common offence, and ought to be noticed where it blemishes that in which there is little else to condemn.

"What I saw in California," (since we must call it so,) is a delightful narrative of a long and hazardous tour. Its first merit, that which, in books of travel, is what charity is in character, or action in oratory, is its truth. The title, ill-chosen though it be, is certainly not a misnomer. The writer evidently tells what he actually saw; there is not a page in journeying with him in which the reader does not feel sure of his facts. This alone is enough to make such a work interesting, and would do so were the facts of a much more every-day character.

It would be well if our tourists considered the advantages of this quality more than they are frequently apt to do. Let them consider how eagerly the public read

long reports of evidence, even where the facts have no particular character to render them attractive, and are neither exciting nor disgusting. There are many journals written by illiterate men, which have owed a large success simply to their power of inspiring belief. When Truth is wedded to Fiction, she always takes her consort's name, and the union being a forced one, he soon neglects her.

In the next place, this journal is written with great ability. The style is clear, careful, and natural. It exhibits an ample command of words, and a nice discrimination in their use. It has many poetic and characteristic qualities of the highest order.

The power of imparting new and striking effects to common phrases is a very remarkable and subtle faculty, quite as rare as that of uttering new and striking expressions. The difficulty is to sustain the tone at that precise level where the meaning of each clause shall seem to stand out directly, in its own light. To accomplish this, the writer must convey the impression of being himself perfectly aware of the exact purport of every word he utters. He must seem to write from a level of such extreme nicety, that no half of a sentence even escapes in the tempest of his eloquence from his pen, whose precise original meaning he does not superintend; for where a writer allows the common forms of language to flow from him in a careless manner, they affect the reader with only their conventional force; they are common-places, and nothing more. But if we feel that the writer chooses them, and uses them consciously, we derive all the advantages of the happiness, ease, or beauty of expression which brought them into the use that has weakened them. We seem to read them from his point of

* What I saw in California: being the Journal of a Tour by the Emigrant Route and South Pass of the Rocky Mountains, across the Continent of North America, the Great Desert Basin, and through California, in the years 1846, 1847. By Edwin Bryant, late Alcalde of San Francisco. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1848.

view, with their significance restored to them.

Hence we always find this power of brushing up the thousand turns of expression one hears every day in conversation, conjoined with a peculiar nervous control. This is quite remarkable in this book, and imparts to it an individuality that is very pleasing. We feel in the company of one who has an eye and soul capable of intense feeling, but who never loses self-command. He sees and feels everything, but is himself immovable. That power of reserve which is characteristic with the best artists seems a conspicuous element of his style, and imparts a feeling of confidence that is refreshing, as well as by sympathy directly invigorating to the reader.

It would be interesting to examine critically many fine passages illustrating this general opinion, but the book does not appear to have been prepared with the attention which would render it worthy of such an examination. With all the fidelity it has a little of the unimportant detail of a diary, particularly in the first part. This gives it an air of incompleteness, which places it, as an entire work, below the scope of such criticism as is challenged by many fine paragraphs and chapters.

We shall therefore content ourselves with skimming the narrative for the entertainment of our readers, leaving the reflections suggested by the peculiar merits of its style for some other occasion. It is not necessary to be very learned this hot weather. This book is the best account of travel in the far West that has appeared this long while, and it might be well to show why and wherein it is so, for the benefit of young writers; but the season is too warm. We had rather be on a prairie, encamped under a grove, with nothing to do but to watch the clouds.

Our author, with a small party, left Independence, Mo., on the fifth of May, 1846. His narrative then takes the form of a diary, giving what transpired each day, with the distance travelled, &c. The views of natural appearances which are constantly occurring, particularly of prairie landscapes, changes of weather, and the like, are the best we have ever read.

May 6.—As we approached what is called the Blue Prairie, the road became much drier

and less difficult. The vast prairie itself soon opened before us in all its grandeur and beauty. I had never before beheld extensive scenery of this kind. The many descriptions of the prairies of the West had forestalled in some measure the first impressions produced by the magnificent landscape that lay spread out before me as far as the eye could reach, bounded alone by the blue wall of the sky. No description, however, which I have read of these scenes, or which can be written, can convey more than a faint impression to the imagination of their effects upon the eye. The view of the illimitable succession of green undulations and flowery slopes, of every gentle and graceful configuration, stretching away and away until they fade from the sight in the dim distance, creates a wild and scarcely controllable ecstasy of admiration. I felt, I doubt not, some of the emotions natural to the aboriginal inhabitants of these boundless and picturesque plains, when roving with unrestrained freedom over them; and careless alike of the past and the future, luxuriating in the blooming wilderness of sweets which the Great Spirit had created for their enjoyment, and placed at their disposal.

The soil of these prairies is of the most inexhaustibly fertile composition, being a black loam, usually several feet in depth. Among the flowers which spangle the waves of this ocean of luxuriant vegetation, were the wild pink-verbena, and the wild indigo, with a blue bean-like blossom. The larkspur, and myriads of smaller flowers, ornament the velvety carpet of grass.

May 9.—Our camp this evening presents a most cheerful appearance. The prairie, miles around us, is enlivened by groups of cattle, numbering six or seven hundred, feeding upon the fresh green grass. The numerous white tents and wagon-covers before which the camp-fires are blazing brightly, represent a rustic village; and men, women, and children are talking, playing, and singing around them with all the glee of light and careless hearts. While I am writing a party at the lower end of the camp is engaged in singing hymns and sacred songs.

May 13.—Our march was along the Santa Fé trail, through an undulating prairie-country, occasionally dotted with a few trees and clumps of hazel-bushes. But generally there was no object for the eye to rest upon but the green and flowery slopes and gentle and ever-varying irregularities in the surface of the prairie. About one o'clock we passed what is called the "Lone Elm," a solitary tree, standing near a pool of water.

May 16.—Our route, with the exception of the low rich bottom of the Wakarusa, has been over the high rolling prairie. In the far distance we could see the narrow dark lines of timber, indicating the channels of the small water-courses, stretching far away, until lost in the haze, or concealed from our view by the

interposition of the horizon. Some of the slopes of the plain, in the perspective, were beautifully ornamented with clumps and rows of trees, representing the parks, avenues, and pleasure-grounds of some princely mansion, which the imagination was continually conjecturing might be hidden behind their dense foliage. Not a living or moving object of any kind appears upon the face of the vast expanse. The white-topped wagons, and the men and animals belonging to them, winding slowly over the hill-tops and through the hollows, are the only relief to the motionless torpor and tomblike stillness of the landscape. A lovelier scene was never gazed upon, nor one of more profound solitude.

May 20.—I saw near the trail this morning, a solitary wild rose, the first I have seen blooming in the prairies, the delightful fragrance of which instantly excited emotions of sadness and tenderness, by reviving in the memory a thousand associations connected with home, and friends, and civilization, all of which we had left behind, for a weary journey through a desolate wilderness. It is not possible to describe the effect upon the sensibilities produced by this modest and lonely flower. The perfume exhaled from its petals and enriching the 'desert air,' addressed a language to the heart more thrilling than the plaintive and impassioned accents from the inspired voice of music or poesy.

May 29.—Last night Mrs. Sarah Keyes, a lady aged 70, a member of the family of Mr. J. H. Reed of Illinois, and his mother-in-law, died. Mr. Reed, with his family, is emigrating to California. The deceased Mrs. Keyes, however, did not intend to accompany him farther than Fort Hall, where she expected to meet her son who emigrated to Oregon two or three years since. Her health, from disease and the debility of age, was so feeble, that when she left her home, she entertained but faint hopes of being able to endure the hardships of the journey. Her physicians had announced to her that she could live but a short time, and this time she determined to devote to an effort to see her only son once more on earth. Such is a mother's affection! The effort, however, was in vain. She expired without seeing her child.

The event, although it had been anticipated several days, cast a shade of gloom over our whole encampment. The construction of the ferry-boat and all recreations were suspended, out of respect for the dead, and to make preparations for the funeral. A cotton-wood tree was felled, and the trunk of it split into planks, which being first hewn with an axe and then planed, were constructed into a coffin, in which the remains of the deceased were deposited. A grave was excavated a short distance from the camp, under an oak tree on the right hand side of the trail. A stone was procured, the surface of which being smoothed, it was fashioned into

the shape of a tombstone, and the name and age, and the date of the death of the deceased, were graved upon it.

At 2 o'clock, p. m., a funeral procession was formed, in which nearly every man, woman, and child of the company united, and the corpse of the deceased lady was conveyed to its last resting-place, in this desolate but beautiful wilderness. Her coffin was lowered into the grave. A prayer was offered to the Throne of Grace by the Rev. Mr. Cornwall. An appropriate hymn was sung by the congregation with much pathos and expression. A funeral discourse was then pronounced by the officiating clergyman, and the services were concluded by another hymn and a benediction. The grave was then closed and carefully sodded with the green turf of the prairie, from whence annually will spring and bloom its brilliant and many-colored flowers. The inscription on the tombstone, and on the tree beneath which is the grave, is as follows: "MRS. SARAH KEYES, DIED MAY 29, 1846: AGED 70."

The night is perfectly calm. The crescent moon sheds her pale rays over the dim landscape; the whippoorwill is chanting its lamentations in the neighboring grove; the low and mournful hooting of the owl is heard at a far-off distance, and altogether the scene, with its adjuncts around us, is one of peace, beauty, and enjoyment.

June 21.—We encamped about five o'clock, p. m., on the bank of the Platte, about three miles from the "Chimney Rock." This remarkable landmark derives its name from some resemblance which it bears to a chimney. Its height from the base to the apex is several hundred feet, and in a clear atmosphere it can be seen at a distance of forty miles. It is composed of soft rock, and is what remains of one of the bluffs of the Platte, the fierce storms of wind and rain which rage in this region, having worn it into this shape. The column which represents the chimney, will soon crumble away and disappear entirely.

The scenery to the right of the rock as we face it from the river, is singularly picturesque and interesting. There are four high elevations of architectural configuration, one of which would represent a distant view of the ruins of the Athenian Acropolis; another the crumbling ruins of an Egyptian temple; a third, a Mexican pyramid; the fourth, the mausoleum of one of the Titans. In the background the bluffs are worn into such figures as to represent ranges of castles and palaces. A black cloud which has risen in the west since three o'clock, hangs suspended like a sable curtain over this picture of nature in ruin and desolation. A narrow bright line of lurid light extends along the western horizon beneath the dark mass of vapor where the sun is setting, casting huge and lengthened shadows over the plain, from pyramids, spires, and domes, in the far distance.

The illusion is so perfect that no effort of the imagination is required to suppose ourselves encamped in the vicinity of the ruins of some vast city erected by a race of giants, contemporaries of the Megatherii and the Ichthyosaurii.

June 22.—If I could I would endeavor to describe to the reader by the use of language, a picture presented this morning, at sunrise, just as we were leaving our encampment, among these colossal ruins of nature. But the essay would be in vain. No language, except that which is addressed directly to the eye, by the pencil and brush of the artist, can portray even a faint outline of its almost terrific sublimity. A line of pale and wintry light behind the stupendous ruins, (as they appeared to the eye,) served to define their innumerable shapes, their colossal grandeur, and their gloomy and mouldering magnificence. Over us, and resting upon the summits of these, were the black masses of vapor, whose impending weight appeared ready to fall and crush everything beneath them. The cold winds blew with the force of a tornado, and the dark drapery which obscured the heavens was wrapping its sable folds as if to shelter and protect the skies from the fury of the storm.

June 23.—A portion of the Sioux women are decidedly beautiful. Their complexion is a light copper color, and, when they are not rouged artificially, the natural glow of the blood is displayed upon their cheeks in a delicate flush, rendering their expression of countenance highly fascinating. The dress of the higher orders (for there is an aristocracy among them) is graceful, and sometimes rich. It consists usually of a robe or shirt of buckskin, with pantaloons and moccasins of the same, tastefully embroidered with porcelain beads of various colors. The material of their dress is so prepared, that frequently it is as white as the paper upon which I write, and as flexible as the muslin which envelops in its misty folds the forms that float in our ball-rooms. Their feet are small and exquisitely formed. The student of sculpture, when he has acquired his trade at Rome or Florence, should erect his studio among the Sioux for his models.

June 24.—About 8 o'clock I started alone to return to Fort Laramie. I had not travelled far when I met processions of the Sioux Indians, who this morning broke up their encampment. Having resolved upon and organized an expedition against the Snakes and Crows, their design was to conduct their women and children to a point on the Platte, about fifty miles above the Fort, where they intended to leave them in the care of the old men until the war party returned.

In marching, as I met them, they seemed to be divided into numerous parties, at the head of each of which was a beautiful young female gorgeously decorated, mounted upon a prancing

fat Indian horse, and bearing in her hand a delicate staff or pole, about ten feet in length, from the point of which were suspended, in some instances, a gilt ball and a variety of large brass trinkets, with brilliant feathers and natural flowers of various colors. The chiefs, dressed in their richest costumes, followed immediately in the rear of this feminine ensign-bearer, with their bows and arrows in hand. Next succeeding them were the women and children, and pack-animals belonging to the party; and in the rear of all, the warriors. The whole, as I met them, party after party, was a most interesting display of savage pageantry. The female standard-bearers appeared to me more beautiful and fascinating than any objects connected with savage life which I had ever read of or conceived. It appeared as if this was a most solemn occasion, for not one of those composing the long column, some three or four miles in length, as I passed them, seemed to recognize any object or to utter a word. They marched at a slow pace, in perfect silence, with their eyes gazing steadfastly upon the vacancy in front. I bowed many times, but they took no notice of my salutations. Doubtless this stern deportment was expressive of their determination not to look to the right or the left, until they had penetrated into the country of, and wreaked their vengeance upon their enemies, the Snakes and Crows.

July 1.—I noticed to-day in the trail, immense numbers of insects, in color and motion resembling the common cricket. They are much larger, however, and their bodies more rotund. In places the ground was blackened with them, and they were crushed under the feet of our animals at every step.

We encamped this afternoon in a small oval-shaped valley, through which flows a rivulet of pure limpid water. The valley is surrounded on all sides by high, mountainous elevations, several of which are composed of granite-rock, upheaved by the subterranean convulsions of nature; others are composed of red sandstone and red clay. A volcanic debris is thickly scattered in places. Many years ago, the spot where we are encamped, and where the grass is now growing, was the crater of a volcano; but its torch is extinguished forever. Where then flowed the river of liquid fire, carbonizing and vitrifying the surrounding districts, now gurgles the cool, limpid current of the brook, in its laughing and fertilizing career towards the great Father of Waters. The thunders of its convulsions, breaking the granite crust of the globe, upheaving and overturning mountains, and "crushing the waters into mist," are now silenced; and its volumes of sulphurous vapor and heated cinders, darkening the atmosphere and affrighting the huge monster animals which then existed, when gazing from afar, are dissipated, and will never more be seen. Instead of these, the sweet chirp of the wren, and

the chatter of the magpie, are heard among the trees bordering the stream, and light, fleecy clouds are floating through the azure vault of the heavens. Such are the beneficent changes ordered by that Power whose wisdom can render perfection more perfect.

July 10.—Passing through the gap between the two ranges of granite mountains which here approach each other within a few hundred yards, we had our first view of the Wind River Mountains. They were hoary with a drapery of snow more than half-way from their summits to their bases, and appeared, from the distance we saw them, like white clouds resting upon the horizon. It was a satisfaction to know that we were in sight of the crest of the Rocky Mountains, the point where the waters of the continent divide, taking different courses—the one flowing into the Atlantic, the other into the Pacific.

July 19.—Bill Smith, a noted mountain character, in a shooting-match burst his gun, and he was supposed for some time to be dead. He recovered, however, and the first words he uttered upon returning to consciousness, were, that "no d—d gun could kill him." The adventures, hazards, and escapes of this man, with his eccentricities of character, as they were related to me, would make an amusing volume. I angled in the stream, and caught an abundance of mountain trout and other small fish. Another shower of rain fell this afternoon, during which the temperature was that of a raw November day.

July 26.—I ascended the range of hills bordering the valley of the river to the south, from which I had a most extensive and interesting view of the Great Salt Lake. My position was about ten miles distant from the lake, but my elevation was such that I could discern its surface from the north to the south, a distance which I estimated at sixty or eighty miles. The shore next to me, as far as I could see it, was white. Numerous mountainous islands, dark and apparently barren, sometimes in ranges of fifteen or twenty miles, sometimes in solitary peaks, rise to a considerable elevation above its surface; but the waters surrounding these insulations could be traced between them as far as the eye could reach. The evening was calm, and not a ripple disturbed the tranquil bosom of the lake. As the sun was sinking behind the far-distant elevations to the west, the glassy surface of this vast inland ocean was illuminated by its red rays, and for a few minutes it appeared like a sea of molten fire. The plain or valley of the lake, to the right, is some eight or ten miles in width, and fertile. The Weber river winds through it, emptying into the lake some ten miles to the north of our camp. A few trees fringe its margin. I could smell a strong and offensive fetor wafted from the shore of the lake.

These extracts, while they are interesting in themselves, will convey the best idea of the general interest of the narrative, and justify to the reader, we hope, the high opinion of its style which we expressed at the beginning. It is refreshing to read a book of travels in these times, when tourists labor so much for effect, that is so faithful and yet so full of power and quiet beauty.

One of the most interesting chapters gives an account of the day's journey across the great Salt Desert. The best criticism of so fine a piece of description, is to quote as much of it as possible:—

August 3.—I rose from my bivouac this morning at half-past one o'clock. The moon appearing like a ball of fire, and shining with a dim and baleful light, seemed struggling downwards through the thick bank of smoky vapor that overhung and curtained the high ridge of mountains to the west of us. This ridge stretching far to the north and the south as the eye can reach, forms the western wall (if I may so call it) of the desert valley we had crossed yesterday, and is composed of rugged, barren peaks of dark basaltic rock, sometimes exhibiting misshapen outlines; at others, towering upwards, and displaying a variety of architectural forms, representing domes, spires, and turreted fortifications.

Our encampment was on the slope of the mountain; and the valley lay spread out at our feet, illuminated sufficiently by the red glare of the moon, and the more pallid effulgence of the stars, to display imperfectly its broken and frightful barrenness, and its solemn desolation. No life, except in the little oasis occupied by our camp, and dampened by the sluggish spring, by excavating which with our hands we had obtained impure water sufficient to quench our own and our animals' thirst, existed as far as the eye could penetrate over mountain and plain. There was no voice of animal, no hum of insect, disturbing the tomb-like solemnity. All was silence and death. The atmosphere, chill and frosty, seemed to sympathize with this sepulchral stillness. No wailing or whispering sounds sighed through the chasms of the mountains, or over the gulfy and waterless ravines of the valley. No rustling zephyr swept over the scant dead grass, or disturbed the crumbling leaves of the gnarled and stunted cedars, which seemed to draw a precarious existence from the small patch of damp earth surrounding us. Like the other elements sustaining animal and vegetable life, the winds seemed stagnant and paralyzed by the universal dearth around. I contemplated this scene of dismal and oppressive solitude until the moon sunk

behind the mountain, and object after object became shrouded in its shadow.

Bidding farewell to Mr. Hudspeth and the gentleman with him, (Mr. Ferguson) we commenced the descent of the mountain. We had scarcely parted from Mr. H. when, standing on one of the peaks, he stretched out his long arms, and with a voice and gesture as loud and impressive as he could make them, he called to us and exclaimed, "Now, boys, put spurs to your mules and ride like h—!" The hint was timely given and well meant, but scarcely necessary, as we all had a pretty just appreciation of the trials and hardships before us.

The descent from the mountain on the western side, was more difficult than the ascent; but two or three miles, by a winding and precipitous path, through some straggling, stunted, and tempest-bowed cedars, brought us to the foot and into the valley, where, after some search, we found a blind trail, which we supposed to be that of Captain Fremont, made last year. Our course for the day was nearly due west; and following this trail where it was visible, and did not deviate from our course, and putting our mules into a brisk gait, we crossed a valley some eight or ten miles in width, sparsely covered with wild sage (*artemisia*) and grease-wood.

These shrubs display themselves and maintain a dying existence, a brownish verdure, on the most arid and sterile plains and mountains of the desert, where no other vegetation shows itself. After crossing the valley, we rose a ridge of low volcanic hills, thickly strewn with sharp fragments of basalts and a vitreous gravel resembling junk-bottle glass. We passed over this ridge through a narrow gap, the walls of which are perpendicular, and composed of the same dark scorious material as the debris strewn around. From the western terminus of this ominous-looking passage we had a view of the vast desert-plain before us, which, as far as the eye could penetrate, was of a snowy whiteness, and resembled a scene of wintry frosts and icy desolation. Not a shrub or object of any kind rose above the surface for the eye to rest upon. The hiatus in the animal and vegetable kingdoms was perfect. It was a scene which excited mingled emotions of admiration and apprehension.

Passing a little further on we stood on the brow of a steep precipice, the descent from the ridge of hills immediately below and beyond which a narrow valley or depression in the surface of the plain, about five miles in width, displayed so perfectly the wavy and frothy appearance of highly agitated water, that Colonel Russell and myself, who were riding together some distance in advance, both simultaneously exclaimed: "We must have taken a wrong course, and struck another arm or bay of the Great Salt Lake." With deep concern we

were looking around, surveying the face of the country to ascertain what remedy there might be for this formidable obstruction to our progress, when the remainder of our party came up. The difficulty was presented to them; but soon, upon a more calm and scrutinizing inspection, we discovered that what represented so perfectly the "rushing waters" was moveless, and made no sound! The illusion soon became manifest to all of us, and a hearty laugh at those who were the first to be deceived was the consequence; denying to them the merit of being good pilots or pioneers, etc.

Descending the precipitous elevation upon which we stood, we entered upon the hard, smooth plain we had just been surveying with so much doubt and interest, composed of bluish clay, incrustated, in wavy lines, with a white saline substance, the first representing the body of the water, and the last the crests and froth of the mimic waves and surges. Beyond this we crossed what appeared to have been the beds of several small lakes, the waters of which have evaporated, thickly incrustated with salt, and separated from each other by small mound-shaped elevations of a white, sandy, or ashy earth, so imponderous that it has been driven by the action of the winds into these heaps, which are constantly changing their positions and their shapes. Our mules waded through these ashy undulations, sometimes sinking to their knees, at others to their bellies, creating a dust that rose above and hung over us like a dense fog.

From this point, on our right and left, diagonally in our front, at an apparent distance of thirty or forty miles, high isolated mountains rise abruptly from the surface of the plain. Those on our left were as white as the snow-like face of the desert, and may be of the same composition, but I am inclined to the belief that they are composed of white clay, or clay and sand intermingled.

The mirage, a beautiful phenomenon I have frequently mentioned as exhibiting itself upon our journey, here displayed its wonderful illusions in a perfection and with a magnificence surpassing any presentation of the kind I had previously seen. Lakes, dotted with islands and bordered by groves of gently waving timber, whose tranquil and limpid waves reflected their sloping banks and the shady islets in their bosoms, lay spread out before us, inviting us, by their illusory temptations, to stray from our path and enjoy their cooling shades and refreshing waters. These fading away as we advanced, beautiful villas, adorned with edifices, decorated with all the ornaments of suburban architecture, and surrounded by gardens, shaded walks, parks, and stately avenues, would succeed them, renewing the alluring invitation to repose by enticing the vision with more than Calypsoan enjoyments or Elysian pleasures. These melting from our view as

those before, in another place a vast city, with countless columned edifices of marble whiteness, and studded with domes, spires, and turreted towers, would rise upon the horizon of the plain, astonishing us with its stupendous grandeur and sublime magnificence. But it is in vain to attempt a description of these singular and extraordinary phenomena. Neither prose or poetry, nor the pencil of the artist, can adequately portray their beauties. The whole distant view around, at this point, seemed like the creations of a sublime and gorgeous dream, or the effect of enchantment. I observed that where these appearances were presented in their most varied forms, and with the most vivid distinctness, the surface of the plain was broken, either by chasms hollowed out from the action of the winds, or by undulations formed of the drifting sands.

About eleven o'clock we struck a vast white plain, uniformly level, and utterly destitute of vegetation or any sign that shrub or plant had ever existed above its snow-like surface. Pausing a few moments to rest our mules and moisten our mouths and throats from the scant supply of beverage in our powder-keg, we entered upon this appalling field of sullen and hoary desolation. It was a scene so entirely new to us, so frightfully forbidding and unearthly in its aspects, that all of us, I believe, though impressed with its sublimity, felt a slight shudder of apprehension. Our mules seemed to sympathize with us in the pervading sentiment, and moved forward with reluctance, several of them stubbornly setting their faces for a countermarch.

For fifteen miles the surface of this plain is so compact, that the feet of our animals, as we hurried them along over it, left but little if any impression for the guidance of the future traveller. It is covered with a hard crust of saline and alkaline substances combined, from one-fourth to one-half of an inch in thickness, beneath which is a stratum of damp whitish sand and clay intermingled. Small fragments of white shelly rock, of an inch and a half in thickness, which appear as if they once composed a crust, but had been broken by the action of the atmosphere or the pressure of water rising from beneath, are strewn over the entire plain and imbedded in the salt and sand.

As we moved onward a member of our party in the rear called our attention to a gigantic moving object on our left, at an apparent distance of six or eight miles. It is very difficult to determine distances accurately on these plains. Your estimate is based upon the probable dimensions of the object, and unless you know what the object is, and its probable size, you are liable to great deception. The atmosphere seems frequently to act as a magnifier; so much so, that I have often seen a raven perched upon a low shrub or an undulation of the plain, answering to the outlines of a man

on horseback. But this object was so enormously large, considering its apparent distance, and its movement forward, parallel with ours, so distinct, that it greatly excited our wonder and curiosity. Many and various were the conjectures, serious and facetious, of the party, as to what it might be, or portend. Some thought it might be Mr. Hudspeth, who had concluded to follow us; others that it was some cyclopean nondescript animal, lost upon the desert; others that it was the ghost of a mammoth or Megatherium wandering on "this rendezvous of death;" others that it was the d—l mounted on an ibis, &c. It was the general conclusion, however, that no animal composed of flesh and blood, or even a healthy ghost, could here inhabit. A partner of equal size soon joined it, and for an hour or more they moved along as before, parallel to us, when they disappeared, apparently behind the horizon.

As we proceeded, the plain gradually became softer, and our mules sometimes sank to their knees in the stiff composition of salt, sand, and clay. The travelling at length became so difficult and fatiguing to our animals, that several of the party dismounted, myself among the number, and we consequently slackened our hitherto brisk pace into a walk. About two o'clock, P. M., we discovered through the smoky vapor the dim outlines of the mountains in front of us, at the foot of which was to terminate our day's march, if we were so fortunate as to reach it. But still we were a long and weary distance from it, and from the "grass and water" which we expected there to find. A cloud rose from the south soon afterwards, accompanied by several distant peals of thunder and a furious wind, rushing across the plain, and filling the whole atmosphere around us with the fine particles of salt, and drifting it in heaps like the newly fallen snow. Our eyes became nearly blinded and our throats choked with the saline matter, and the very air we breathed tasted of salt.

During the subsidence of this tempest, there appeared upon the plain one of the most extraordinary phenomena, I dare to assert, ever witnessed. As I have before stated, I had dismounted from my mule, and turning it in with the *caballada*, was walking several rods in front of the party, in order to lead in a direct course to the point of our destination. Diagonally in front, to the right, our course being west, there appeared the figures of a number of men and horses, some fifteen or twenty. Some of these figures were mounted and others dismounted, and appeared to be marching on foot. Their faces and the heads of the horses were turned towards us, and at first they appeared as if they were rushing down upon us. Their apparent distance, judging from the horizon, was from three to five miles. But their size was not correspondent, for they seemed nearly as large

as our own bodies, and consequently were of gigantic stature. At the first view I supposed them to be a small party of Indians (probably the Utahs) marching from the opposite side of the plain. But this seemed to me scarcely probable, as no hunting or war party would be likely to take this route. I called to some of our party nearest to me to hasten forward, as there were men in front, coming towards us. Very soon the fifteen or twenty figures were multiplied into three or four hundred, and appeared to be marching forward with the greatest action and speed. I then conjectured that they might be Capt. Fremont and his party with others, from California, returning to the United States by this route, although they seemed to be too numerous even for this. I spoke to Brown, who was nearest to me, and asked him if he noticed the figures of men and horses in front? He answered that he did, and that he had observed the same appearances several times previously, but that they had disappeared, and he believed them to be optical illusions similar to the mirage. It was then, for the first time, so perfect was the deception, that I conjectured the probable fact that these figures were the reflection of our own images by the atmosphere, filled as it was with fine particles of crystallized matter, or by the distant horizon, covered by the same substance. This induced a more minute observation of the phenomenon, in order to detect the deception, if such it were. I noticed a single figure, apparently in front in advance of all the others, and was struck with its likeness to myself. Its motions, too, I thought, were the same as mine. To test the hypothesis above suggested, I wheeled suddenly around, at the same time stretching my arms out to their full length, and turning my face sidewise to notice the movements of this figure. It went through precisely the same motions. I then marched deliberately and with long strides several paces; the figure did the same. To test it more thoroughly, I repeated the experiment, and with the same result. The fact then was clear. But it was more fully verified still, for the whole array of this numerous shadowy host, in the course of an hour, melted entirely away, and was no more seen. The phenomenon, however, explained and gave the history of the gigantic spectres which appeared and disappeared so mysteriously at an earlier hour of the day. The figures were our own shadows, produced and reproduced by the mirror-like composition impregnating the atmosphere and covering the plain. I cannot here more particularly explain or refer to the subject. But this phantom population, springing out of the ground as it were, and arraying itself before us as we traversed this dreary and heaven-condemned waste, although we were entirely convinced of the cause of the apparition, excited those superstitious emotions so natural to all mankind.

Many views of scenery in the region of the desert are splendidly painted. The author's fondness for giving the changes of the sky, such as sunrises, sunsets, moonlight scenes, thunder-gusts and rainbows, is very apparent; as is also the ability with which he draws them:—

"The night was perfectly serene. Not a cloud, or the slightest film of vapor, appeared on the face of the deep blue canopy of the heavens. The moon and the countless starry host of the firmament exhibited their lustrous splendor in a perfection of brilliancy unknown to the night-watchers in the humid regions of the Atlantic; illuminating the numberless mountain peaks rising, one behind the other, to the east, and the illimitable desert of salt that spread its wintry drapery before me, far beyond the reach of vision, like the vast winding-sheet of a dead world! The night was cold, and kindling a fire of the small, dead willows around the spring, I watched until the rich, red hues of the morning displayed themselves above the eastern horizon, tinging slightly at first, and then deepening in color, the plain of salt, until it appeared like a measureless ocean of vermilion, with here and there a dark speck, the shadow of some solitary *buttes*, representing islands, rising from its glowing bosom. The sublime splendors of these scenes cannot be conveyed to the reader by language."

The dangers attending the journey across these desolate regions, may be imagined from the fate of a part of the emigrant company with whom our author originally set out. These lost time in exploring a new road through the Great Desert Basin, and did not arrive at the Pass of the Sierra Nevada until the snow was too deep to admit their crossing. Many of our readers will remember the accounts of the awful extremities to which they were reduced, which appeared about a year since in the newspapers. Mr. Bryant visited the scene of their sufferings and saw some of the survivors. The chapter which contains his account is one of the most terrible in all the history of human sorrow. We extract a portion of it:—

"At the time the occurrences above related took place, I was marching with the California battalion, under the command of Col. Fremont, to Ciudad de los Angeles, to assist in suppressing a rebellion which had its origin in that quarter. After my return from that expedition, I saw and conversed with several of the sur-

vivors in the above list. The oral statements made to me by them in regard to their sufferings, far exceed in horror the descriptions given in the extracts. Mr. Fallon, who conducted the last relief party over the mountains, made a statement, in regard to what he saw upon his arrival at the 'cabins,' so revolting that I hesitate before alluding to it. The parties which had preceded him had brought into the settlements all the living sufferers except three. These were Mr. and Mrs. George Donner, and — Keysburg. At the time the others left, Mr. George Donner was unable to travel from debility, and Mrs. D. refused to leave him. Why Keysburg remained, there is no satisfactory explanation. Mrs. Donner offered a reward of \$500 to any party that would return and rescue them. I knew the Donners well. Their means in money and merchandise, which they had brought with them, were abundant. Mr. Donner was a man of about sixty, and was at the time of his leaving the United States, a highly respectable citizen of Illinois—a farmer of independent circumstances. Mrs. D. was considerably younger than her husband, and an active, energetic woman of refined education.

"Mr. Fallon and his party reached the 'cabins' some time in April. The snow in the valley, on the eastern side of the Pass, had melted so as in spots to expose the ground. He found the main cabin empty, but evidences that it had not long been deserted. He and his party commenced a search, and soon discovered fresh tracks in the snow leading from it. These they followed some miles, and by pursuing them they returned again to the cabin. Here they now found Keysburg. He was reclining upon the floor of the cabin, smoking his pipe. Near his head a fire was blazing, upon which was a camp kettle filled with human flesh. His feet were resting upon skulls and dislocated limbs denuded of their flesh. A bucket, partly filled with blood, was standing near, and pieces of human flesh, fresh and bloody, were strewn around. The appearance of Keysburg was haggard and revolting. His beard was of great length; his finger-nails had grown out until they resembled the claws of beasts. He was ragged and filthy, and the expression of his countenance ferocious. He stated that the Donners were both dead. That Mrs. Donner was the last to die, and had expired some two days previously. That she had left her husband's camp, some eight miles distant, and come to this cabin. She attempted to return in the evening to the camp, but becoming bewildered she came back to the cabin, and died in the course of the night. He was accused of hav-

ing murdered her, for her flesh and the money the Donners were known to possess, but denied it. When questioned in regard to the money of the Donners, he denied all knowledge respecting it. He was informed that if he did not disclose where he had secreted the money, he would immediately be hung to a tree. Still persisting in his denial, a rope, after much resistance from him, was placed around his neck, and Mr. Fallon commenced drawing him up to the limb of a tree, when he stated that if they would desist from this summary execution, he would disclose all he knew about the money. Being released, he produced \$517 in gold. He was then notified that he must accompany the party to the settlements. To this he was disinclined, and he did not consent, until the order was so peremptory that he was compelled to obey it. The body of George Donner was found dead in his tent. He had been carefully laid out by his wife, and a sheet was wrapped around the corpse. This sad office was probably the last act she performed before visiting the cabin of Keysburg. This is briefly a statement of particulars as detailed to me by Mr. Fallon, who accompanied Gen. Kearney on his return to the United States in the capacity of guide.

"When the return party of Gen. Kearney (which I accompanied) reached the scene of these horrible and tragical occurrences, on the 22d of June, 1847, a halt was ordered for the purpose of collecting and interring the remains. Near the principal cabins I saw two bodies, entire with the exception that the abdomens had been cut open, and the entrails extracted. Their flesh had been either wasted by famine or evaporated by exposure to the dry atmosphere, and they presented the appearance of mummies. Strewn around the cabins were dislocated and broken bones—skulls, (in some instances sawed asunder with care for the purpose of extracting the brains,)—human skeletons, in short, in every variety of mutilation. A more revolting and appalling spectacle I never witnessed. The remains were, by an order of Gen. Kearney, collected and buried under the superintendence of Major Swords. They were interred in a pit which had been dug in the centre of one of the cabins for a *cache*. These melancholy duties to the dead being performed, the cabins, by order of Major Swords, were fired, and with everything surrounding them connected with this horrid and melancholy tragedy were consumed. The body of George Donner was found at his camp, about eight or ten miles distant, wrapped in a sheet. He was buried by a party of men detailed for that purpose."

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

WHIT-MONDAY, June 12th, being a regular holiday among the working classes in England, was appointed by the Chartists for a grand display, and meetings were advertised to be held at various places. In London large preparations were made for preventing any breach of the peace, but the projected meetings were abandoned, and the same occurred in Bristol. In Manchester an open-air meeting was changed to an in-door assembly. In Birmingham about six hundred met out of doors, and about twelve thousand were gathered in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and having been informed by the magistrates that no interruption would be made, if the parties present dispersed quietly, without forming processions, with banners, the meeting passed off without disturbance. Seventeen Chartists charged with rioting and offences against the peace on previous occasions, have been convicted in London, and sentenced to imprisonment with hard labor, for terms varying from two years to three months, according to the nature and extent of their offences.

In Ireland the accounts of the crops, particularly the potato, are highly satisfactory. Emigration continues from that country on a large scale. The formation of clubs in Dublin and throughout the provinces is progressing rapidly: in the former place, there are not less than forty clubs, containing in the aggregate twelve thousand members. The "Repeal Association," and the "Irish Confederation," (the "Young Ireland" party,) are to be dissolved, the members uniting in a body, to be called the "Irish League," of which *Repeal* is to be the object; but the mode of its attainment, whether by physical or moral force, is to be left to the judgment of each member individually. This amalgamation has not the approval of many moral force men. Mr. John O'Connell, to whom the leadership was bequeathed by his late father, disapproves of the change and refuses to join the new association; part of the Catholic clergy are distrustful and cautious, some declining to commit themselves to the new movement, but the violent partisans and the younger members of that profession have readily given in their adhesion. The "Irish Felon" has made its appearance as a successor to Mitchel's paper; its tone is rabid, but lacks the point which distinguished its forerunner: the writers affix their signatures to the contributions. One of them disapproves of the Repeal leaders' policy, and thinks a blow ought to have been struck at the time of Mitchel's removal: the physical force men have,

however, postponed insurrection until the harvest shall have been gathered in. Protestant Repeal Associations are forming, but on the other hand the Orangemen are dismissing Repealers from their ranks, and addresses of confidence and loyalty, numerous signed, have been presented to the Lord Lieutenant. A younger brother of Mitchel has arrived at New York, and Meagher, who was some time since tried for sedition, is said to be on his way here. An association with a large capital, for extending and improving the Irish Fisheries, is in progress.

A bill for repealing the obsolete statutes, and other disabilities, affecting Roman Catholics, has been introduced into the House of Commons. Discussions have taken place in both Houses of Parliament, relative to the relations between Great Britain and Spain. The former country having been mainly instrumental in suppressing the civil war in Spain, and placing its present sovereign on the throne, under assurances of the adoption of a more liberal line of policy, Sir Henry Bulwer, the British Minister at Madrid, was instructed by Lord Palmerston to advise the Spanish government against the arbitrary line of policy pursued in that country. Sir Henry Bulwer was forthwith violently attacked in the Ministerial Newspaper at Madrid, and ordered by the government to quit the country, on the grounds, proved to be false, that he had promoted certain outbreaks of the people, and that his person was not safe from popular fury. A special minister was sent to England, where his reception was refused, and the Spanish Ambassador there was provided with a passport and sent home. All parties in England agree that there was nothing blameable in the conduct of Sir Henry Bulwer, but no hostile measures seem at present probable, and the matter is left in the hands of the British government for adjustment.

At present the great object of European interest is centred in France, where the Socialist doctrines, introduced and fostered by the Provisional Government, have commenced their work, the effect of which it is not possible at present to foresee. On the 3d June, the National Assembly by a small majority refused leave to prosecute Louis Blanc, for participation in the events of the 15th May, on which subject much difference of opinion prevailed in Paris. On the division, Crémieux, Minister of Justice, voted in the majority, in consequence of which M. Portalis, Attorney General of the Republic, and M. Landoin, Advocate General

resigned their offices. The Minister of Justice having afterwards stated in the Assembly that he had voted not as a member of the Assembly, but as a simple representative, the law officers positively affirmed that he had given the matter his previous sanction, and had declared the proposed prosecution ought to be adopted; and a question of veracity arose out of the discussion, most unfavorable for M. Crémieux, who was charged by the reporter of the Committee, to which the question had been referred, with having expressed himself favorably towards their decision, recommending the prosecution. This exposure compelled M. Crémieux to resign his post. Another resignation also took place about that time. M. Clément Thomas, late a clerk in a newspaper establishment, who had been raised to the rank of General and intrusted with the command of the National Guard, having in the Assembly designated the decoration of the Legion of Honor, as a "gew-gaw of vanity," (*hochet de la vanité*) raised such a storm that, notwithstanding his attempted explanations, he was obliged to retire. The Minister of Finance produced his budget for 1848: the credits opened to defray the ordinary and extraordinary expenses of the year are stated at 1,680,000,000 fr. and the resources of the state at 1,685,000,000 fr.—about 320 millions of dollars. It appears by this budget that the expenses created by decrees of the Provisional Government, amounted to—

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|------------------------------|---------------|
| Foreign Affairs, | 480,000 |
| Interior " | 6,823,000 |
| Commerce and Agriculture, | 495,000 |
| Public Works, | 6,779,000 |
| War, | 113,946,119 ! |
| Public Debt, | 600,000 |
| Dotations, | 480,000 |
| General Service, | 30,000 |
| Administration, | 2,860,000 |
| Repayments and Restitutions, | 31,077,000 |

Total, 163,570,119 fr.

The Assembly voted 100,000 fr. a month to the Executive Committee—25,000 for their expenses, and 75,000 for secret service. In the recent elections to fill vacancies in the Assembly, the name of Louis Napoleon, son of the late King of Holland, best known by his two foolish and abortive attempts at Strasbourg and Bologne, for the latter of which he was confined in the fortress of Ham for six years, was on several electoral lists; and in some of the provinces the peasants carried their ballots in their hats, having in large characters, "L. Napoleon! Vive L'Empereur! A bas la République!" He was returned for Paris and other places; four Napoleon journals were established, and his name was heard in all the assemblies of the lower classes of Paris, who vigorously shouted, "Vive L'Empereur! Vive Louis Napoleon!" The military were called out to disperse the mobs, which was done with-

out much difficulty. On Monday, June 12th, the people expected him to take his seat, and large crowds assembled to welcome him. During the sitting of the Chamber, intelligence was brought that a collision had taken place between the people and the troops, upon which M. Lamartine rushed to the tribune in great excitement, and demanded a decree of proscription to be passed against him on the instant; the Assembly hesitated, but passed the measure, after considerable opposition. On the following day that body reversed their decision, and voted to admit him, "provided that he proved himself a French citizen." Louis Blanc voted for his admission, possibly from the idea that if any serious tumult arose, he might be able to turn it to his advantage. In the following week disturbances took place in the departments, on account of the additional 45 per cent. added to the direct taxation by the Provisional Government; several lives were lost, and martial law was declared in some places.

On the 19th June, the committee reported the draft of a constitution for the approval of the Assembly. It commences by declaring the "Rights of Man"—guarantees to all citizens, Liberty, Equality, Security, Instruction, Labor, Property, Assistance. "The right of Labor is that which every man has to live by his work. Society must, by the productive and general means of which it disposes, and which will be organized *ulteriorly*, furnish labor to able men who cannot procure it otherwise." The legislative power is delegated to a single assembly of 750 representatives, including Algeria and the colonies; having population for its basis, and to be re-elected every three years. The President is to hold office for four years, and be elected by universal suffrage, and must have at least two millions of votes. A Vice President, to be nominated by the Assembly, on the presentation of the President. The Vice President is to preside over the Council of State, consisting of forty members nominated by the Assembly.

"The Council of State draws up the projects of laws that the Government proposes to the Assembly, as well as the projects of parliamentary initiative, which the Assembly submits to its examination. It makes the regulation of public administration, and exerts, with respect to departmental and municipal administrations, all the powers of control and of inspection which are deferred to it by law. Its other attributes are to be regulated by the legislative body.

"The President names and revokes the ministers, according to his own will. He names and revokes, in a council of the ministers, the diplomatic agents, the generals and military commanders of land and sea forces, the prefects, the governors of the colonies of Algeria, and of the Bank of France, the *procureurs-*

général and other functionaries of a superior class. He names and revokes the secondary agents of the Government, upon the proposal of one of the ministers.

"He has a right to suspend the agents of the executive power elected by the citizens. The term of this suspension cannot exceed three months. He cannot revoke them without the consent of the Council of State. The law determines the cases in which the revoked agents can be declared ineligible to the same functions. This declaration of ineligibility can only be pronounced by a jury.

"The property-tax is only imposed for one year. The indirect taxes may be imposed for several years.

"The essential guarantees of the rights of labor are, liberty of labor, voluntary association, equality in the relations between the employer and the workman; gratuitous instruction, education, suitable to each man's position; establishments of *prévoyance* and credit; the establishment of great works of public utility, and the State destined to employ the men in case of failure of work."

The financial difficulties of the Government are increasing, and a supplementary tariff of tolls was issued, to be levied on articles entering Paris. The feeling in favor of Louis Napoleon increased among the lower classes, and dissatisfaction with the Republic was great and openly expressed, of which the partisans of "Henry V." and Prince de Joinville availed themselves. On the 20th of June, 3,000,000 fr. was voted for the workshops; on the following day 100,000 fr. for the relief of political sufferers under Louis Philippe.

The symptoms of reaction in the public mind, and the evils which arose from the *ateliers nationaux*, in which upwards of 100,000 men were daily receiving pay, without one tenth part having any employment whatever, became so excessive that the government was greatly alarmed. The military were constantly in arms to disperse riotous crowds, and the Assembly was guarded by an immense military force. In this state of affairs, M. Marie, the Minister of Public Works, proposed to draft the men from the national workshops in Paris, in large bodies, to the departments, to be employed there in public works. This measure excited the greatest discontent among those men, and 12,000 who had been ordered to the departments, were advised by their comrades to resist. On Thursday, July 22d, a body of about 400 went in procession to the Luxembourg, demanding to speak to the Executive Committee. M. Marie consented to receive a deputation of five. One of them attempted to make an address, but M. Marie refused to hear him, as he had been one of the insurgents of 15th May, and said, (addressing another,) "You are not the slaves of that man, you can state your own grievances." Their complaints were

listened to with attention, and he assured them the government was occupied with their wants. On returning to their fellows the expression of the Minister was distorted, and it was reported he had termed them "slaves." This was more than those who had been flattered as the people, who had made the Revolution, could submit to. The mob cried out, "*A bas Marie!*" "*A bas la Commission Exécutive!*" "*A bas l'Assemblée!*" They then traversed the streets, their numbers continually increasing, and in the evening, they stationed themselves in various open spaces, which were filled with large and excited masses; barricades were formed, and the government ordered out an immense military force. The following is a condensed account of the frightful outbreak which followed.

On Friday the insurgents—for the movement had assumed all the character of an open insurrection—possessed themselves of all that portion of the right bank of the Seine, stretching from the Faubourg St. Antoine to the river, whilst on the left bank they occupied all that populous portion called the Cité, the Faubourgs St. Marcel, St. Victor, and the lower quarter of St. Jaques. Their communications between the two banks of the river were maintained by the possession of the Church St. Gervais, a part of the quarter of the Temple, the approaches of Notre Dame, and the Bridge St. Michel. They thus occupied a vast portion of the most defensible parts of the city, and actually threatened the Hôtel de Ville, which, if they had succeeded in taking, might have secured the final victory on their side. On that day there were partial conflicts, but the insurgents seemed to be occupied more at fortifying their positions than in actually fighting; whatever successes the Government troops may have had in various quarters, where conflicts took place, as at St. Denis and St. Martin, it now appears that the enthusiastic courage of the insurgents repulsed them, and even beat them in other parts of the city. The Government forces were divided into three divisions; and large masses of troops were brought to bear with artillery upon the positions of the insurgents; but still Friday passed and the insurrection had evidently gathered strength. On Saturday the National Assembly declared itself in permanence, and Paris was placed in a state of siege. The Executive power was delegated absolutely to General Cavaignac; and at half-past ten the members of the Executive Government resigned. Reports poured in every hour to the Assembly; and as the intelligence arrived of the slaughter, the sensation became deep and alarming. Various proclamations were issued by Gen. Cavaignac to induce the insurgents to lay down their arms, but to no effect. The whole of Saturday was employed in desperate fighting on both sides. Except a lull during a frightful

thunder-storm in the afternoon of Friday, the conflicts were without intermission. On Saturday, however, the carnage and battles on the south of the river were horrible. During the whole of Friday night, and until three o'clock on Saturday, the roar of the artillery, and the noise of musketry, were incessant. In this frightful state of things the Assembly betrayed not a little alarm. Deputations from the Assembly were proposed to go and entreat the combatants to cease this fratricidal strife; but all the successive reports proved that the insurgents were bent upon only yielding up the struggle with their lives; and their valor was only surpassed by their desperate resolution. On Saturday night, at eight o'clock, the capital was in an awful state. Fighting continued with unabated fury. Large masses of troops poured in from all the neighboring departments; but still the insurgents, having rendered their positions almost impregnable, resisted, more or less effectually, all the forces which could be brought against them. The "red flag," the banner of the *Republique Democratique et Sociale*, was hoisted by the insurgents.

On the Sunday morning the Government forces had completely succeeded in suppressing the insurrection on the left bank of the river, after a frightful sacrifice of human life; and Gen. Cavaignac gave the insurgents, on the right bank, till ten o'clock to surrender. The heaviest artillery was brought to bear upon them, and little doubt entertained that the insurrection would be put down. The hope thus held out of the termination of the insurrection was not, however, realized. The fighting continued the whole of Sunday, with a fearful loss of life, especially to the National Guards. On Monday the reinforcements Gen. Lamoricière had received from Gen. Cavaignac enabled him to hem in the insurgents in the eastern part of the city; and, although reduced to extremities, they still fought with incredible valor; and it was only after a frightful struggle of about two hours more that the Government troops everywhere prevailed; and the heart of the insurrection being broken, the insurgents were either shot, taken prisoners, or fled into the country, in the direction towards Vincennes. The eastern quarters, comprising the faubourgs St. Antoine, du Temple, Menilmontant, and Pepincourt were the last subdued. The last band took refuge in the celebrated cemetery of Père la Chaise, but the Garde Mobile hunted them even from this sanctuary, and they were scattered in the neighboring fields. On Tuesday the insurrection was definitively quelled.

The loss of life has been terrific. No less than ten general officers have been put *hors de combat*, a greater loss than in the most splendid engagements of Napoleon. Four or five members of the National Assembly are amongst the killed, and as many more

wounded. But perhaps the most touching death is that of the Archbishop of Paris. The venerable prelate, on Sunday, volunteered to go to the insurgents as a messenger of peace. Cavaignac said that such a step was full of danger, but this Christian pastor persisted. He advanced, attended by his two vicars, towards the barricades, with an olive branch borne before him, when he was ruthlessly shot in his groin, and fell mortally wounded. He was carried to the nearest hospital, where he since died. Some compute the loss on the side of the troops at from five to ten thousand slain. The number of prisoners captured of the insurgents exceeds ten thousand. All the prisons are filled, as well as the dungeons and vaults of the Tuileries, the Louvre, Palais Royal, the Chamber of Deputies, and the Hôtel de Ville. A military commission has already been appointed to try such as were found with arms in their hands; and they will be transported to some transatlantic French colony, a decree having been passed with that object. The savage cruelty with which the insurgents waged war almost exceeds belief. They tortured some of their prisoners, cut off their hands and feet, and inflicted barbarities worthy of savages. The women were hired to poison the wine sold to the soldiers, who drank it, and died. It seems to be believed generally, that if the insurgents had succeeded in following up their most admirably concerted plan of operations, and having advanced their line, and possessed themselves of the Hôtel de Ville, and followed up their successes along the two banks of the river, that the whole city would have been given up to pillage; indeed the words "PILLAGE AND RAPE" are said to have been inscribed on one of their banners. Not less than 30,000 stand of arms have been seized and captured in the faubourg St. Antoine alone.

The insurgents are said to have numbered 100,000, and the troops to have doubled that amount. The loss is variously estimated at from 10 to 25,000. Money to a considerable amount was found on the bodies of the slain, and Armand Marrast, Mayor of Paris, in a proclamation, declared the insurrection to have been the result of foreign intrigue, and other members of the Assembly have reiterated the cry: doubtless, however, the traitors are to be found in Paris alone, and it is not improbable that some members of the Assembly have raised this report, to direct attention from the real instigators, and to screen their own delinquency, even at the hazard of foreign war. On the Sunday a decree was passed postponing until the 5th of July, the payment of commercial bills due 23d June; and another granting a credit of 3,000,000 fr. to be distributed among the indigent population of the department of the Seine. Gen. Cavaignac having resigned the powers with which he was temporarily intrusted, the Assembly passed a decree confiding to

him the entire executive authority, with the title of President of the Council, with power to appoint his own ministry. The 9th and 12th legions of the National Guard have been disarmed and dissolved; the Paris Clubs have been closed, and several newspapers suppressed. Emile Girardin, editor of "*La Presse*," has been arrested and confined. Ten thousand of the insurgents are said to be captured and in prison, and those charged as chiefs, promoters or instigators, or with having furnished money, arms or ammunition, or committed any act of aggravation, are to be tried by Court Martial.

The departments have been generally quiet, but at Marseilles, an *émeute* of the workmen in the *ateliers nationaux* broke out, and barricades were formed, but the movement was put down with the loss of about fifty of the National Guard. The people of Paris were at the last accounts engaged in burying their dead, and the Assembly had decreed a grand national ceremony in honor of those who fell in defence of public order and tranquillity. Trade and commerce appear to have entirely ceased.

An insurrection took place in Naples on the 17th May, in which 450 of the troops were killed; and subsequently the city was given up to pillage by the government during several hours. Several magnificent villas and palaces on the sea-shore were reduced to ruins, and horrible atrocities committed. The King, in a proclamation, justified the measure on the ground of necessity. Upwards of 1700 bodies, including the soldiers, were interred on the 17th. The Sicilians dispatched 1500 men to aid in the revolt, who defeated the royal troops sent against them. Advices to June 17th state the situation of the King to be critical, the insurgent provinces having had some successes and refusing to lay down their arms. It is said the King contemplates abdication. The Parliament sitting at Palermo, has published a list of four candidates for the throne of Sicily—a son of the King of Sardinia, the son of the Duke of Tuscany, Louis Napoleon, and the Prince de Beauharnois.

The Pope, having refused to declare war against Austria, was compelled to form a new cabinet of laymen, leaving the question to their uncontrolled decision; and in obedience to the popular demand they made war for his Holiness, and large bodies of troops were forwarded. The Pope has since regained his popularity, and is attempting to negotiate a peace.

In Lombardy the Austrians suffered a defeat at Goito, on the 30th May, on which day they also surrendered Peschiera, where the garrison and the inhabitants had for several weeks suffered the greatest extremities of want; they were in fact almost starved. On the 11th June, the Italians in Vicenza were forced to surrender that place to the Austrians. Charles Albert's head-quarters were at Villa Franca, and he

was expected to attack Verona, but since that period he has maintained rather an unaccountable state of inactivity. Lombardy has agreed to join Piedmont and Sardinia, to form one kingdom under Charles Albert. Venice still holds out for a Republic.

Vienna has been the subject of another outbreak, which led to the Emperor's retiring from his capital. On the 15th May an order was issued for the dissolution of part of the National Guard which was organized for political objects, and formed a nucleus for a physical force party. Dissatisfaction also prevailed respecting the election law, and the students prepared a petition against the constitution, which they proposed to present with a popular demonstration of force. They demanded a withdrawal of the military; that the central committee of the National Guard should not be dissolved; and that the election law should be declared null and void. They were joined by numbers of the lower classes, and the Burgher Guard "fraternized" with them; and their joint demands were ultimately conceded. On the evening of that day the Emperor and family privately quitted the city, and retired to Innspruck. This event created the greatest excitement in Vienna, the inhabitants of which are said to be unanimously in favor of maintaining a constitutional monarchy. Some young men, who took advantage of the confusion to proclaim a Republic, were with difficulty saved from the fury of the people; and a deputation was forthwith dispatched to solicit the Emperor's return, but he declined to come until such time as he should be assured the city had returned to its former allegiance. He was received with great enthusiasm at Innspruck, and numerous addresses from other parts of his dominions have been presented, praying him to transfer his capital from Vienna to some other place. The outbreaks appear to arise from a body of workmen, kept by the State, at an expense of about 8 or 10,000 florins per day. To develop and put in practice the free institutions granted by the Emperor, he has appointed a constituent assembly to meet in Vienna, where he intended to open the proceedings about the 20th June.

Prague, the capital of Bohemia, has been almost reduced to ruins. An insurrection broke out on the 12th June in consequence of Prince Windischgrätz refusing cannon and ammunition to the students. The Princess was killed by a shot fired from a window, notwithstanding which her husband went out to implore the preservation of peace; but the mob seized and were proceeding to hang him, when he was rescued by his troops. Barricades were raised, crowds of peasants arrived to assist the insurgents, and the Prince after some fighting withdrew his troops to the neighboring heights, bombarded the city, and put down the insurrection.

The cholera is increasing in Moscow.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Mary Grover, or, The Trusting Wife; a Domestic Temperance Tale. By CHARLES BURDETT, author of "Arthur Martin," &c. Harper & Brothers. 1848.

Mr. Burdett, who has been many years connected as a reporter with the *Courier and Enquirer* newspaper, writes with great facility and general good taste. His stories are quite popular with the class for whom they are designed, and they tend to promote good habits and good feeling. It is very creditable to their author to be able to produce so many pleasing works of fancy after so long an experience of the soul-consuming drudgery of reporting.

History of England, from the Invasion of Julius Cæsar to the reign of Victoria. By Mrs. MARKHAM. A New Edition, revised and enlarged, with Questions, adapted to Schools in the United States. By ELIZA ROBBINS, author of "American Popular Lessons," &c. New York: Appleton & Co. 1848.

This is probably the best school history of England that has been written. It is very popular at home, and will be here, wherever English history is made a branch of common-school education. It has also the merit of being very interesting as a book for juvenile readers.

A Pilgrimage to the Holy Land, comprising Recollections, Sketches, and Reflections, made during a Tour in the East. By ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE, Member, &c. New York: Appleton & Co. 1848.

Of course we shall not hazard our prophetic reputation by predicting for this republication a "ready sale." With many who have never seen it however, and who know its author only through the general praises of him with which the press has lately teemed, we may compromise their good opinion of our taste, in saying that we would not read the book *all through*, for something considerable—ten thousand dollars perhaps. It reminds us of what the old trapper in Bryant's California calls the bacon and bread and milk of the emigrants; it is "mushy stuff."

Cæsar's Commentaries on the Gallic War, with English Notes, &c. By Rev. J. A. SPENCER. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1848.

The notes to this edition explain everything, and almost disprove the old saying that there is "no royal road to learning." The boy who, with such helps, does not take readily to his Latin, should never be sent to college. Mr. Spencer is favorably known as a classic editor by his late edition of the Greek Testament.

Modern Painters. By A GRADUATE OF OXFORD. Part III. First American, from the third London Edition. John Wiley, 161 Broadway, New York.

This third part of the *Modern Painters* completes the reprint of one of the most agreeable and elegant, one of the most brilliant and faulty works of modern genius. The style is Coleridgean, full, abounding in long words and long periods, but elevated, harmonious, and full of fine and original turns of expression. This part contains the author's philosophical views of art, and is a work to be read with profit rather by the scholar and man of letters, than the practical artist. We enjoy it not as a complete or scientific treatise of æsthetics, but as a popular and eloquent exposition of the imaginative view of art, not only in its aim and scope but in its principles, and the faculties of mind that create it.

Engraved Portrait of Hon. Henry Clay in his 71st year. Published by E. ANTHONY, 205 Broadway, New York.

This admirable work, executed by Mr. Ritchie of this city, whose exquisite handiwork adds elegance to our own pages, is by far the best and most agreeable representation of Mr. Clay that we have yet seen. A sight of it lessens all other prints of him in estimation. The fire of the eye is truly given. It represents the venerable statesman wearing his noblest expression. The design of the whole is in perfect taste, and is worthy of the most celebrated engravers.

Mr. Clay, for a copy sent him by Mr. An-

thony, returned the following acknowledgment :—

ASHLAND, 17th June, 1848.

Dear Sir :—I have been requested by Mrs. Clay to say that she has received your note, with the portrait of myself which accompanies it; and to express her thanks and obligations for it. She regards it as an excellent likeness.

Allow me to add an expression also of my acknowledgments, and my entire concurrence in her judgment as to the accuracy and fidelity of the portrait.

I am afraid that a recent event may diminish the remuneration which you anticipated from the sale of this portrait; but at all events I tender to you my ardent wishes for your success and prosperity, in all respects.

I am, truly,

Your obedient servant,

H. CLAY.

Mr. EDWARD ANTHONY,
205 Broadway, N. Y.

History of the United States of America, designed for Schools. By EGBERT GUERNSEY, A.M. Second edition. New York: Cady & Burgess. 1848.

The events and dates in this little volume are given with general correctness, and though it is not altogether free from irrelevant matter, the circumstance of its having reached a second edition, is a gratifying evidence of its favorable reception by the public.

History of Congress, biographical and Political: comprising Memoirs of Members of the Congress of the United States, drawn from authentic sources; embracing the prominent events of their lives, and their connection with the political history of the times. By HENRY G. WHEELER. Illustrated by numerous Steel Portraits, and facsimile Autographs. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1848.

The author of this work has been long a reporter in the House, and thus possesses peculiar advantages for the publication of such a work. The book is well executed and very readable; the incidents in the lives of the gentlemen whose biographies are given are probably in general reliable, they being collected and prepared, as it were, under their own eyes. Some of the portraits are extremely well done. Among the principal biographies we notice those of Hon. J. R. Ingersoll, Washington Hunt, R. C. Winthrop, and Charles Hudson. The author proposes to continue the work by the publication of other succeeding volumes, prepared in a similar manner. The patronage

of those gentlemen whose lives are given, will of itself secure it a wide circulation.

The Planetary and Stellar Worlds. A popular exposition of the great discoveries and theories of Modern Astronomy. In a series of Ten Lectures. By O. M. MITCHELL, A.M., Director of the Cincinnati Observatory. New York: Baker & Scribner. 1848.

Many of our readers in this city, and in Boston and New Orleans, who attended Mr. Mitchell's lectures when he visited those places, will be glad to see them presented in the form of a volume. They are full of interest and information respecting the most sublime of all sciences, and will be found to abound less in conjecture and rhetorical display than most popular works of a similar character. The preface, in which the author details the circumstances which led him to prepare them, in connection with the history of the Cincinnati Observatory, is highly interesting, and is given in that clear unpretending manner which belongs to a true scholar. Mr. Mitchell is an enthusiast in his science, as one must needs be who would devote himself to its cultivation successfully—one of the few in that department of whom our country has real reason to be proud.

A First Book in Spanish; or a Practical Introduction to the study of the Spanish Language: containing full Instructions in pronunciation, &c., &c. By JOSEPH SALKELD, A.M., author of a Compendium of Classical Antiquities. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1848.

This appears to be a book well adapted to its purpose. The Spanish is the most easy of all the European languages, and may almost be learned from book alone. A knowledge of it is becoming every year more necessary to an American citizen. Even now it is much in use among the numerous and highly respectable class of returned volunteer officers who distinguished themselves in the late conflicts in Mexico; and the war has also given birth to a great many dispatches and writings of all sorts, for a ready comprehension of which a familiarity with the Spanish is requisite. It is possible that a few years may see Spanish representatives sitting in the House from new States sliced out of Chihuahua, Durango, and Queretaro; and an acquaintance with Spanish may then become very necessary to our public men, to enable them to sustain our free institutions under the demoralizing influence of New Mexican ideas of civilization.

Letters from Italy, the Alps, and the Rhine. By J. T. HEADLEY. New and Revised Edition, (with a good portrait of the author.) New York: Baker & Scribner.

We can only say of these Letters, that when they first appeared, we read them with delight. Mr. Headley's free and glowing imagination appears in none of his writings to better advantage than these. His descriptions of Alpine scenery, and of the impressions of foreign manners and historic associations, are certainly brilliant and delightful; and he has as great power of holding the attention, as any modern writer with whom we are acquainted.

The Taylor Anecdote Book. Anecdotes of Zachary Taylor, and the Mexican War. By TOM OWEN, the Bee-Hunter. Together with a brief Life of General Taylor, and his Letters. Illustrated with Engravings. D. Appleton & Co. New York: 1848.

The title of this book is enough to attract readers, and we can assure our readers they will find it richly worth the purchase. After they have read the capital anecdotes of the war, of which there is a large assortment, let them peruse the letters of the General himself, and consider the virtue of honesty, and whether it would do the country any material harm to have an honest man for President! Only one will do: a single four years' interruption of the dynasty will put such life into the nation that it will go on of itself almost for a long time afterward.

The following are some of the anecdotes in this book; we take them at random:—

"In the early part of the action of the 23d, when the enemy had succeeded in turning the left wing of our little army, and secured a seeming advantageous position in rear of our line, at the base of the mountain; when a portion of our troops, overpowered by the superiority of numbers, were forced to retire in 'hot haste;' when, indeed, the fortunes of the day seemed extremely problematical, to every one save the indomitable and self-poised old hero, an officer of high rank rode up to General Taylor, and announced the temporary success of the enemy, and expressed his fears for the success of our army.

"Old Rough and Ready's reply was perfectly characteristic of the man. 'Sir,' said he, 'so long as we have *thirty muskets*, we can never be conquered! If those troops who have abandoned their position, can be rallied and brought into action again, I will take three thousand of the enemy prisoners. *Had I the disposition of the enemy's forces, I would myself place them just where they are.*'

"The officer resumed his duties with a light

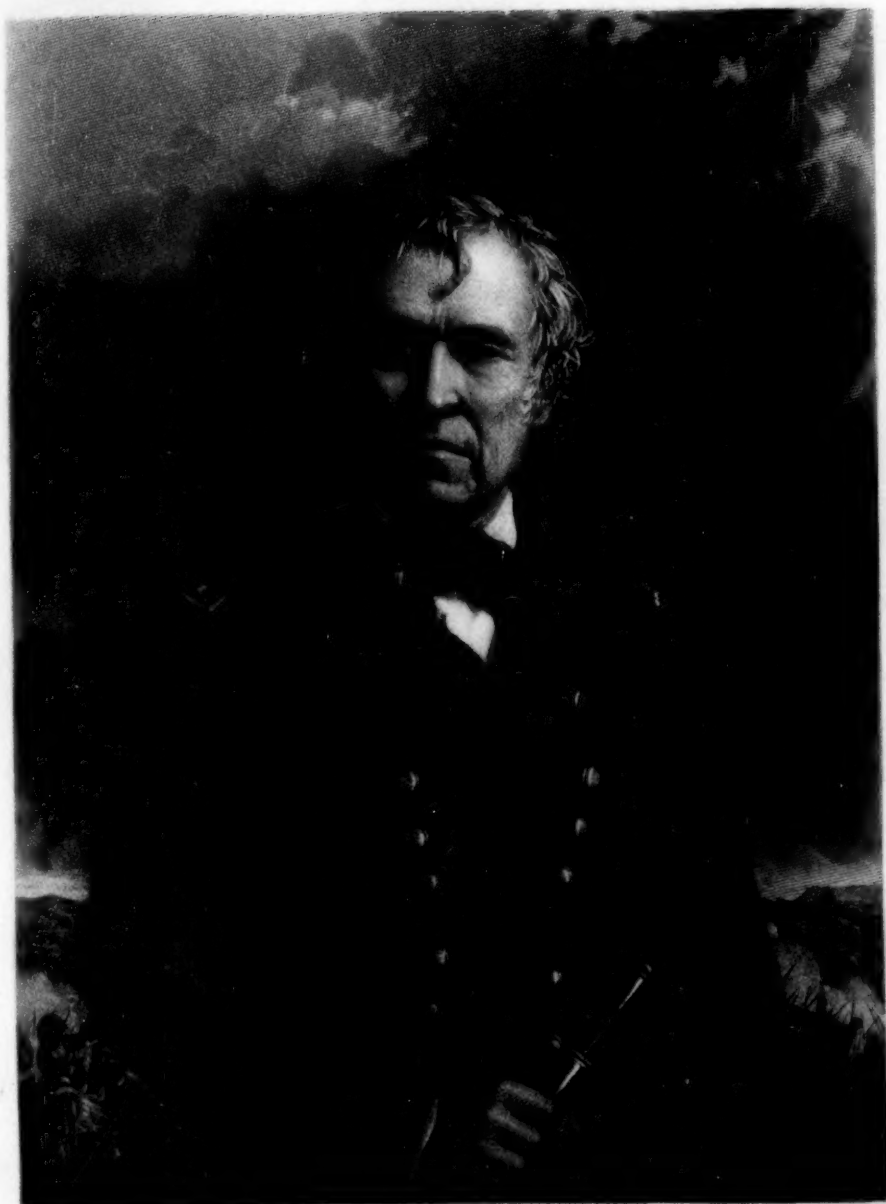
heart, considering that the battle, in spite of appearances, was already won."

"During the battle of Resaca, Corporal Farrel of the Fourth Infantry came with only ten men to Lieut. Hays, of the same regiment, exclaiming, 'Lieutenant, if we had but an officer to lead us, we would tame that piece,' at the same time pointing to one that was destroying numbers of our men. 'You shall not say that you had no officer to lead you—follow me!' was the reply from Hayes. They dashed forward, stormed the battery, and carried it."

ERRATA.

Besides those mentioned in our last, the following additional errors (some of which have been occasioned by the indistinctness of the original manuscript, others are alterations made afterwards by the author,) occur in the article on the "Adventures and Conquests of the Normans in Italy during the Dark Ages," in our number for June.

- Page 615, for Ralph read Rolph.
- " 618, " Ralph read Rolph.
- " 619, " Fuleo read Fulko.
- " 620, " Cotentin read Coutances.
- " 623, " Budolphus read Rudolphus.
- " 623, " Betena read Bebenä.
- " 623, " Giannono read Giannone.
- " 623, " Jerard read Gerhard.
- " 625, " Kalayers read Kaloyers.
- " 625, " King Trode read King Frode.
- " 627, " beg read be at.
- " 627, " Jiaretta read Giarretta.
- " 628, " 1071 read 1061.
- " 628, " Trainæ read Traîna.
- " 629, " Länderverwaltung read Länderverwaltung.
- " 629, " Chaligate read Khalifate.
- " 629, " Rev. Italic read Rer. Italicar.
- " 629, " Maratori read Muratori.
- " 629, " accipitrium read accipitrum.
- " 630, " Vareblanc read Vaublanc.
- " 630, " aufugiant read aufugiunt.
- " 630, " Cotentin read Coutances.
- " 630, " Estrap read Estrup.
- " 630, " Genita read Geniti.
- " 631, " perderat read præerat.
- " 631, " Gyrant to dama read Gyrart lo clama.
- " 631, " vetare read velare.
- " 631, " Danmartes read Danmarks.
- " 631, " Matthai Taris read Matthei Paris.
- " 631, " præstolabantur read præstolebantur.
- " 631, " singules read singulis.
- " 631, " Tyen read Fyen.
- " 631, " Normanii read Normanni.
- " 631, " officiatur read efficiatur.
- " 631, " Falcaud read Falcand.
- " 631, " lors read tors.
- " 631, " tribue read trébie.
- " 631, " Chronologio read Chronologico.
- " 631, " Albufeda read Abulfeda.



Engraved by A. Nicholson from a spirited Daguerrotype

J. Taylor

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1857

A copy of the "Lives of the Presidents of the United States" will be sent to any person who sends a copy of this volume to the Publishers.